

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Vol. LVII.

May 1916

No. 4.

SWITZERLAND

By Richard Le Gallienne



The Gallant Mountain Republic, and Her Six Hundred Years of Liberty

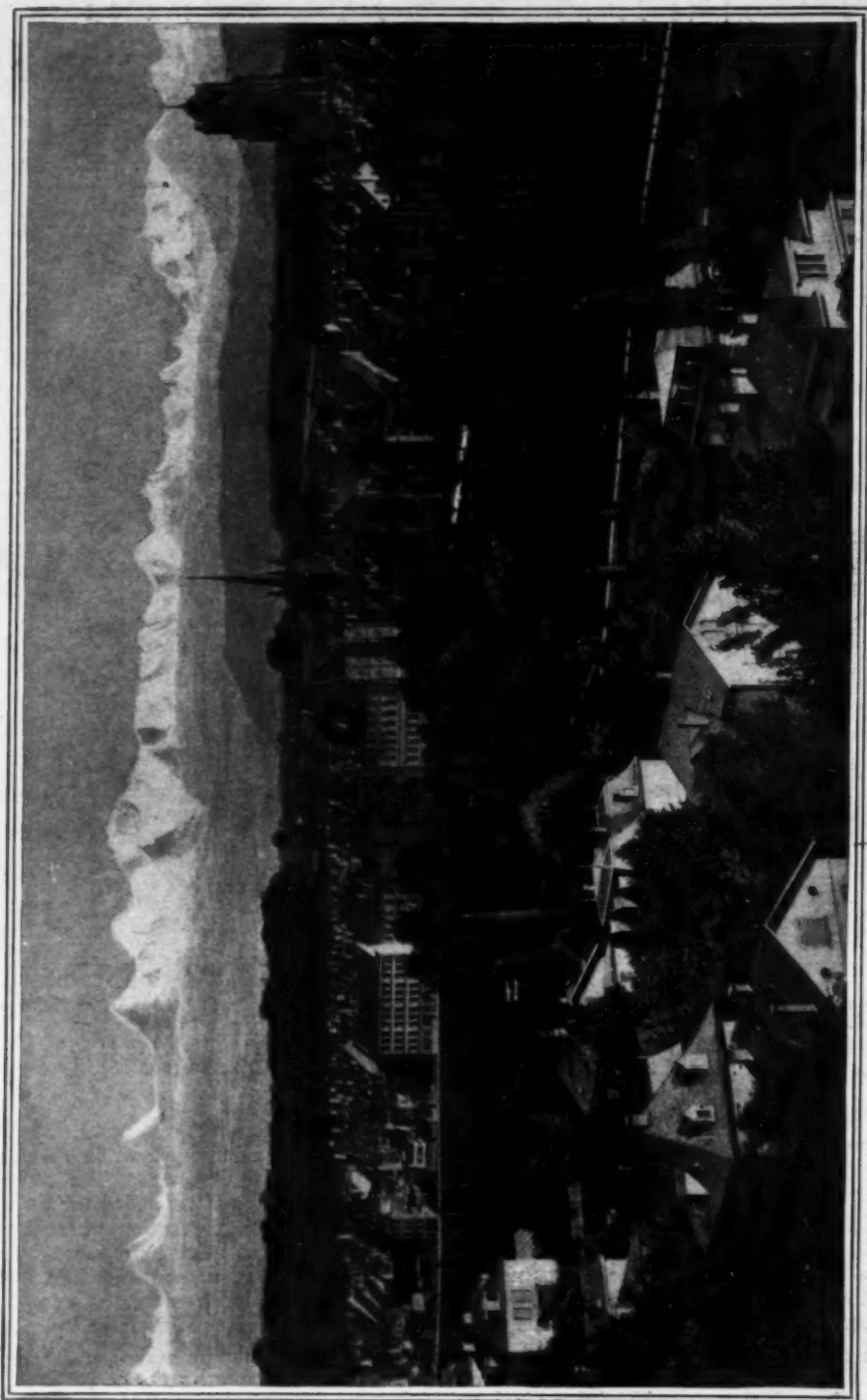
"SWITZERLAND is a geographical expression," said Bismarck, paraphrasing Metternich's famous sneer at Italy.

Like all such epigrams, the Iron Chancellor's phrase leaves out far more than it gets in. It is about as true and as untrue of Switzerland as it would be of England, because the sea has played much the same

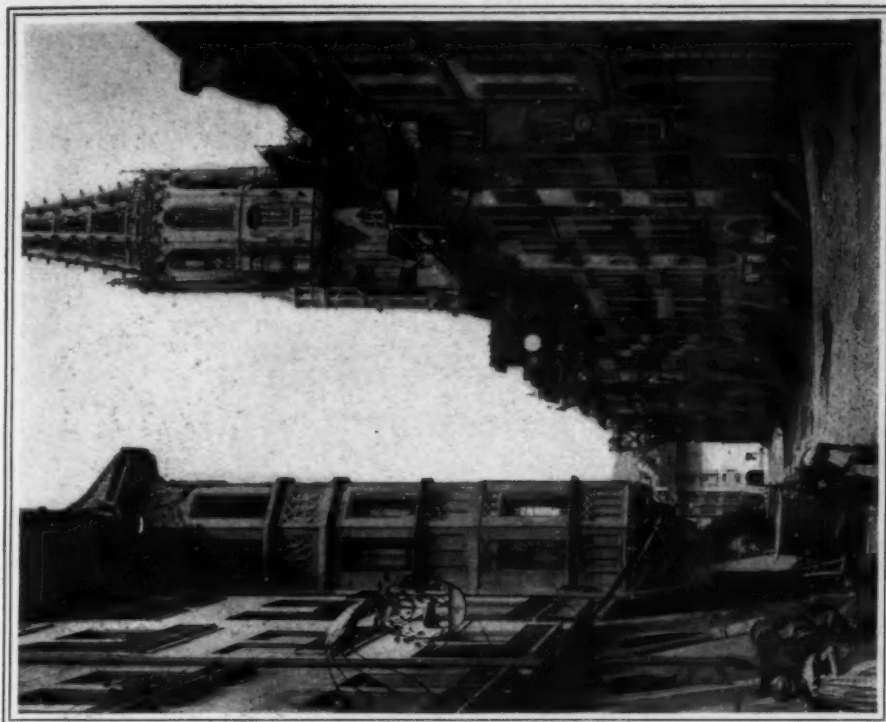
rôle in the development of English liberty as the mountains have played in the development of Swiss liberty. The larger truth would be told if we called the Swiss a symbolic nation, the nation whose history stamps her as being more completely than any other nation the protagonist and exemplar of popular freedom.

Doubtless her mountains have been an

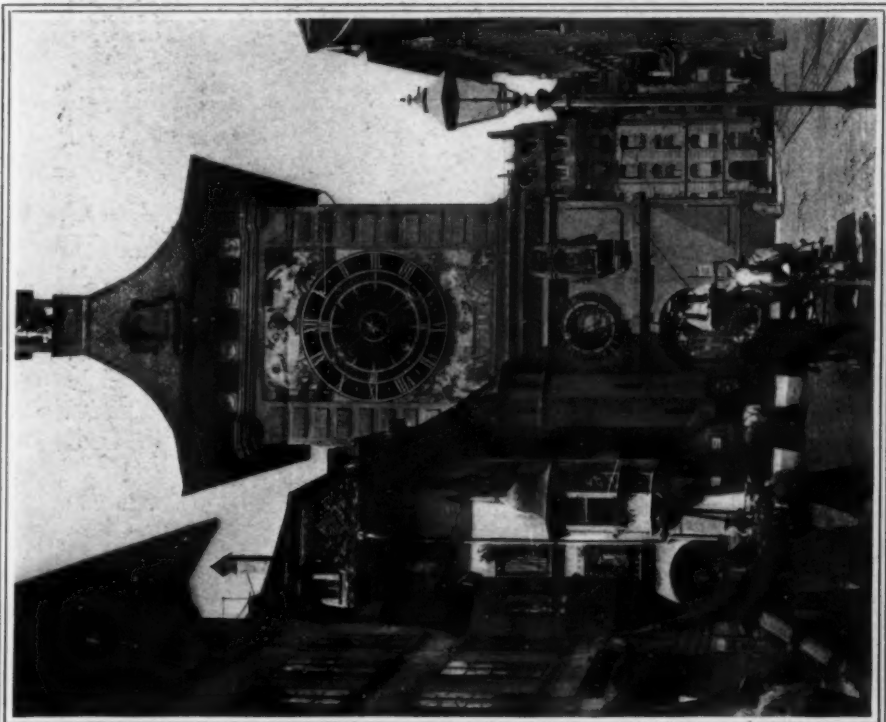
THE ENGRAVING ON THIS PAGE SHOWS THE VALLEY OF GRINDELWALD, IN THE CANTON OF BERNE, WITH THE WETTERHORN (LEFT) AND THE SCHRECKHORN (RIGHT), TWO OF THE GREAT PEAKS OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND



BERNE, THE FEDERAL CAPITAL OF SWITZERLAND, WITH THE SNOW-CLAD RANGE OF THE BERNESE OBERLAND IN THE DISTANCE—THE MOST PROMINENT PEAK OF THE RANGE, A LITTLE TO THE LEFT OF THE CENTER, IS THE JUNGFRAU



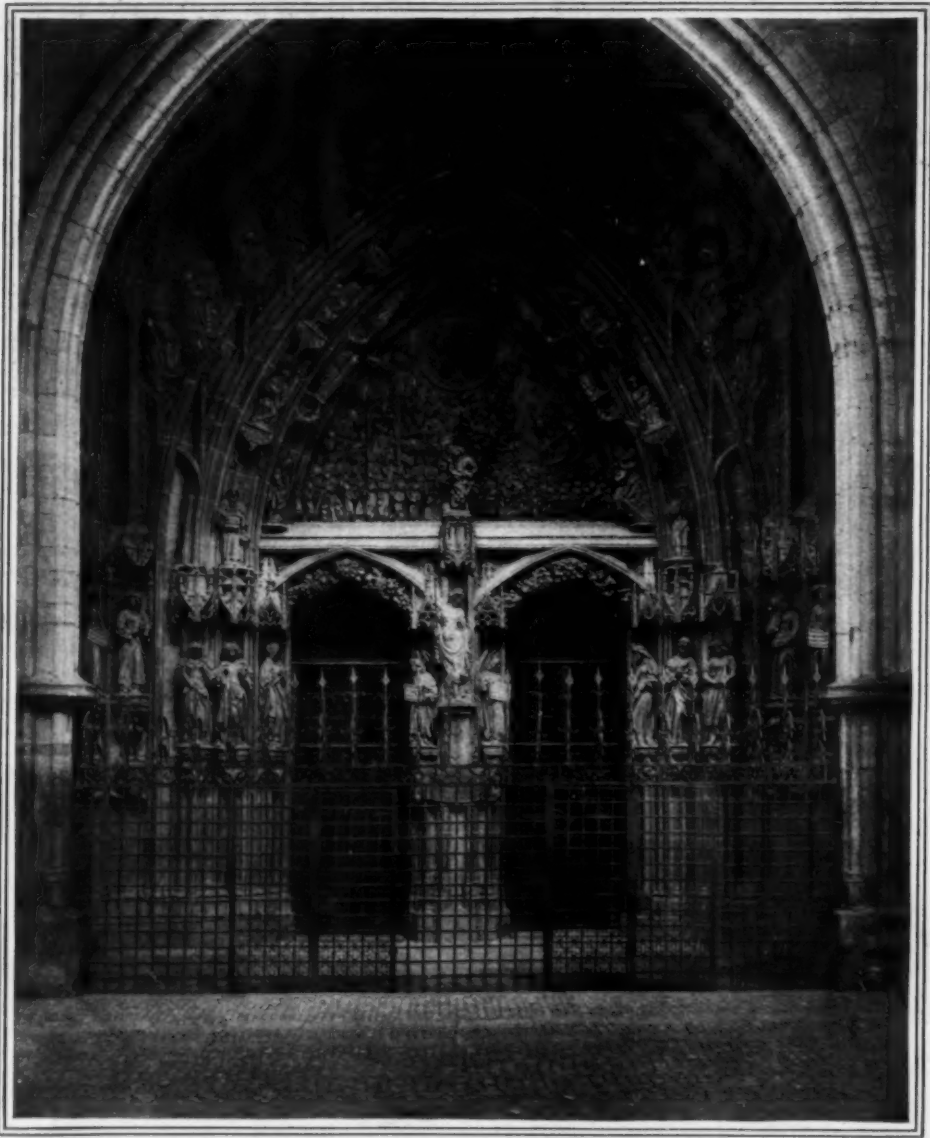
THE KESSLERGASSE, ONE OF THE OLD STREETS OF BERNE, AND THE GOTHIC TOWER OF THE CATHEDRAL



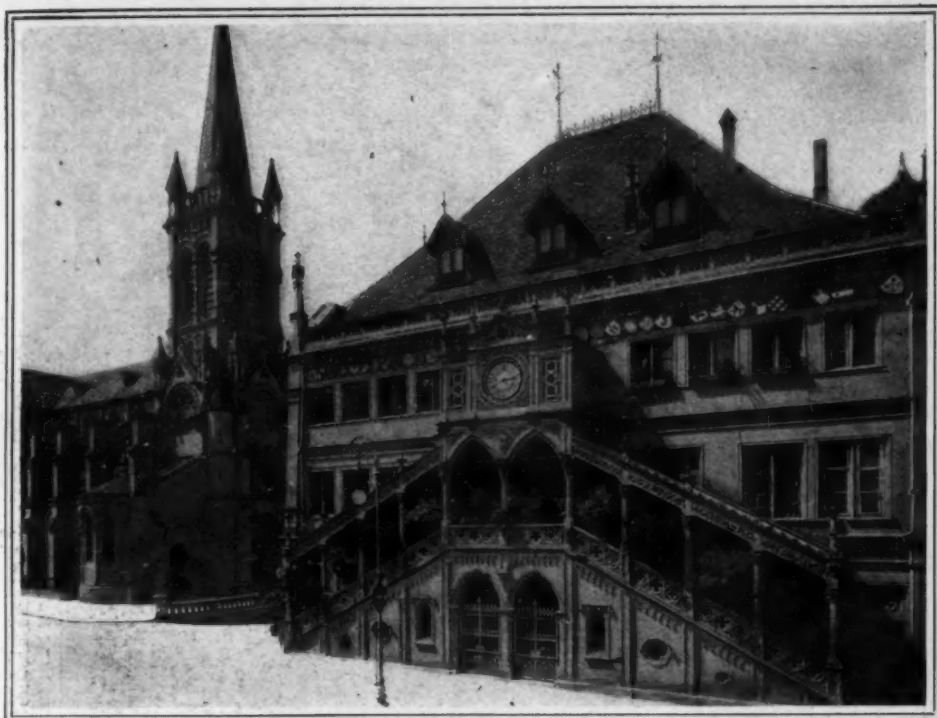
THE CLOCK-TOWER OF BERNE, ORIGINALLY BUILT AS THE WESTERN GATE OF THE MEDIEVAL CITY

all-important factor in that result, first, as in Greece, in developing the individualism of her component parts, and next in maintaining their interdependence among themselves, and their independence against the rest of Europe. From a practise freedom grew into a religion—what one might almost term the national church of Switzerland. But if the mountains had done all the fighting, there would have been no Swiss confederacy.

The fact of Switzerland having been so long the playground and "*table d'hôte*" of Europe has, until quite recently, obscured the memory of her martial quality, of which the Pope's Swiss Guard is the last concrete reminder. In the modern world the ubiquitous Swiss waiter has taken the place of the once ubiquitous Swiss soldier. Yet when Francis I won one of the very few victories ever won over the Swiss at Marignano (1515), he



THE WEST PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BERNE, WITH FINE SCULPTURES DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY—THE LARGE RELIEF ABOVE THE DOORS REPRESENTS THE LAST JUDGMENT



THE RATHAUS, OR CANTONAL HALL, OF BERNE, BUILT IN 1406-1416, AND RESTORED IN 1862—
ON THE LEFT IS THE CHURCH OF THE OLD CATHOLICS, A MODERN BUILDING

had stamped on the medals that commemorated his campaign:

I vanquished those whom Cæsar alone had vanquished before.

This was the people who felt safe in sending this ironic message to the Emperor Maximilian I (1493) when he had threatened to pay them a visit, "sword in hand":

We humbly beseech your imperial majesty to dispense with such a visit, for our Swiss are rude men and do not even respect crowns.

How heroically—and paradoxically—they could defend them, when engaged to do so as professional soldiers, is attested by the well-known story of Marie Antoinette's Swiss guard, slaughtered, almost to a man, by the Paris mob at the Tuileries in 1792.

"We are Swiss, and the Swiss never surrender their arms but with their lives," had been Sergeant Blaser's answer to the howling *sans-culottes*. Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne" is their monument, with the inscription "*Helvetiorum fidei ac*

virtuti"—"To the loyalty and valor of the Swiss."

Helvetia still remains the poetic name for Switzerland, though, as Mr. McCrackan has said, "the Celtic Helvetii had as little to do with founding the Swiss Confederation as had the red Indians to do with the formation of the United States of America." The Helvetii—a Celtic people of a fairly high degree of civilization—were, however, the first inhabitants of Switzerland of whom written history takes cognizance.

Archeology, indeed, about the middle of the last century (1853), made the fascinating discovery of a previous habitation of the country by a mysterious race since known as "lake-dwellers," from their custom of building their houses, often grouped together in large communities, on piles along the shores of the various lakes. More than two hundred of these aquatic villages have been discovered, and with them a wealth of varied "remains"—stone axes, pottery, decorated sword-hilts, women's bronze trinkets, often of great beauty of workmanship, scraps of woven



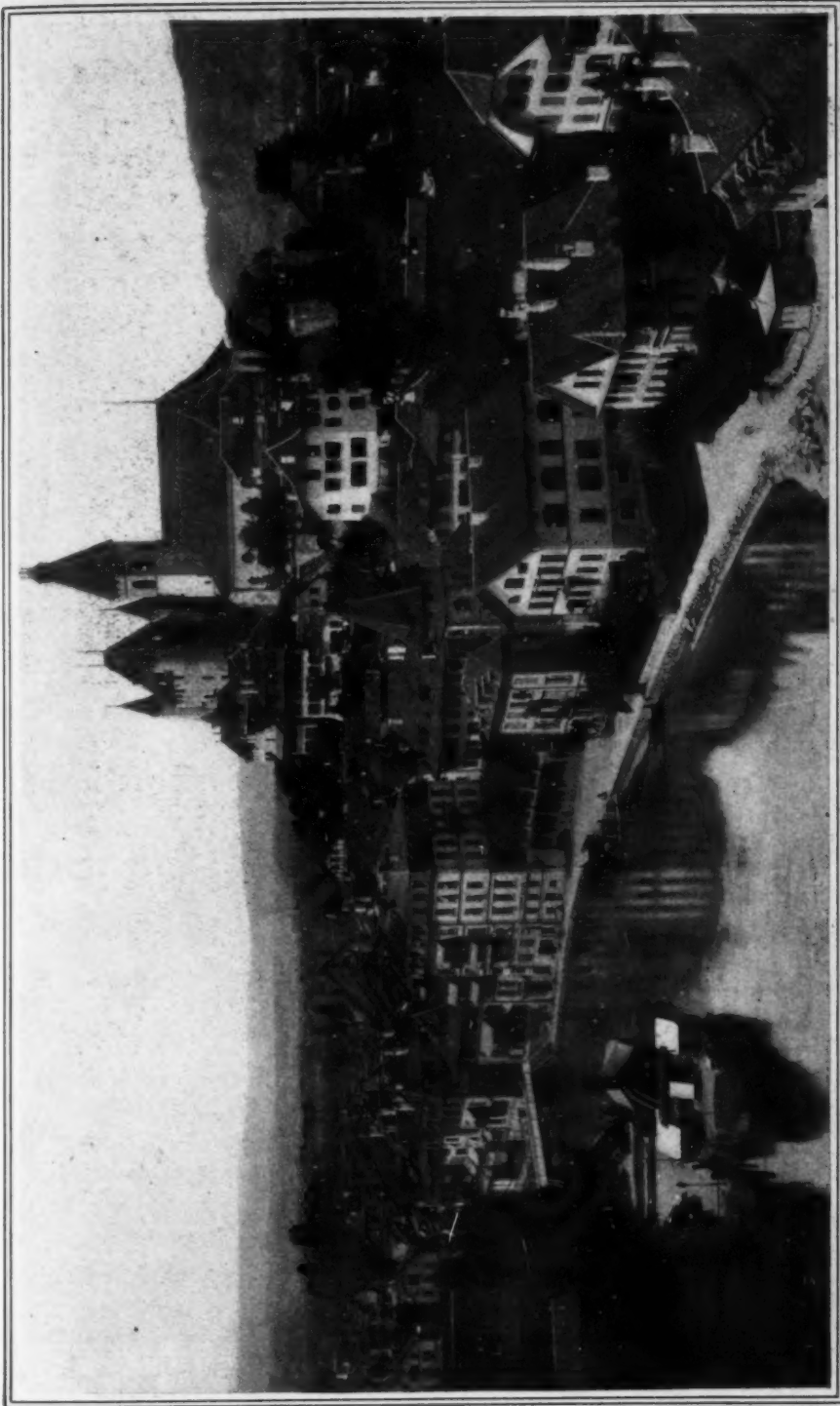
THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND—THE WATERFALL ON THE RIGHT IS THE STAUBBACH, NEARLY A THOUSAND FEET IN HEIGHT

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



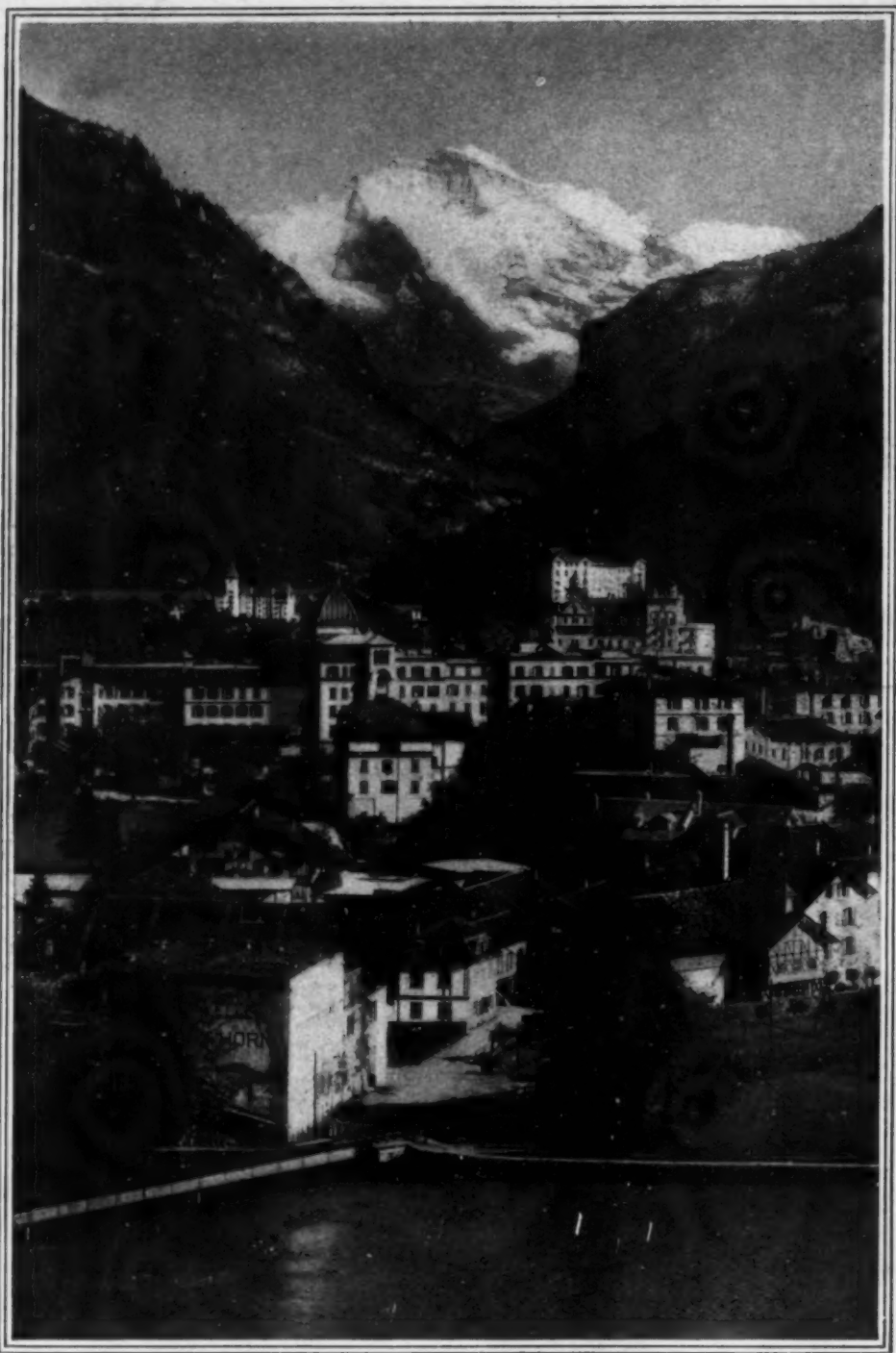
CLIMBING ONE OF THE GREAT ALPINE PEAKS—A PARTY OF MOUNTAINEERS, ROPED TOGETHER FOR SAFETY, ASCENDING THE JUNGFRAU (13,670 FEET)

From a copyrighted photograph by the H. C. White Company, New York



THE QUIANT OLD SWISS TOWN OF THUN, IN THE CANTON OF BERNÉ, WITH THE PICTURESQUE TWELFTH-CENTURY CASTLE OF ZÄHRINGEN-KYBURG RISING ABOVE THE RIVER AAR—THUN IS NOW THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SWISS ARTILLERY

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



INTERLAKEN, A FAVORITE CENTER FOR TOURISTS IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND, BETWEEN THE LAKE OF BRIENZ AND THE LAKE OF THUN—IN THE DISTANCE, AT THE HEAD OF THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY, IS THE SNOW-CLAD PEAK OF THE JUNGFRAU

fabric — proving this unknown prehistoric people to have reached a high degree of development. Their identity, however, is lost in the night of the ages of stone and bronze.

When contact with Roman Gaul first brings Helvetia into the light of recorded history, it comprised all the territory be-

upper Rhine valley, and designate the slightly different speech of the Inn valley as Engadine or Ladin.

The Helvetii had been conquered earlier than the Rhetians (58 B.C.), and the whole country flourished under Roman rule, with its usual accompaniments of trading cities — Aventicum, the modern Avenches, being



A MOUNTAIN VIEW IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND—LOOKING FROM THE CHALET BÄREGG, ABOVE GRINDELWALD, ACROSS THE LOWER GRINDELWALD GLACIER TO THE PEAKS OF THE FIESCHERHÖRNER

tween Mount Jura, Lake Geneva, and Lake Constance, except Basel. Many Celtic tribes were joint settlers in this area, but of these the Helvetii were most numerous and important.

An entirely different race, believed to be of Tuscan origin, the Rhetians, occupied what is now the Grisons, or Graubünden. Here alone the original inhabitants still survive. The people of the Grisons, who were conquered by Rome in 15 B.C., to-day speak a Latin language generally known as Romansh, although some philologists confine that term to the dialect of the

the capital—and military roads. The chief highways passed over the Great St. Bernard to Basel, and over the Julier, Septimer, and Splügen to Bregenz, and thence down the Rhine to Basel.

With the disintegration of Rome, the country, in common with the rest of Europe, was submerged under a mixed Germanic invasion (A.D. 400-500). This left the whole of northern Switzerland, now German-speaking, under the control of the Alemanni; while southwestern Switzerland, now French-speaking, was held by the Burgundians, and southeastern Switzer-



A SWISS MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY—A SCENE ON THE BRÜNIG ROAD, WHICH CROSSES THE BRÜNIG PASS (3,300 FEET) BETWEEN LUCERNE AND BRIENZ—BELOW, ON THE RIGHT, IS THE VALLEY OF MEIRINGEN

land, now speaking Italian and Romansh, by the Ostrogoths.

These conquering tribes were in their turn conquered by the Franks, who, however, did not occupy the country, but governed it by various viceregal dukes and counts. Christianity came in with the Franks, and some of the great abbeys—notably St. Gallen and Einsiedeln—which were to play so great a part in Swiss history were founded.

With the dissolution of the Frankish empire (912) eastern Switzerland became a part of the Duchy of Alemannia, or Swabia, and western Switzerland a part of the Burgundian kingdom. On Burgundy ceasing to be a kingdom (1032), the whole country fell under the overlordship of the Holy Roman Empire, which governed it through the Dukes of Zähringen (1100-1218). These nobles did much for the social and commercial prosperity of the people, particularly by their building and chartering of walled towns, as a protection against the lawless Burgundian lords.

Thus Bertold IV founded the free city of Fribourg, or Freiburg, in 1177. His son, Bertold V, chartered Burgdorf, Yverdon, Laupen, Thun, and, most important of all, Berne (1191). The foundation of these towns was the first important step toward Swiss liberty. Built and encouraged, in the first instance, by nobles to check other nobles, they were to grow, in course of time, into the most formidable bulwarks of the people against the oppression of all nobles and kings.

With the extinction of the house of Zähringen, and the decline of the Holy Roman Empire, any central form of government became more and more a pretense. Counts and barons and bishops, with their castles and fat abbeys, constituted themselves petty kings and did much as they pleased. The only safety for burghers or landless men was to seek the protection of the most powerful lord in their neighborhood.

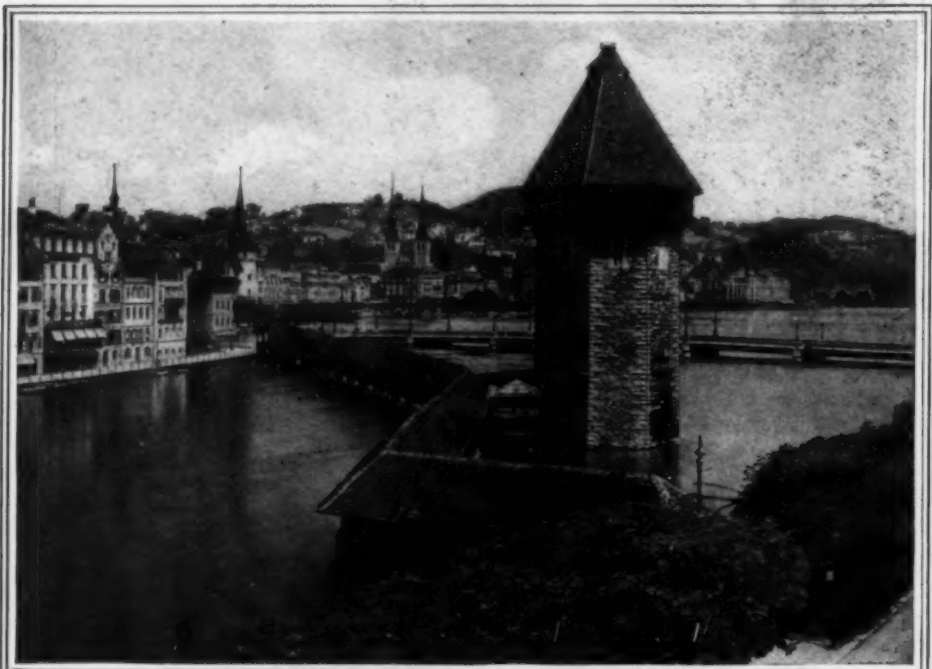
It is recorded that in the thirteenth century there were in Switzerland "no less



IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND—A SWISS PEASANT'S CHALET NEAR ADELBODEN, AMONG THE PINE WOODS OF THE ENGSTLIGEN VALLEY,
UNDER THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS OF THE WILDSTÜBEL



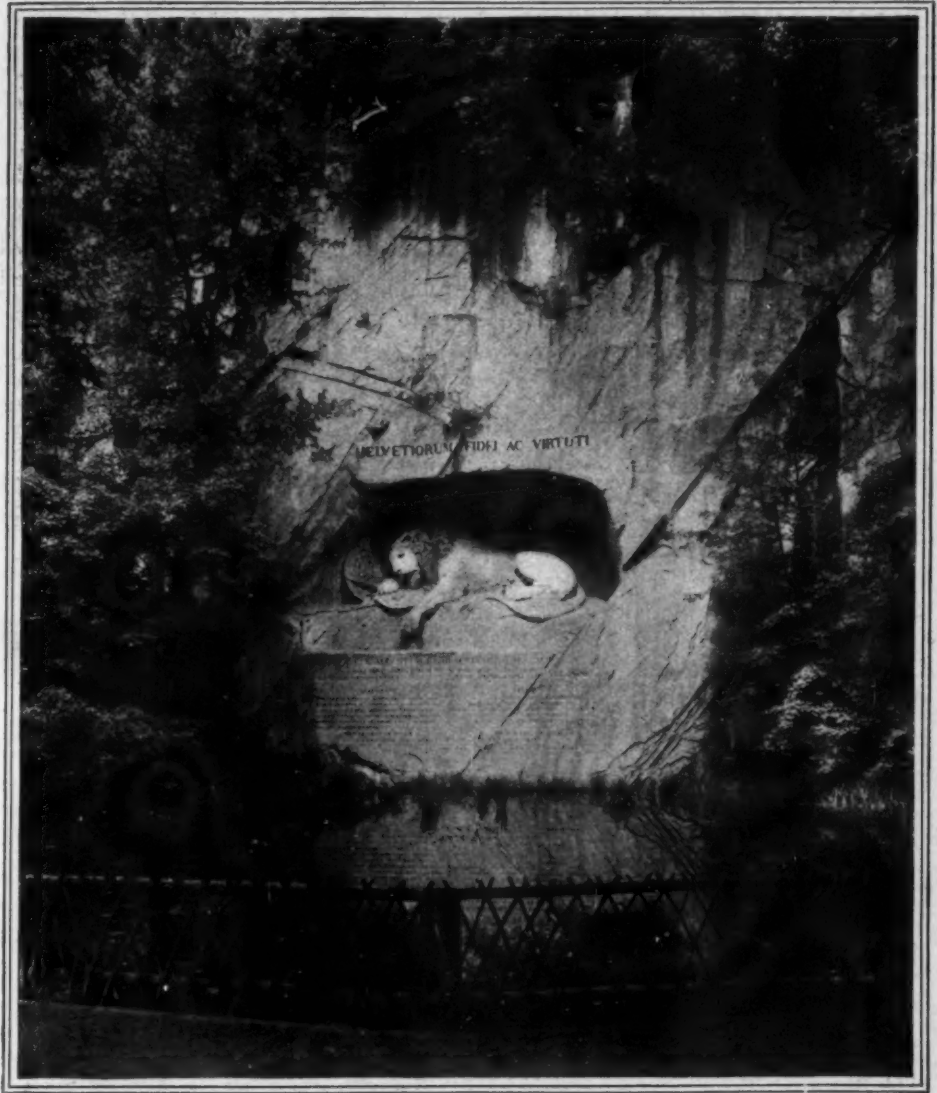
LUCERNE, WITH ITS LAKE AND THE SNOW-CLAD ALPS OF URI—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE HOFKIRCHE, OR CATHEDRAL, OF LUCERNE



LUCERNE—THE LAKE AND THE RIVER REUSS, WITH THE PICTURESQUE MEDIEVAL KAPELBRÜCKE, OR CHAPEL BRIDGE, AND WATER-TOWER

than fifty counts, one hundred and fifty barons, and one thousand noble families." Among these, most fateful to the Swiss, was the house of Hapsburg, which had secured to itself from the empire the office

imperial taxes, but when the Hapsburgs began to make exactions on their own account, they appealed to the emperor, who confirmed their ancient liberties and granted them a formal release from Haps-

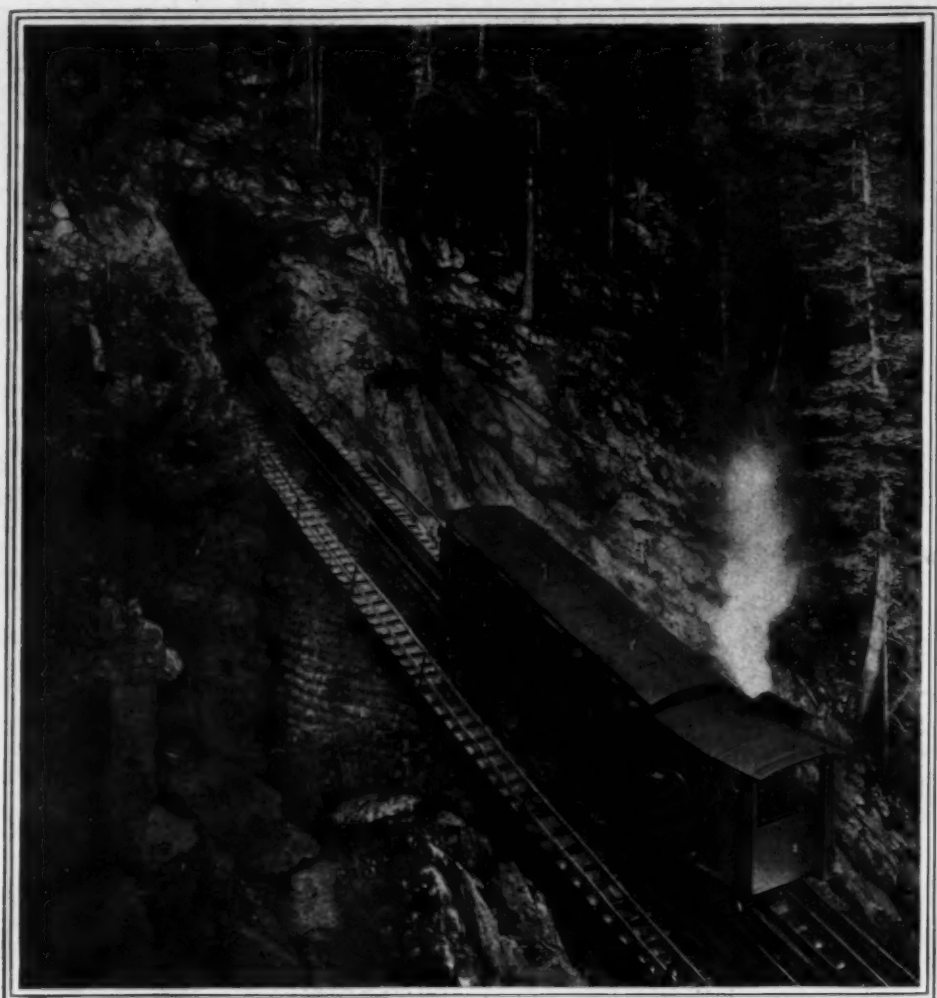


THE LION OF LUCERNE, A MEMORIAL OF THE SWISS GUARDS WHO FELL IN DEFENDING THE TUILERIES FROM THE PARIS MOB ON AUGUST 10, 1792

of imperial bailiff over the three districts of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden—names that vibrate like an iron string in the mention.

These three Forest Cantons, as they came to be called, were willing to pay

burg overlordship—a release to which, however, the Hapsburgs paid little heed. As a protest against oppression, the men of the three cantons, in 1245, made a compact for mutual defense, which was to prove the nucleus of national independence.

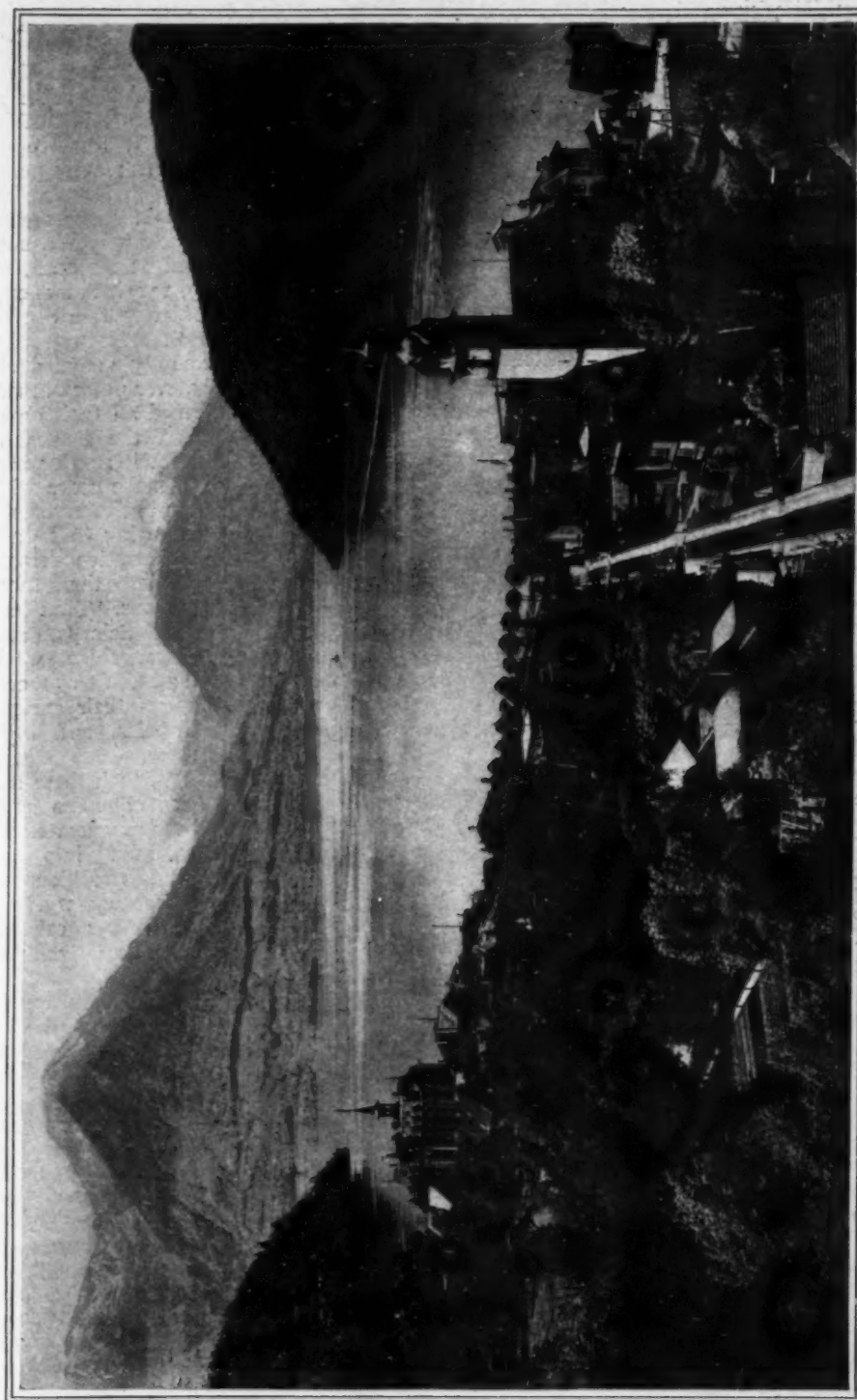


THE PILATUS RAILWAY, WHICH ASCENDS TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT PILATUS (6,995 FEET), NEAR LUCERNE—SIMILAR MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS ARE NUMEROUS IN SWITZERLAND

The elevation of the Hapsburg Rudolph III to the throne of the empire (1273) obviously left no appeal from Hapsburg tyranny, and though Rudolph confirmed the independence of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden remained Hapsburg vassals. On his death, the three states drew up a "perpetual league" (August 1, 1291)—the famous Bundesbrief, still preserved in the archives of Schwyz. By this covenant, with its motto "All for one, and each for all," they bound themselves to mutual resistance against any "who should use violence toward them, or cause injury to one or to all." They acknowledged allegiance to the empire, but claimed absolute

self-government in all internal matters as their ancient right.

Rudolph's successor, Albert, was to prove a sterner tyrant, and to his reign belong the legend of William Tell and the associated traditions of the "three men of Rütli." Though modern criticism for the most part denies historical foundation to these inspiring stories, particularly in the case of Tell—who, as a Teutonic folk-hero, has several other embodiments in other lands, notably the *Sir William Cloudesly* of the old English ballad—yet the stories are substantially true to the conditions of the time. Such acts of tyranny as they tell of on the part of



VITZNAU, ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE VILLAGES ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE—IN THE FOREGROUND, NEAR THE CENTER, IS THE RAILWAY WHICH ASCENDS FROM VITZNAU TO THE SUMMIT OF THE RIGI, A FAMOUS VIEW-POINT

Hapsburg bailiffs were, doubtless, everyday affairs, and, equally without doubt, brave men such as Tell and the others were found to resist them. Their stories but crystallize the invincible determination of all the men in the Forest Cantons to be free.

The assassination of Albert by his nephew, John of Swabia (1308), was incidentally to bring the struggle against Hapsburg tyranny to a crisis. The succeeding emperor, Henry VII, an enemy of the Hapsburgs, immediately granted a charter of independence to the Forest Cantons—an act which the Hapsburgs construed as a violation of their prerogatives.

On the death of Henry VII (1313), Frederick of Austria, son of the assassinated Albert, and Louis of Bavaria were rival candidates for the imperial throne. The Forest Cantons espoused the cause of Louis, and Frederick sent a large army, commanded by his brother Leopold, against them. With it went "wagon-loads of cordage" for the purpose of hanging the confederate leaders.

Needless to say, the ropes were never used. The confederates' answer to the threat was their glorious victory of Morgarten (November 15, 1315), in which the flower of the haughty nobility fell, and from which Leopold barely escaped, "pale and in despair." A service commemorating this battle is still held annually in the little chapel of St. Jacob on the confines of the Canton of Zug, which the Swiss built as a memorial of their victory.

Never was there a victory more worthy of such commemoration, for this was the first battle won in Europe by "the people" against aristocratic oppression. From a military point of view it has this further interest, that it is the first instance of mounted knights being defeated by peasants on foot.

The three little mountain states sealed their victory by the conclusion of a new treaty of alliance, signed at Brunnen, in Schwyz, on December 9, 1315. A measure of the impressiveness of Morgarten can be gained from the fact that Ludwig, who was now emperor, promptly annulled all Hapsburg rights of whatever nature in the three states, and confirmed all their charters. Three years after, the Dukes of Austria themselves thought it worth while

to make peace with the confederates, renouncing all administrative rights within the three cantons. Thus had Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden won back for themselves their ancient liberties, and even more.

Though these ancient liberties have been exaggerated by tradition into an ideal condition of democracy which has never existed, yet they included two popular institutions which the Forest Cantons, like the Anglo-Saxons of England had inherited from their Teutonic forefathers. These were the *allmend*, or undivided common land surrounding each village settlement, grazing, wood-cutting, and other rights on which belonged to every free man; and the communal "folk-mote," through which all



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL, THE LEGENDARY HERO OF SWITZERLAND, AT ALTDORF, THE CAPITAL OF THE CANTON OF URI

From a copyrighted photograph by the H. C. White Company, New York



free men in public meeting had their say in the lawmaking and other public business of the commune. The latter institution was to broaden out into the larger state commune, or *landsgemeinde*, which, in the case of six cantons, has survived vigorously up to the present day. More of this later on.

Such rights had long been liable to encroachment by that hereditary aristocracy

of nobles and freeholders which, it must not be forgotten, was always a component of the Teutonic tribes. The church had also been an encroacher. Early in the twelfth century the men of Schwyz had begun a fight that lasted many years against the abbots of Einsiedeln for unlawful occupation of the common land.

The success of the league of the Forest Cantons made other states and cities,

equally afraid of the Hapsburg ambitions, anxious to become members. Lucerne joined the confederation in 1332, Zurich in 1351. Glarus and Zug followed, and in 1353 Berne—destined to be one of the most active and warlike members, too frequently for her own ends, and sometimes against the general good. While still outside the confederacy, Berne—or Bern, in German—had already won the great victory of Laupen (1339) against the nobles.

THE LEAGUE OF EIGHT CANTONS

It is, of course, impossible here to go into all the complicated details and minor happenings of the struggle against Austrian oppression, which continued to gather volume from every side until its culmination in another memorable triumph for the popular cause at Sempach (1386)—a battle which gave to Switzerland a hero who is certainly authentic, Arnold von Winkelried. The victory of Näfels (1388) completed the work of Sempach. It was the answer of the men of Glarus to an Austrian demand thus worded:

You must obey Austria as serfs, have only such laws as your lord shall grant you, repudiate the bond with the confederate Swiss and serve against them, make compensation for the damage you have done, and expiate your misdeeds until you deserve the grace of the duke.

Swiss history is rich in forcible answers to such language as this.

The leagued states followed their military successes by renewing and reenforcing their compact in the Sempach Declaration (1393), and Appenzell was added to the union as a "connection." Each canton and town having its part in the Swiss story, before it finally merges into the league, has its own saga of struggle illuminated by its individual heroes and victories. The battles of Vogelinsegg (1403) and Am Stoss (1405), though gained by the help of the confederacy, belong to the Appenzell saga, and were an effective protest against a typical example of medieval ecclesiastical oppression.

One of the "rights" of the overlord in those days when oppression was as fantastic as it was thorough was the exaction from the estate of a dead tenant of his most valuable chattel. A tenant of the abbot of St. Gallen had died and taken with him into the grave a coat which the abbot's bailiff demanded as his master's

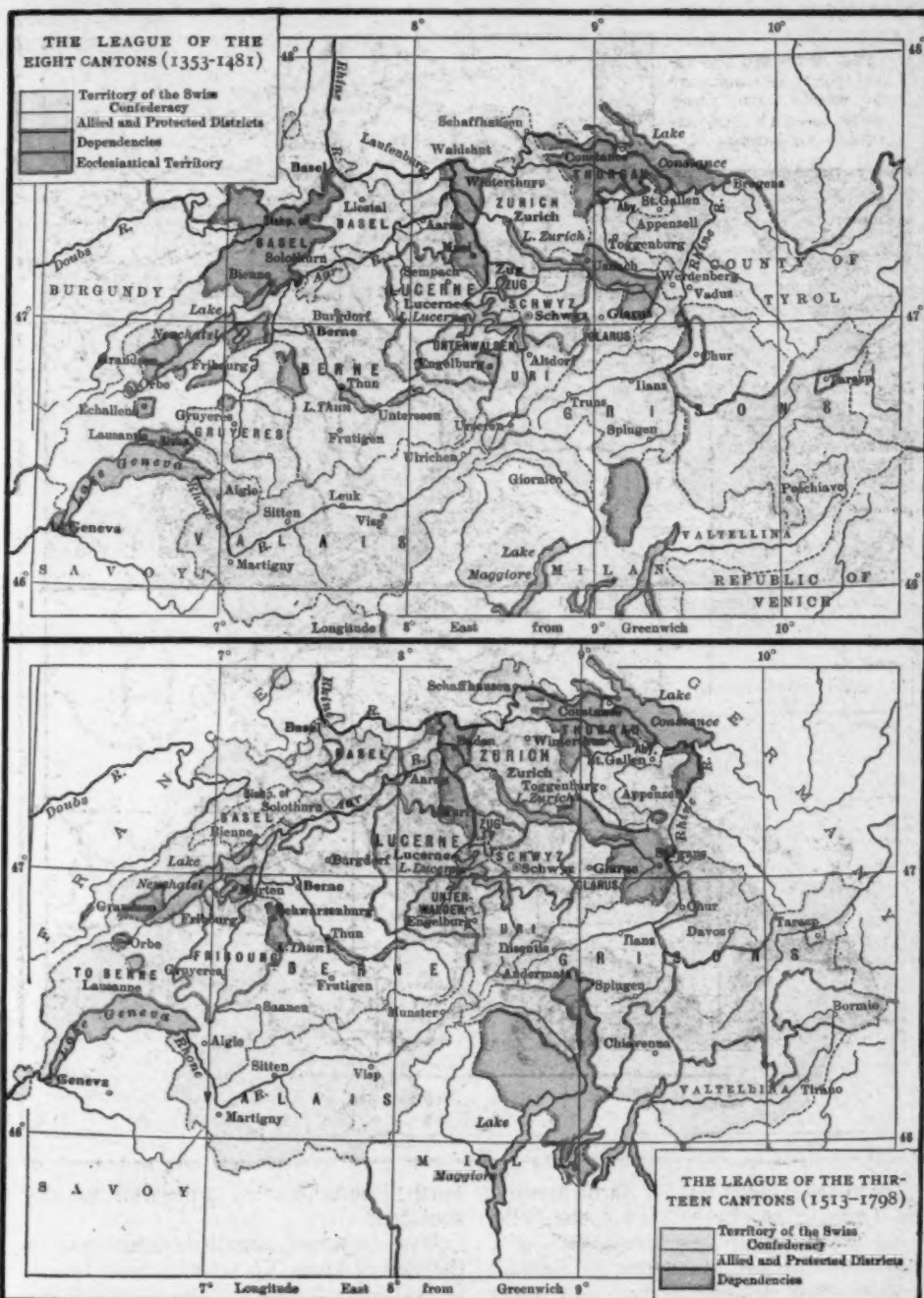
perquisite. To get it, the bailiff proceeded to open the grave and dispossess the dead man. At this the cup ran over, the shepherd people attacked the abbot's castle, the victories last mentioned followed, and Appenzell became affiliated to the league, though only as an ally of the second rank; for the richer members of the community, such as Zurich and Berne, which were already developing oligarchic symptoms, looked askance at the new member's extreme revolutionary tendencies.

Success, too, was beginning to breed jealousies among the several members of the league. Their old compact of "all for one and each for all" was in danger of being lost sight of, as was the old purity of aim which had brought them victory. Berne, in particular, began to hanker after territorial acquisition, and when the Council of Constance excommunicated Frederick of Austria (1414), and the Emperor Sigismund called on all faithful subjects to attack him, promising them permanent possession of any Austrian acquisitions they should make, Berne ignored the protests of its confederates and took the field.

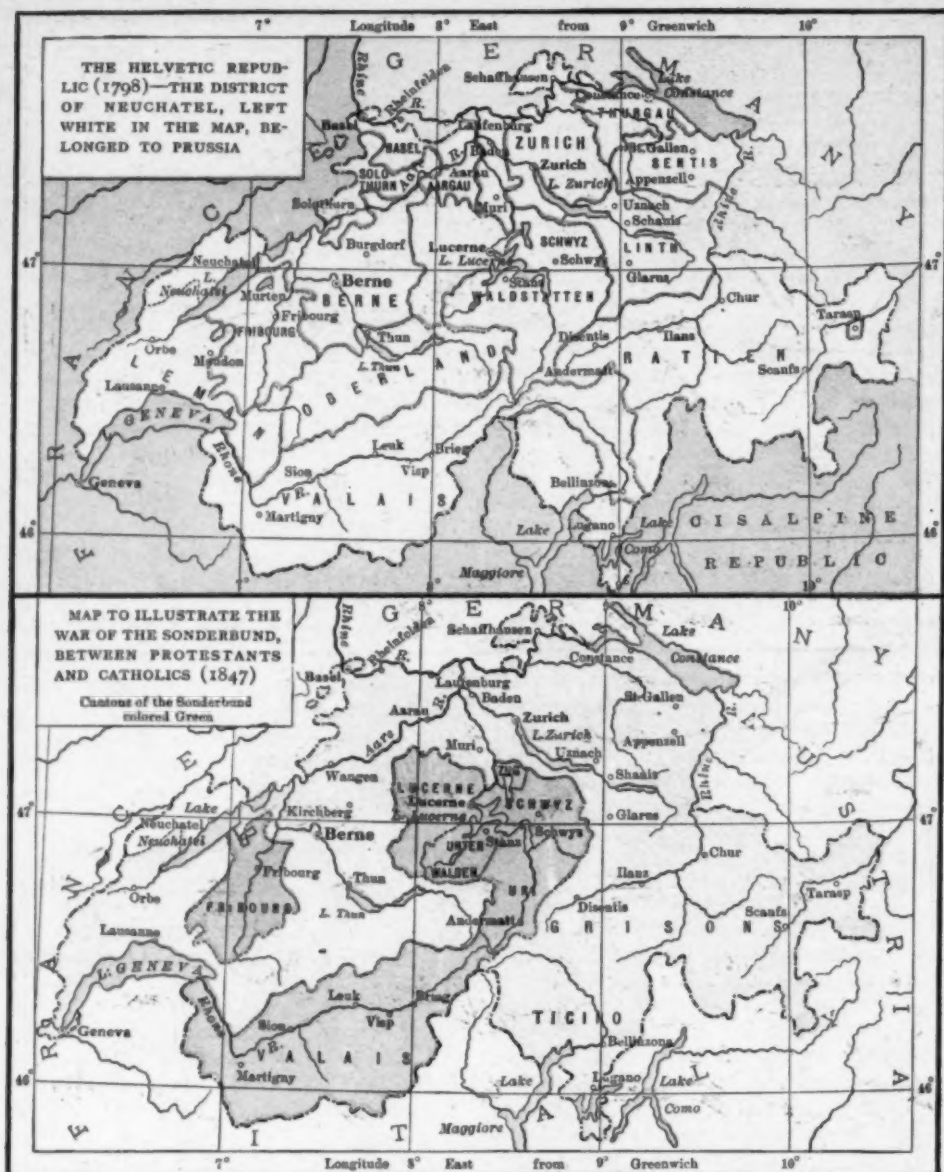
The example proved too strong for the jealousies of the others, and soon all were drawn into the conflict, which ended by Aargau and Baden becoming dependencies of the confederates. Thus, as a Swiss historian has said, his countrymen "soiled the pure robe of the primitive confederacy" by themselves becoming territorial aggressors.

That pure robe was presently to suffer the darker stain of civil warfare, as greed of possessions more and more took hold of these erstwhile champions of freedom. Zurich and Schwyz both claimed succession to the estates of the Count of Toggenburg, in the Grisons. After intervention had been vainly attempted by the other confederates, Uri and Unterwalden joined with Schwyz and Glarus, and in 1440 invaded Zurich with fire and sword.

Zurich was then guilty of the treachery of appealing to Austria—an act which united all the confederates against her, and which was revenged by the bloody victory of St. Jacob on the Sihl (1443). The Emperor Frederick III—the Hapsburgs had now fastened a practically hereditary grip upon the imperial title—enlisted the aid of France; and a French army, commanded by the Dauphin, afterward Louis XI, defeated the confederates after a stub-



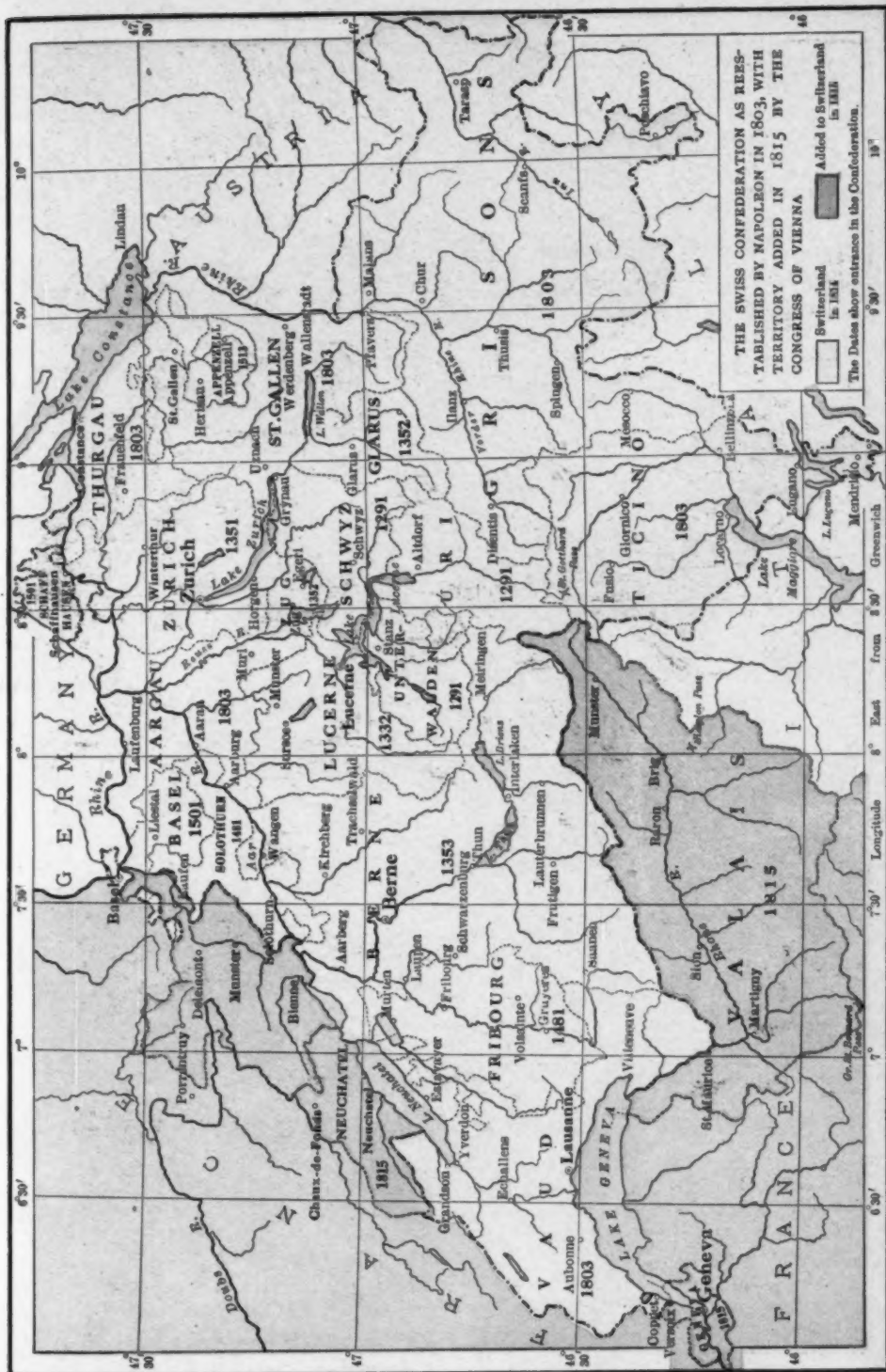
THE LEAGUE OF THE EIGHT CANTONS CONSISTED OF THE THREE ORIGINAL STATES OF URI, SCHWYZ, AND UNTERWALDEN, AND THE FOLLOWING: LUCERNE, ADMITTED 1332; ZURICH, 1351; GLARUS, 1352; ZUG, 1352; AND BERNE, 1353—THE REMAINDER OF THE THIRTEEN CANTONS WERE FRIBOURG, 1481; SOLOTHURN, 1481; BASEL, 1501; SCHAFFHAUSEN, 1501; AND APPENZELL, 1513—AFTER 1513 THERE WERE NO FURTHER ADMISSIONS TO THE CONFEDERACY UNTIL THE NINETEENTH CENTURY



bornly fought battle at St. Jacob on the Birs (August 26, 1444). But the valor of the Swiss had so impressed Louis—"a more obstinate people cannot be found," he said—that his crafty eyes saw them better as allies than as foes, for certain plans which he was already shaping against Burgundy. Two months later he drew up a separate treaty with them, assuring the confederacy against further hostility from France. It is interesting to note that the

word "canton" first appeared in this document.

By a series of complicated intrigues on the part of Louis XI, we next find the confederates plentifully bribed by French gold to unite with France and their old enemy, Austria—who had made another of her periodical renunciations of Swiss overlordship—against Charles the Bold, of Burgundy. In the war which followed, the confederates became merely mercenaries in







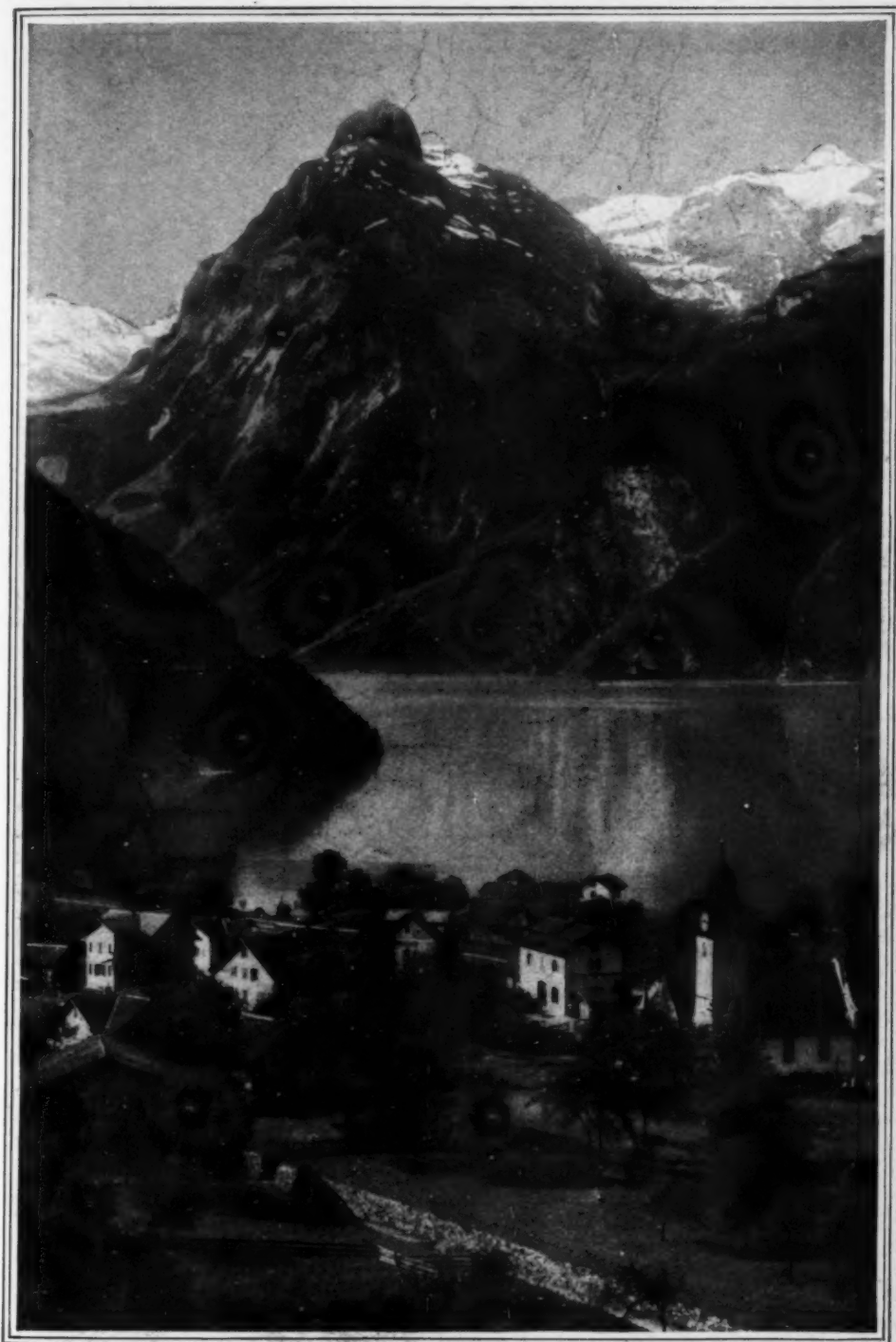
LARGE-SCALE MAP OF THE LAKE OF LUCERNE AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY, THE CRADLE OF SWISS LIBERTY, AND THE MOST FREQUENTED TOURIST CENTER OF SWITZERLAND

the pay of France, and were left to do most of the fighting, which for long was paid for chiefly in promises, as was Louis XI's way. However, the victories of Grandson, Morat, and Nancy (1476), in the last of which Charles the Bold himself fell, added immensely to Swiss military prestige.

In a juster war on behalf of the Grisons against Austria and Swabia, six other victories, including that of Dornach (1499), not only won recognition for the Swiss

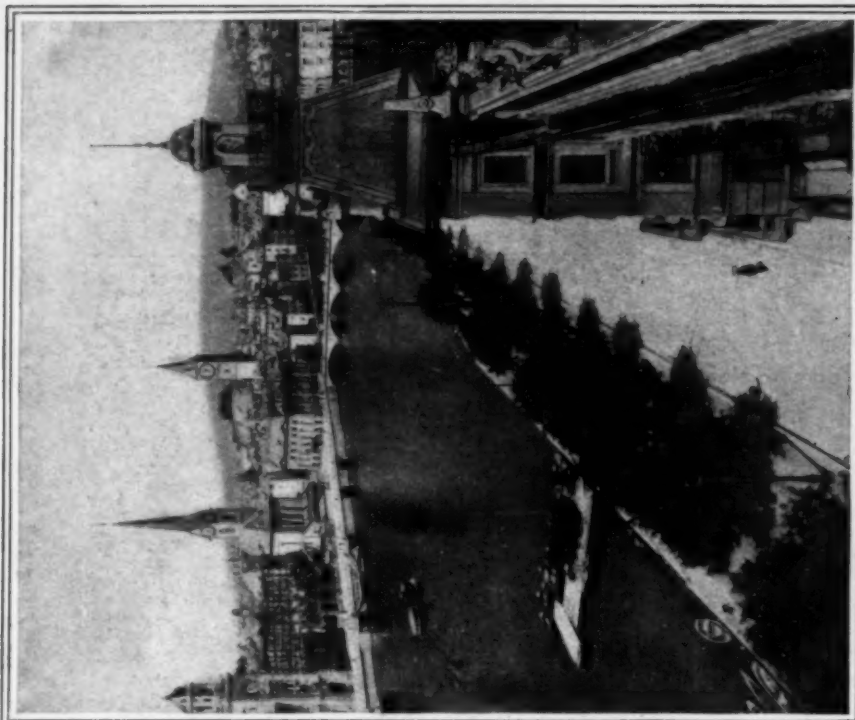
army as the best fighting machine in Europe, but gained freedom from Austria and from the emperor—whose nominal vassals, however, the leaguers continued to be till 1648. The confederacy was further extended by the admission of Basel and Schaffhausen (1501) and Appenzell (1513), its members now numbering thirteen—a number unchanged till 1798.

But the spirit animating the league was markedly different from that which had inspired its early patriots. It was now a



THE VILLAGE OF SSIKON, ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, WITH THE URI ROTHSTOCK (9,620 FEET)
TOWERING ABOVE THE HEAD OF THE LAKE

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ZURICH, THE LARGEST TOWN AND CHIEF INDUSTRIAL CENTER OF SWITZERLAND, ALSO FAMOUS AS THE CITY OF ZWINGLI AND PESTALOZZI
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



THE FAMOUS HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, WHERE FOR NEARLY A THOUSAND YEARS THE MONKS HAVE MINISTERED TO ALPINE TRAVELERS
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



ZERMATT, A VILLAGE IN THE ALPS WHICH IS ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED OF SWISS RESORTS FOR MOUNTAINEERS AND TOURISTS—IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE SPLENDID ROCK-PYRAMID OF THE MATTERHORN (14,780 FEET)

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

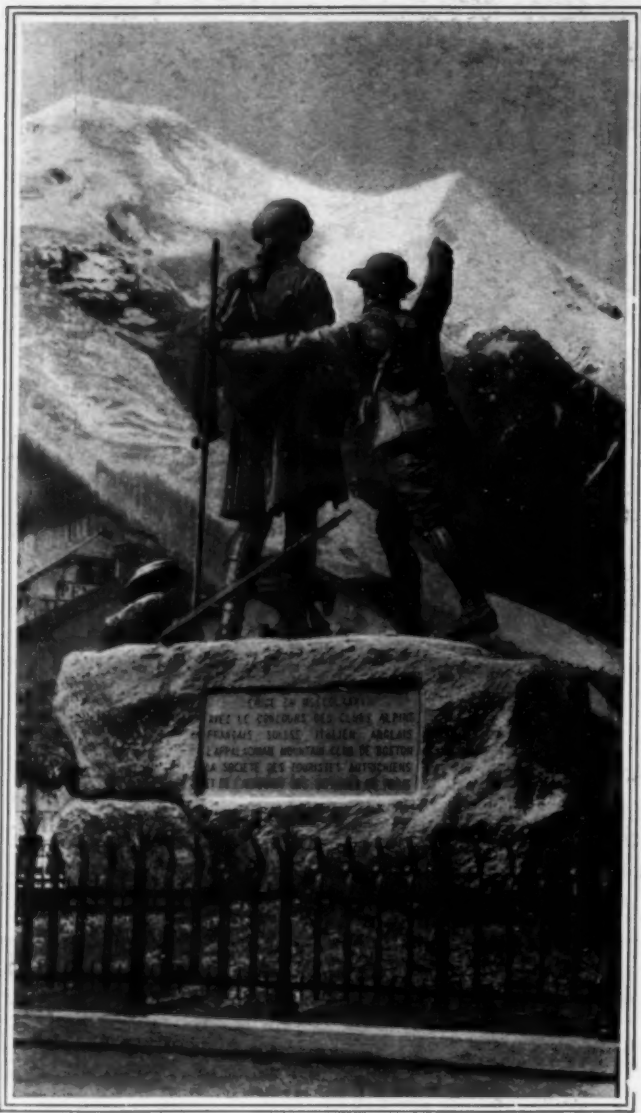
combination of wealthy commonwealths bent on capitalizing the military prowess which it had evolved for such different ends. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon was now frankly on sale to the highest bidder, and so exorbitant were the Swiss terms for their services that "*pas d'argent, pas des Suisses*"—"no money, no Swiss"—became a popular European

proverb. "God fights on the side of the Swiss" was another proverb more in keeping with Swiss tradition.

The records of this mercenary warfare are naturally the least inspiring, though not least brilliant, of Swiss history. They shall not, therefore, long detain us here.

France was the chief buyer of Swiss valor. In 1494, for instance, Charles VIII employed Swiss troops in his campaign against Naples. In the contest for Milan waged by his successor, Louis XII, so shamelessly mercenary had the confederates become that Swiss soldiers fought alike for Ludovico Sforza and for the French king—the Sforza Swiss adding treachery to their racial unfaithfulness by deserting to the other side. Sforza was actually betrayed to his enemies by a native of Uri, that father-state of Swiss freedom; but it is pleasant to read that the confederates were so sensible of this blot on their escutcheon that they hanged the betrayer.

Swiss mercenaries were so false to freedom as to sell their services to the League of Cambray against the free republic of Venice, helping France to gain the victory of Agnadello. This did not prevent their next enlisting under Julius II against France, and giving such effective aid to Maximilian Sforza in his campaign against Milan that they received as their reward Bellinzona, Locarno, Lugano, and other districts now included in Italian Switzerland. The Pope also conferred upon them the title of "Defenders of the Christian Church," a title they were more truly to deserve in a later struggle.



THE SAUSSURE MONUMENT, CHAMONIX, SHOWING THE SWISS GEOLOGIST WITH THE GUIDE BALMAT, WHO FIRST ASCENDED MONT BLANC IN 1787, AND WHOSE HAND POINTS TO THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

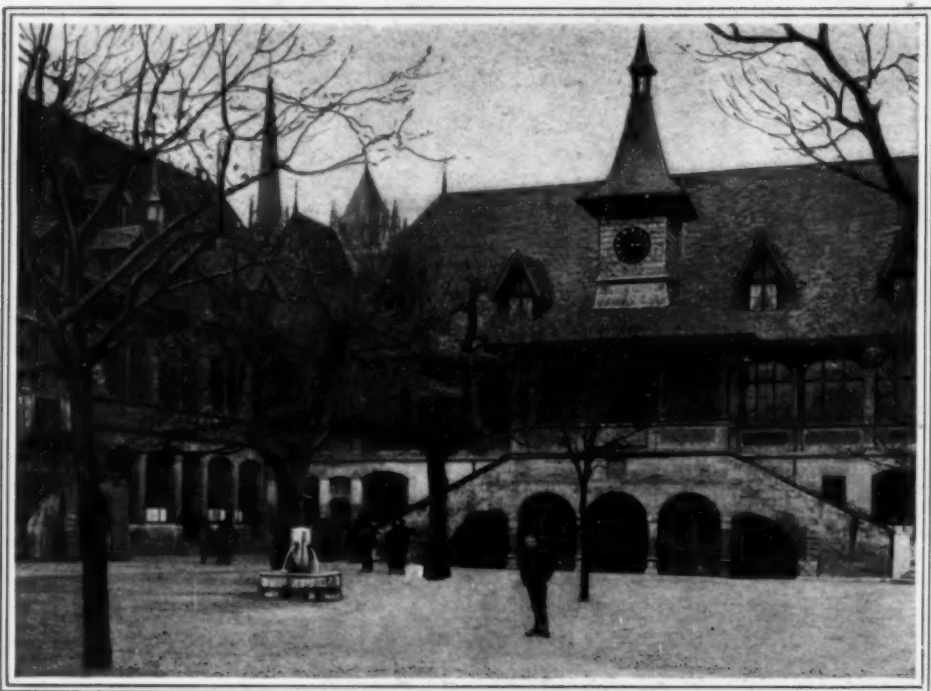
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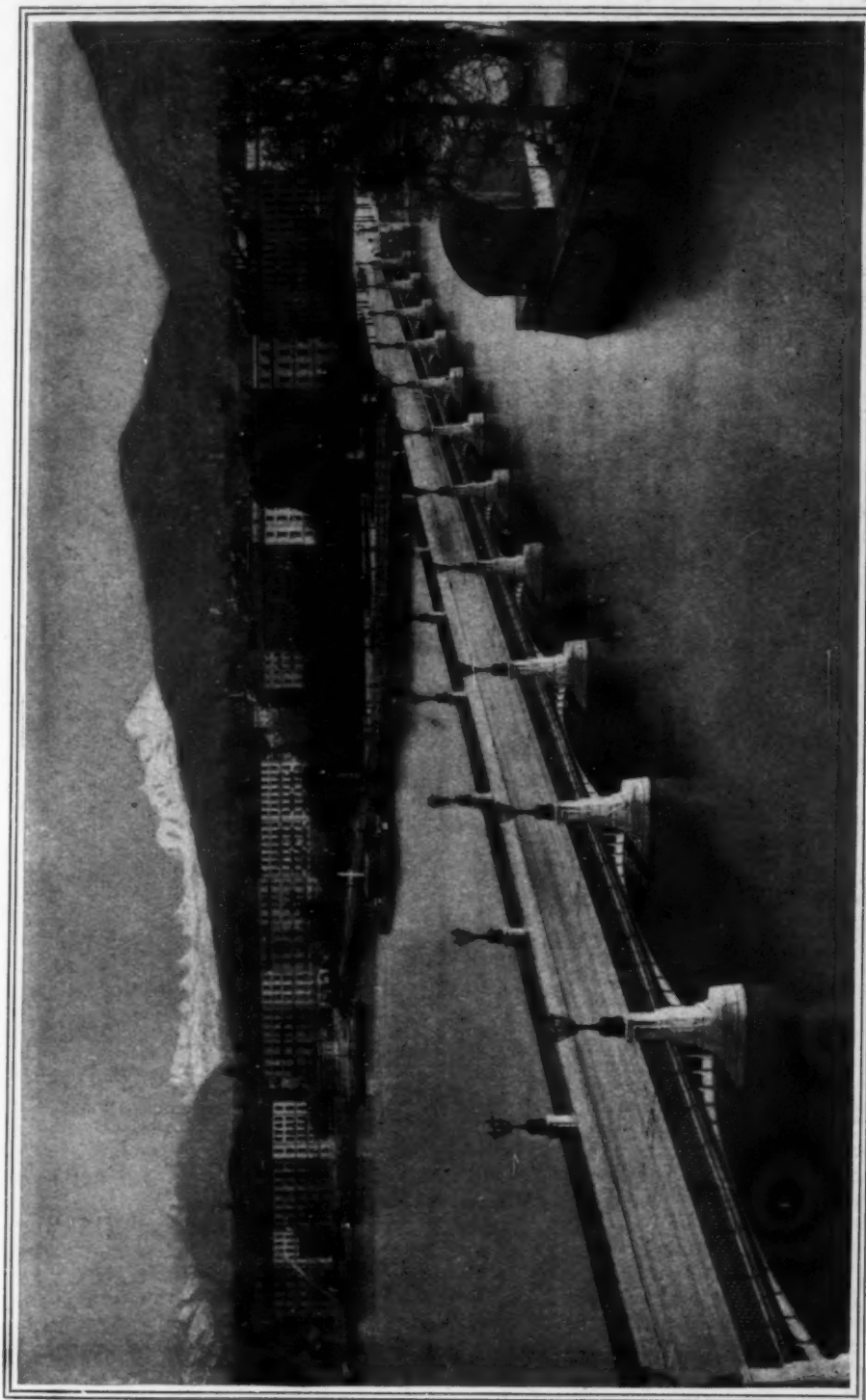
THE MER DE GLACE, THE CHIEF ICE-STREAM OF THE MONT BLANC CHAIN, AND ONE OF THE LARGEST OF THE TWELVE HUNDRED GLACIERS IN THE ALPS—
MONT BLANC (15,782 FEET) STANDS ON THE BOUNDARY OF FRANCE AND ITALY, JUST OUTSIDE OF SWISS TERRITORY, BUT IT IS
INCLUDED IN THESE ILLUSTRATIONS AS THE CULMINATING PEAK OF THE ALPS



THE GRAND THÉÂTRE, GENEVA, A HANDSOME MODERN BUILDING ERECTED IN 1872-1879



THE COLLÈGE DE GENÈVE, OR GENEVA ACADEMY, A THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL FOUNDED BY CALVIN, THE FAMOUS PROTESTANT LEADER, IN 1559



THE PONT DU MONT BLANC, GENEVA, A MODERN BRIDGE OVER THE RHONE, WHICH HERE ISSUES FROM THE LAKE OF GENEVA—IN THE DISTANCE IS THE SNOW-CLAD CHAIN OF MONT BLANC; IN THE RIVER, ON THE RIGHT, IS ROUSSEAU'S ISLAND

Francis I once more bid for their aid against Milan, but their terms were too high for him, and he fought and beat them, instead, at Marignano, as already told. Renewed friendship with France, however, followed. The Swiss nation became "god-mother" to the infant son of Francis I,

wars the states were once more divided against each other, it was by nobler differences than those mercenary jealousies which had more than once threatened to disrupt the confederation.

The degeneration which their military success and foreign gold had brought



THE CASTLE OF CHILLON, ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA—THIS OLD FORTRESS OF THE COUNTS OF SAVOY HAS BEEN MADE FAMOUS BY BYRON'S POEM, "THE PRISONER OF CHILLON"

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

and a "perpetual peace" was signed, which lasted till the fall of the French monarchy.

Switzerland was now to enter upon a chapter of her history more consonant with her earlier ideals, and to take that prominent part in the sixteenth century wars for religious liberty with which the names of Erasmus, Zwingli, and Calvin are immortally associated. Though in these

about in the Swiss people had not gone without sorrowing protest by the best elements in the confederacy. The great patriot Zwingli, in particular, had raised his voice with prophetic fervor.

"Our forefathers," he said, "did not slay fellow Christians for pay, but fought for liberty only, that their bodies and lives, their wives and children, might not be in miserable subjection to a wanton

nobility. Therefore God gave them ever the victory and increased their honors and possessions. In our own wars we have always been victorious, in foreign ones often defeated."

THE ERA OF ZWINGLI AND CALVIN

Everywhere in Europe the Reformation had its political as well as its religious aspect, but in Switzerland its political and social causes were particularly influential. Switzerland had from the beginning suffered, perhaps more than most countries, from the oppression of ecclesiastical overlords. Moreover, the moral sense of the best of the confederates had been deeply impressed by the cynicism of papal statesmen and emissaries, with whom, in the hiring out of their soldiers, they had had much to do. Returning home from the Papal States, those soldiers had brought with them not only vices and diseases strange to the hardy mountaineers, but "strange stories of the doings at Rome, of the corruption in high places, and the general profligacy so much at variance with the sanctity of the place."

Zwingli had begun as a political reformer, but, finding his efforts after political righteousness obstructed by reactionary churchmen, had decided that ecclesiastical reforms must come first. For this he had qualified by a study of the Bible which made him the most learned and skilled theologian of his time and country. It was the manner in which, by his superior knowledge and use of the Scriptures, he triumphed over the delegates of the church at the famous Conference of Zurich, in 1523, that first won him the confidence of the people. So deeply had he impressed Zurich that the city council decreed "that the clergy of the state should avoid everything which could not be proved and demonstrated by the text of the Bible."

The abolition of images and the first suppression of monasteries soon followed, and so with one or two swift strokes the Swiss Reformation was well under way. Like Calvin—who was more celebrated but scarcely so great—and after the manner of all reformers, Zwingli went too far, hardening into a narrowness and severity which finally made the new faith as oppressive as the old; but it would seem that lasting reforms can only come about through excess. The debt of Switzerland to Zwingli and Zurich can scarcely be

exaggerated, though his final recognition by his contemporaries was to have his ashes, mingled with those of swine, scattered to the four winds.

From Zurich the new doctrines soon spread among the other states, but met with varying hospitality. Several cantons, notably the Forest States, were strongly Catholic. Apart from a sincere loyalty to the old faith, the interference of the reformers with their traffic in soldiers added a baser motive to their hostility to the new.

Civil war soon proved inevitable, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Lucerne, Fribourg, and Zug leaguely together for the old faith, and Berne, Zurich, Basel, Schaffhausen, and Constance for the reformers. The former were so far traitorous to their history as to make an alliance with the national enemy, Austria. After an ineffective truce, the first victory went to the Catholic forces at Kappel (1531), where Zwingli was slain. This was followed by a peace which left the contending parties for a while much as they were.

The struggle was next to be taken up by Geneva, though the story of Geneva and Calvin properly belongs to the history of French Protestantism, Geneva being at the time a free republic unconnected with the Swiss Confederation, which it finally joined much later (1814). In 1535 the great reformer, Farel, had induced the Genevese to rise against their bishop and the Duke of Savoy, but it was the active co-operation of Berne, in 1536, that definitely won them the abolition of Catholic rule in the city.

The religious cleavage between the cantons remained, though a precarious union was still maintained, chiefly owing, according to Mr. McCrackan, to "the possession of common subject lands, for whose administration the hostile states were obliged to take concerted action." The next important date in Swiss history is 1648, when by the treaty of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years' War, the Swiss Confederation was officially declared wholly free from the German Empire.

A DARK PERIOD OF SWISS HISTORY

But the Swiss were still very far from free from themselves. The so-called Peasants' Revolt (1653) against the growing usurpations of the towns and governing centers was fiercely crushed at the battle

of Herzogenbuchsee. Further religious wars, with alternate victories for the Catholics and the Protestants, left the hostile parties much as they were, and the country still further demoralized and a prey to foreign influences, particularly that of France.

For many years Switzerland was the virtual property of Louis XIV, to whom the confederates had bound themselves by treaty in 1602, renewed in 1663, to supply him annually with at least six thousand men, or at most sixteen thousand, in return for certain commercial privileges. Thus it was that Swiss soldiers fought under his banners against the Dutch Republic, in the Palatinate, and in all the great wars which the Grand Monarque brought upon Europe.

Aristocracy, autocracy, plutocracy, were in the saddle, and freedom was so little acceptable to the government, even as a tradition, that Johannes von Müller, Switzerland's classic historian, was forced to print "Boston" on the title-page of his great history, which was actually published in Berne, in order that it might escape the scissors of the local censor. In Berne, Fribourg, and all the chief cities, the government was in the hands of "secret families" which stopped at nothing to maintain their power. It was the same old disheartening story of the corruption of democratic ideals by wealth, but the purity of her early struggles gave it a peculiar sadness in the case of Switzerland.

AN INTELLECTUAL RENAISSANCE

However, regeneration was on the way. The national conscience began at length to awaken, thanks to the great literary men who toward the middle of the eighteenth century were natives of Zurich, Berne, and Geneva, or made their homes in those cities.

Rousseau was born in Geneva in 1712, and there his book, "Emile," was burned by the common hangman, but thither he returned in 1754—curiously enough, the same year in which the other forerunner creator of the French Revolution, Voltaire, made Geneva his home. These men were to influence Switzerland through their influence on the world at large, but others had for the definite object of their work the rekindling of the old national spirit and the regeneration of the national life. Among these were scholars like Bodmer

and Breitinger, the scientist and poet Albrecht von Haller, the historian Müller, already mentioned, the great educational reformer Pestalozzi, the poet and mystic Lavater, and the members of the Helvetic Society (1762).

The intellectual influence radiated by these men was not without its effect on the people at large, among whom the general unrest of the period was already fermenting and exploding in popular uprisings that paid their toll of martyrs. But soon the Helvetic Club of Paris (1790) was to formulate this smoldering discontent into practical propaganda, and innocently to play into the hands of the French Directory, which, under the pretext of bringing liberty, equality, and fraternity to an oppressed people, but with an eye on the treasures stored in Berne and other cities, invaded the country with cynical brutality. Heroic opposition on the part of one or two cantons—notably that ancient seat of patriotism, Schwyz—was in vain, and on April 12, 1798, the confederacy which had outlasted so many storms was declared at an end, and a new Helvetic Republic, modeled on that of France, transformed the old independent cantons into departments of one central government.

Though the manner of its foundation was arbitrary and inexcusable, the new government was in the end to work for the good of Switzerland—by which name the country was now known for the first time. At a stroke, it broke up the class tyranny which the Swiss themselves had been powerless to break, gave them freedom of religion and a free press, and created the Swiss citizen.

THE CONFEDERATIONS OF 1803 AND 1815

The Helvetic Republic, however, was not long-lived. The miseries of the country under the occupation of French armies during Napoleon's wars with Austria and Russia, in which Swiss once more fought against Swiss, provoked attempts at a return to the old confederate constitution. This, with certain modifications, was finally brought about by Napoleon's Act of Mediation (1803), and, after his fall, by the Congress of Vienna. On November 20, 1815, twenty-two cantons signed a new federal pact, by which individual sovereignty was restored to each canton, while a general diet received control of federal affairs.

The peace and prosperity which rapidly followed this new constitution were once more broken in upon by new religious differences, culminating in the formation of the Sonderbund, or Separate League, by the Catholic cantons (1843), and the civil war of 1847. A brief campaign ended in the decisive defeat of the Sonderbund. Monasteries were suppressed, the Jesuit order was expelled from Switzerland, and in 1848 still another federal constitution was promulgated. This, amended in 1874 by the inclusion of the initiative and referendum, still remains the basic law of the mountain republic.

One incident of 1871, of international significance, was the internment of eighty-three thousand French troops in Swiss territory during the Franco-German War, a practical example being thus given of the neutrality solemnly guaranteed to Switzerland by the Congress of Vienna. Not only is it of paramount importance to Switzerland herself that that neutrality should continue to be observed, but the geographical character of her territory, as has been said, makes it essential to the very existence of modern Europe. For its maintenance against possible aggression, Switzerland has an admirable militia system, the general nature of which is familiar, and which has recently been advocated as a model for the United States.

A LAND OF TRUE DEMOCRACY

That other nations have much to learn from Switzerland under her present organization—for, instance, in her handling of labor disputes—is becoming more generally admitted. As Mr. McCrackan has finely said, "if these incongruous, often antagonistic cantons can meet upon some common plane and conform to some standard, can live side by side in peace and prosperity, surely the task of some day uniting the nations of the world upon a similar basis is not altogether hopeless and chimerical." Further to quote from the same writer:

Of the twenty-two cantons, thirteen are German-speaking, four are French; in three German and French both are spoken, in one Italian, and in another Romansh. The population of German Switzerland is almost purely Teutonic; that of French Switzerland about half-and-half Teutonic and Celto-Roman; while Italian and Romansh Switzerland can boast of Celto-Roman, Ostrogothic, and even Etruscan

elements. Some of these cantons are Protestant, others Roman Catholic, and others, again, have a mixed population of both faiths.

"The Federal Constitution of the Swiss Confederation" is an impressive document which might with great usefulness be added to the curriculum of our public-school education, as a veritable treasury of democratic principles and effective methods of applying them. To reduce it to its simplest terms, the twenty-two sovereign cantons have absolute jurisdiction over their own internal affairs, so long as their enactments contain nothing contrary to the rights of other cantons. With the reservation of the rights of the people and of the cantons, the supreme authority of the confederation is exercised by the Federal Assembly, which consists of two sections or chambers—the National Council and the Council of States.

The machinery of lawmaking within each separate sovereign canton varies with each. In some the people vote by representatives; but six states—Uri, Glarus, and the double cantons of Unterwalden and Appenzell—still appeal to the historic imagination by maintaining the ancient system of the "folk-mote," or *landsgemeinde*, by which all the citizens in full assembly pass upon communal legislation by a show of hands, out in a meadow under the sky, as their ancestors have done since the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

And this ancient system is still found eminently practical by an eminently practical people. The reader is recommended to look up Professor Freeman's description of such a *landsgemeinde* as witnessed by him in Uri some forty years ago, in his book on "The Growth of the English Constitution." For a more recent account he should read that of Mr. Frank Webb, in "Switzerland of the Swiss."

After reading these accounts he will be prepared to indorse the statement of another wide and sympathetic observer and deep student of Switzerland, the late Henry Demarest Lloyd:

It is impossible to witness one of these solemn gatherings of the sovereign people of a Swiss canton without feeling how much more, in sentiment and thought, self-government means for such men than for those who, in our sovereign States, are gathered by mechanical devices to vote a party ticket bestowing powers of legislation which they do not understand upon persons whom they have never seen.

Harness and Hitching-Post



Margaret Busbee Shipp

FRED MURCHISON was riding along the country road which led to Dillsboro. Something of the fine enthusiasm which had possessed him when he first came back to his boyhood's home, and which had so unaccountably evaporated in the two months that had passed since then, was again stirring in his veins.

"This has them all beat to a finish!" he said aloud, contentedly.

"This" referred to a field of soft, yellow-brown broom-straw and a wide sweep of woods, where the oaks were still green, though sourwood and dogwood flamed here and there a message of autumn. "Them" included in a vast dump-heap the Pyramids, the Nile, and the Bosphorus.

The eighteen years he had spent in Turkey and Egypt had intensified his loyalty to his Southern home. Sometimes it seemed a dream to him that he, "little Freddy Murchison," should be riding a thoroughbred horse along the old road to the swimming-hole. His duties as an office-boy had once made it an occasional Mecca, instead of the daily summer pastime it was to Blink Peters and Pogey King. Leisure to do as he liked had been the rarest luxury in his boyhood, and he had determined to win it in his manhood.

Now, at forty-five, Murchison need never work again unless he chose, while Peters

was eking out his profits from his hardware store by being mayor of Coopertown, and King's tendency to sprees might be explained by the fact that a long wait between clients is apt to lead to a short period between drinks.

The thought of Peters and King distracted him from the gentle beauty of the day. Murchison's perceptions were too keen not to recognize that they resented his success. When he had impulsively greeted the former as "old Blink," the mayor had suggested that as nobody else would remember that fool nickname, it was better to cut it out. From what Murchison learned afterward of Peters's leniency toward blind tigers, he saw that the word "Blink" might carry a sinister suggestion if its use should become general. So he dropped it; but in some inexplicable way all the boyhood intimacy seemed to drop away with it.

Murchison was at a loss to account for Pogey's aloofness. The incident of his own passing calf-love for Susie Shepherd, now Mrs. King, had so entirely slipped from his memory that it did not occur to him that a woman never forgets a man who has made love to her. Whether his later years lead him to the Supreme Court bench or to the electric chair, he remains static as a discarded suitor. Hundreds of times

poor King had heard his wife say, "If I had married Fred I might be wearing sables"—or riding in an automobile, or indulging in any particular luxury that happened to appeal to her at the moment.

"Not that I ever regret it," she would add in a martyred tone, as she went on washing the dishes or patching Sammy's trousers; but King would have been superhuman in magnanimity if he had rejoiced when the wandering Fred settled down in Coopertown to make his imagined riches present and concrete.

Murchison checked his horse in front of the Old Church to see how his well was progressing. It was his plan to help the county in inconspicuous ways at first—not with the blare of a benefactor, but as a friend who stood ready to serve the people of his birthplace. He had determined to keep out of neighborhood disputes and political brawls, and to live among his own people in honorable tranquillity.

He had noticed that the country people often stopped at the Old Church to eat dinner under the big white oaks, but there was no place where they could water their horses or get a drink without climbing down a long, rocky hill to a spring. A good well, with a trough for the horses, would prove a daily convenience; and Murchison had allowed the best well-digger in the county to charge him twice what he would have charged any one else, in his zeal to get the work done.

His happy mood lingered as he neared the court-house at Dillsboro. The long ride in the clear October air had chased away all the small vexations, and his homecoming project was seen again in its first light of attraction. There had been times in the past month when he had unwillingly recalled the words of the presiding genius of the great corporation which he had so long served:

"Any man's place can be filled, Fred, but it's against my judgment to fill yours. Go back to your old home for three months, and I'll put Creech on the job temporarily—though you understand the market in a way he never will. At the end of three months you can decide whether you're in earnest about this back-to-the-old-home proposition. My opinion is that you'll be more work-hungry than you now think you are leisure-loving."

"I've never had enough experience with leisure to know whether I like it or not,"

laughed Murchison. "The idea of being able to pick up a book and read in the forenoon attracts me."

"A man doesn't *begin* to like reading after he's forty," replied the big man dryly. "However, you'll find plenty of time for it—about the second month of your stay in Coopertown!"

Murchison did not see the presiding genius again, but at the beginning of the second month at home some books arrived, with the great man's card.

"I'd rather have one good talk with you about the market than read every volume in the Congressional Library," he wrote back ungratefully.

But his determination not to go back into harness was unshaken. He was rich, he had no near relatives, and the leisurely life of a country gentleman had always appealed to his fancy. Having inherited the old homestead, he had been busy superintending the immediately necessary repairs, though he contemplated tearing it down and building a big place later.

Murchison had also bought back his grandfather's farm of several hundred acres. The soil was exhausted, and Smathers, who had been farming it, had been glad enough to sell it through an agent. Now he was loud in his claims of having "sold it for a song," since he learned that the real purchaser was a rich man with a sentiment for the place which might have been turned into dollars.

There was trouble about a boundary-line, and Murchison's mission to the court-house was to look up his grandfather's deed. He remembered as a boy the rock wall with the long hedge of pale-pink altheas. "Roses of Sharon," his grandmother had called them. Old Mrs. Abbyhouse, on the adjoining farm, was insisting that her boundary-line extended beyond the wall and the hedge.

Smathers was loud in pious regrets. He was a poor man himself, he declared, but he would have been glad enough to give a few feet of land and a row of bushes to an old lady who had her heart set on them.

"Of course," he added, "the way the rich keep rich is by holding fast to all they can grab!"

II

As Murchison tied his horse to a dilapidated hitching-post in front of the court-

house, he determined to give the county a good modern one, and made a note of it in his memorandum-book. He was in a mood of pleasant kindness to all the world as he went into the office of the register of deeds. He found the Abbyhouse deed just as he had expected. The land was his; but a certain revulsion of feeling stirred him.

After all, Mrs. Abbyhouse was old and provincial, and she had suffered from life imprisonment in a narrow nature. Perhaps it would be doing more honor to his grandmother's memory if he yielded the point to another old lady and gave her the land in dispute.

"Mrs. Abbyhouse's nephew was in here two weeks ago, looking up the same deed," remarked the register carelessly.

"So they know they were wrong about the boundary, then?"

"Yes," smiled the register. "But he said he reckoned you'd have to give in to the general feeling that old Mrs. Abbyhouse has sort of earned those bushes. You see, every time there's a funeral in the summer she makes a cross out of those pink roses of Sharon."

"I guess that settles it," Murchison replied. "She may keep them."

A hand was laid on his arm, and he turned in surprise to see the sheriff.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Murchison, but here's a subpoena for you." At Murchison's amazement the official explained: "There's a trial going on up-stairs in the Superior Court. Mr. King noticed you riding up, and summoned you as a character witness for his client, Clint Dusenberry. Just take you a minute or two to testify, sir."

Annoyed, Murchison consented to the inevitable. This was the first request Poge King had made of him, and he remembered with kindness that, as a grocer's clerk, Clint Dusenberry had always looked the other way when the boys had hooked a handful of peanuts.

Entering the court-room, he was surprised to find it crowded. The issue involved was an alleged fraud in a horse-trade, in which many local people were acutely interested. The jury seemed to have been drawn from the upper end of the county, for the faces were all unfamiliar to Murchison.

He was sworn, and took his seat in the witness-box. In reply to King's questions, he stated that he had known Mr. Dusen-

berry ever since he was a boy, and had always liked him; that he had renewed the acquaintance casually since he had been at home; and that to the best of his knowledge and belief, Dusenberry had always borne a good character.

He answered a few more stereotyped questions as to the good name of Mr. Dusenberry. Then King said he had finished with the witness, and turned him over for cross-examination to the attorney for the prosecution.

Krider's voice was so resonant that it seemed as if it must be housed in his large, bulging forehead rather than in his undersized body.

"Mr. Murchison," bellowed Krider, "do you reside in Constantinople or Cairo?"

The jury leaned forward to a man. None of them had ever before seen a man who hailed from Egypt or Turkey, and most of them thought vaguely of Constantinople as a word used in spelling-bees.

"I have lived in both cities, but I am now a resident of Coopertown in this county."

"Were you working in Cairo before you came here?"

"Yes, until the last two years, when I have been in London."

"Who hired you there?"

"I was employed by the Universal Tobacco Company."

"So you were hand in glove with the Tobacco Trust, were you?"

"I stated that I was with the Universal Tobacco Company."

"The Soopreme Court decided it was a trust," said Krider menacingly. "Do you deny that?"

"I do not."

"They dissolved it because it was crippin' the tobacco-farmers, underminin' the whole tobacco business, and drivin' small warehousemen to the wall, until the men at the top could smoke fifty-cent cigars, while the farmers who labored and sweated were lucky if they could afford a five-cent plug to chew. Do you deny that?"

"I do not know which part of your speech I am called upon to affirm or to deny."

The lawyer appealed to the judge, who said:

"Answer the question, Mr. Murchison."

"I think statistics will prove that the profits of tobacco-farmers compare favorably with those who grow other crops."

"That ain't the question, your honor, and the witness knows it ain't. I asked if the Soopreme Court didn't dissolve the trust, and would they have done it if they hadn't known its dealings were crooked and were throttlin' trade."

"My personal conviction is at variance with their decision."

Krider rolled his eyes upward.

"So you set your opinions against the highest try-bunal in the land? So you come out fair and square on the side of trusts?"

"Your honor, this is entirely immaterial," interposed King, seeing how dubiously the jurymen were regarding his witness.

Murchison was the first man they had ever seen who didn't believe that when low prices prevailed for hogs, corn, cotton, or tobacco it was due to an occult menace called a trust; and that when they had to pay high for any commodity, it was the work of the same unseen power.

Krider defended his course with a lofty outburst of indignation.

"Your honor, it is material to the case. The whole issue hangs on a question of veracity between Mr. Dusenberry and my client. It is my dooty to find out what facts I can as to the character of the witness the defense brings to prove the character of their client. Here's a county full of folks that have known Clint Dusenberry all his life, and they bring a man from Turkey to testify! How long have you been living in Coopertown, Mr. Murchison?"

"Two months."

"How often have you seen Dusenberry in that time?"

"Four or five times—perhaps oftener."

"And before that you hadn't seen him but once or twice in twenty years?"

"Yes."

"No reports as to Mr. Dusenberry were circulatin' around in Constantinople, were they?"

"Naturally not."

"Then how do you undertake to testify as to the character of a man you haven't known anything about for practically twenty years?"

"I said it was good as far as I knew."

"You said as long as you had known him it was good—quite a different matter."

"Well, that was the impression I intended to convey."

"Will you please say what you mean, and not intend to convey impressions? How old were you when you left home?"

"I was twenty."

"Do you consider that a chap of twenty can have an impression of a man's character that is of any value?"

Nettled at the acerbity of Krider's tone, Murchison replied unwisely.

"I think the intuitions of youth are often of more value than the opinions of a maturer man, who is swayed more or less unconsciously by self-interest."

"Of course, if you think a fresh boy of twenty has more judgment than a mature, ripe mind, then there's nothing more to be said on that score." Most of the jurors were elderly, and nodded in agreement. "So when you were twenty, you knew more than older men; and when you were older yourself, you knew more than the Soopreme Court?"

"You need not answer that question, Mr. Murchison," directed the judge.

"What did you do when you left Coopertown, Mr. Murchison?" Krider proceeded to inquire.

"I went to the State capital, to accept a small clerkship in the Internal Revenue Office."

Again the jury quivered with interest. For twenty-five years before, the collector of internal revenue had been a "dyed-in-the-wool radical," and a place in his office a blot on a man's escutcheon.

"So you were what one of the great men in the Democratic party in this State called a red-legged grasshopper?"

"I recall the term."

"Then how did you jump from being a revenue-doodler to Turkey? It's some distance even for a grasshopper. Sultan send for you?"

The youngest jurymen snickered audibly. Again the judge said that Mr. Murchison need not answer the question until its form was amended.

"A friend of my father's made an opening for me in one of the New York offices of the Universal Tobacco Company, and two years later I was transferred to the Constantinople branch."

III

MURCHISON's rise had been a typically American one. Beginning with a small place in the Universal, which owed a large measure of its success to the fact that it

recognized and rewarded efficiency, he had been sent over to Constantinople when the purchasing department there was in its infancy.

In a year or two the head of the office broke down, and young Murchison was put in to fill his place temporarily. Then the company found that it had a man who fully understood the situation. Murchison had to handle very large sums of money, and to deal with difficult financial and technical problems. Later on he was sent to extend the still more important Egyptian branch. When he wanted a year's leave of absence, there was no one who could take his place at the time; so, in spite of an attack of fever and real need of rest, he stayed on, and the company rewarded his services.

In the years that had passed, the investments of his savings had so increased in value that now his holdings spelled ease and comfort for the rest of his life. For two years he had been in London, in close touch with the company's great European and Asiatic business. With all his inner knowledge of work well done, it was galling to have a pert little whippersnapper demand:

"Were you called upon to testify in the case of the Universal Tobacco Company, or did you make your pile by holding your tongue?"

"Perhaps the ability to keep a civil tongue had something to do with it," returned Murchison suavely.

Krider, like all cheap bullies, resented an implied criticism. He had been holding his trump-card up his sleeve, and his voice fairly resounded through the court-room as he asked:

"Mr. Murchison, when was it that you said you would give a thousand dollars to know how a poor man feels?"

There was an immediate sensation. The jury seemed electrified by the shock; a murmur of indignation rippled through the court-room. A half-intoxicated man in the rear, who arose and demanded a hearing, was ejected by the sheriff.

"You need not answer that question, Mr. Murchison," ruled the judge.

But Murchison did not want his protection.

"I never made that remark, nor anything remotely resembling it."

"Maybe it was in Turkish or Egyptian money, Mr. Murchison?"

"The whole statement is an utter fabrication."

"Do you deny that you said you'd rather be a nigger than poor white trash?"

"The question is too fatuous to be worth denial."

"Mr. Murchison, it's street talk all over Coopertown that you bragged that you'd give a thousand dollars to know how a poor man felt. If you didn't say it, you must have said something mighty like it, and I ask you to state quietly to the jury just what you did say."

Murchison lost his temper.

"Don't point your dirty little forefinger at me and reiterate a statement which I have already denounced as a lie!"

The judge rapped for order. With a show of forbearance, Krider said:

"As the witness cannot control his temper, and as I don't care to see any man committed for contempt of court, he may stand aside. It seems he isn't makin' money in Dill County by keeping that civil tongue, so I guess he keeps his good manners for Wall Street!"

It was the final stab at Murchison's character—already black enough in the eyes of that jury. Wall Street, in their minds, was indissolubly associated with a portly man in a waistcoat dotted with dollar-marks who booted the "common people" out of the door.

IV

As Murchison left the court-room, he was sensible of hostile eyes and unfriendly comments.

"Who cares for the good opinion of a bunch of loafers?" he thought; yet something within him *hurt*.

As he stopped by the register's office to get his hat and riding-crop, King came in. His face was gloomy.

"The jury decided against Clint without leaving their seats," he announced.

"Too bad!" commented Murchison dryly.

He was feeling sore about the way he had been manhandled. He considered that King, who had drawn him into the difficulty, had failed to protect him.

"Oh, I know it's nothing to you!" King spoke with bitterness. "But it'll be easier to skin an eel than to get a cent out of Dusenberry now. That scrap you and Krider got into killed my whole case. I thought a man of your experience could

handle a little shyster like Krider, but I suppose you thought it wasn't worth your trouble."

"Well, upon my soul!" began Murchison angrily.

He stopped short, arrested by the fact that Poge's coat was patched with material of a different kind. A mouse had chosen to gnaw so conspicuous a place as the lapel of his salt-and-pepper suit, and his wife had patched it with a bit of black alpaca. It appealed to Murchison as no words could have done.

"I'm sorry if my testimony lost your case, Poge. I'll send a check for whatever old Clint owes you, and you can return it when he pays you."

King turned a dull red.

"I don't want your charity!" he said.

Without another word Murchison left the room. The crowd was pouring out of the court-house at the same time, and he was irritated by the way several men deliberately jostled him. As he reached the bottom of the steps the drunken man who had been put out of the court-room lurched against him.

"So you'd give a thousand dollars to know how a poor man feels? Well, I won't charge you nothin' to show you how a poor man's fist feels!"

The unexpected blow knocked Murchison to the ground. He staggered to his feet and made a blind rush at his assailant. His primal rage gave him power to deliver a fiercer blow than he had received.

The crowd surged about them and parted them; but public sympathy was entirely

with the drunken man. Murchison mounted his horse and rode off in silence. He was savagely glad that his adversary's nose and lip were bleeding, but he was sore over the scene in the court-room, and chilled at the lack of faith which seemed to meet him at every turn.

"They all seem to think I've an ax to grind somewhere. Why, I've more real friends in that one old sky-scraper in New York than I have in the whole of Dill County!" A thought swept over him with a sense of emancipation. "*I don't have to stay here!*"

His man met him at the door and looked at him in consternation.

"Why, Mr. Murchison, your cheek is cut! I hope you didn't get a fall, sir? This telegram came, but I didn't know where to find you."

The message was a certain simple formula of an invitation to lunch, which, to the initiated, meant a conference of major importance. The summons exhilarated Murchison like an elixir.

"We shall have to catch the six o'clock train for New York, Withers. Pack up everything. We won't be back soon, unless I bring a party down at Thanksgiving for a shot at the birds!"

Whistling like a boy, he went to his desk and wrote an order for a bronze hitching-post.

"It's a sort of thank-offering because I don't have to stay hitched here myself!" he thought.

With this declaration of freedom, he contentedly slipped back into harness.

THE PINES

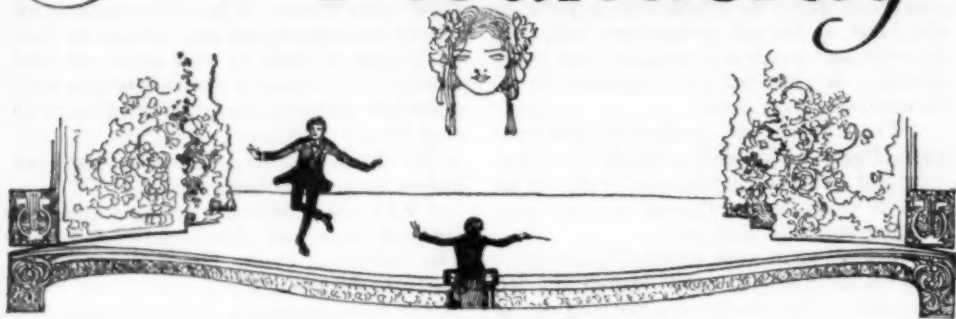
WHEN you lie down under pine-trees, beloved,
When you close your eyes that their music may speak to you,
Listen—for then I shall play on their strings;
I shall use that great harp to sing of my love.

When it is noon and the sunshine is hot on the needles,
When fragrance arises in visionless clouds,
Bury your face in your arms close down to their sweetness,
For I shall dissolve into atoms of incense,
Rising to worship my love.

When at last, after sunset, the disk of the moon has arisen,
When she sends her long beams through the pines,
Wait, oh, my love, and be still as you watch her;
Hush—and at last, when I hear your heart beating,
I shall steal down a beam to your side.

Gertrude Cornwell Hopkins

A Rag-time Roundelay



by Emmet F. Harte

JAMES and John McGreevy were twins—a kinship which of all earthly ties should perhaps be closest. And in truth the two young men were loyal to each other with a brotherly regard which the years had not succeeded in effacing, albeit their ways were separate.

In childhood the tie had been still stronger. Shoulder to shoulder, and, on occasion, back to back, Jim and Jack McGreevy had fought their way to manhood. As bootblacks, newsies, messenger-boys, and in other vicissitudinous vocations of an unnurtured boyhood, they had passed through the melting-pot.

A rigid test of the metal it is, this crucible of things-as-they-are. Comes forth from the furnace of hard knocks at last the blade of tempered steel, or—weakened or overwrought at some crisis in the making—the flawed forging which in time of stress must inevitably fail.

At twenty-two, Jack McGreevy had attained to a certain measure of success. One sprig of bay had he wrested from capricious fortune—wrested and retained fairly. Jack was a dancer in vaudeville—a dancer of that agile, spectacular, whirlwind school called, in the parlance of the "circuits," hard-and-soft-shoe buck and wing. And Hal Hildebrand, as the headlines named Jack McGreevy, was one of

the chosen of a not uncritical public. Two hundred a week he garnered regularly during the season from the Steinmetz & O'Hara people.

But if Jack had done well, Jim, his twin brother, hadn't kept pace with him. Physically the two were as much alike as one baseball is identical with its fellow, but in their moral and temperamental fiber there seemed to be a marked difference. Jack was painstaking, serious, dependable. One word, however, would serve to describe Jim—the word profligate.

He, too, was a clever dancer, but by no dint of careful or laborious practising. His talent was an inherent gift. The grace and the airiness that Jack had acquired by persistent, unceasing, indefatigable effort were Jim's without conscious seeking. It was easy for Jim to dance to the lilting strains of electric pianos in the cafés and barrooms that he frequented—as easy as to drink and be merry with the "bunch" he found there.

As time passed, the brothers' paths diverged. Jack, absent for months on tour, thought of Jim—sometimes—as did Jim of him, in occasional moods of half-maudlin retrospection; but neither took the trouble to write a letter to the other.

On rare occasions when they met face to face they were friendly enough, except

that Jim seemed bored when Jack displayed a growing tendency to preach.

"I say, Jim, old kid," he'd begin, "you ought to brace up, and try to be somebody. You're slippin', my boy. The booze game 'll get you if you don't look out."

"Aw, g'wan!" the other would laugh. "The smell o' new-mown hay out in the hick haunts has made a spring chicken out o' you, Jack. Be a sport!"

"But you're goin' the pace, kid. It's put better men than you or me on the hummer. The time to cut it out is when the cuttin's good—"

At which point Jim would laugh loudly and order another drink.

Once the brothers saw nothing of each other during a period of six months. Jack had been doing a summer engagement in an open-air theater within sound of the sighing sea. Recently arrived in the City of the Sleepless Nights, he dropped in, one evening, at Charley Hanley's place; and there he saw Jim, half tipsy, irresponsible, devil-may-care as always, doing—with a shade less of artistry, perhaps, but withal quite as skilfully—one of Hal Hildebrand's pet steps, to the great delectation of a choice company of beer-garden hangers-on there assembled.

After the applause—and the drinks—which followed the exhibition Jack drew his brother into a side nook, where, with tall glasses between them, they sat and communed.

Jim prattled vividly of life's gaiety in the little old metropolis. It was glad, and possibly sometimes bad, but never sad. Sadness was relegated to the provinces. Yet, for all of his lightsome tone, Jack could not help but notice a certain shabbiness about his brother's apparel, and a bagginess about the eyes that hadn't been there the year before.

"Well, I'm on with the S. & O. people again for the comin' year—at the usual two centuries per," Jack remarked casually. "I'm headin' the bill at the Universe this week. I got a little loose change that ain't workin' if you happen to need it now—say twenty-five or fifty—"

"G'wan!" laughed Jim lightly. "I'm no moocher, Mr. Hal Hildebrand. I got prospects, too. To-morrow night's amateur night at the Lyric, over here a little ways off o' Broadway. I don't know but I'll drop around there an' cop the five, if I

happen to feel like it. It 'll be nuts for an artist like me."

"Where you livin' now, Jim?" asked Jack with apparent irrelevance.

"Why, I got me bachelor apartment over at—"

Jim mentioned a street and number. Jack McGreevy started uneasily at the suggestion of squalor and wretchedness they conveyed.

"H-m!" he mused. "How'd you like to go with me on team this winter? I'll put it up to old Steiney, if you say the word—"

"Fr'get it!" mocked Jim. "None o' yer jay circuits f'r little Rollo!"

His brother sighed and changed the subject.

II

AMATEUR night at the Lyric is a celebration. Here are assembled a pagan crew, worshippers of Ate the discordant and of Stentor the uproarious; a barbarian horde, eager, ribald, riotous; a self-constituted court of inquiry which is also vested with autocratic powers of adjudication and execution.

In the Lyric's dim arena fond hopes are juggled like billiard-balls, and careers are launched in a storm of wild acclaim or nipped at the moment of budding by no less clamorous blasts of blighting derision. In pit and gallery are assembled, elbow to elbow, the friends and foes of each trembling tyro—a leather-lunged company given to terrific torrents of encomium and no less vociferous outbursts of reproach and ridicule.

In this partizanship they are unlike the votaries who flock to the more pretentious shrines along the Lighted Lane in that, at the Lyric, the audience is at least sincere. He who lends foot and lung to the glorification of a favorite, or the demoralization of that favorite's rivals, is present solely by the intrinsic merit of a paid admission. No mere amateur may aspire to the blessed privilege of a house papered by the management.

But in "vodeville" we may not keep the audience waiting.

'Twas amateur night at the Lyric. The regular bill having been duly presented—to an audience noticeably less responsive than usual—the Roman populace sat tense and expectant in dimly lighted pit and double-decked gallery. That the spectators

were restive with a growing impatience was evident from sporadic bursts of whistlings and stampings.

Now comes forth in front of the curtain a slightly bald, mildly outspoken, round-visaged man attired in a sack suit. Without visible manifestation of magical art, this functionary throws a spell over every person present. The throng sits motionless, rapt, scarce breathing, held by a hush that is absolute, as the necromancer speaks. His voice, weak, colorless, lacking volume and penetration, conveys disconnected and fragmentary words and phrases to those in the highest gallery.

"Ladies and gents—announce—contestants—first on program—Bones 'n' Sambo—black-face—"

The spell is broken.

From closely packed tier upon tier of spectators, the Romans *en masse*, a thousand-throated—press-agent's count—monster, roared its raillery and approval. The orchestra struck up a pantomimic, rag-time strain.

Then, hesitantly, even as the martyrs of old may have advanced, with leaden feet and fear-widened eyes, to meet the growl of angry beasts in other arenas, Bones and Sambo came awkwardly out upon the stage. The yelpings and snarlings subsided abruptly. The orchestra-leader seized this opportunity to flourish his bow, and the trap-drummer to smite one clangorous note from the sounding brass.

The wavering twain on the stage, rolling their eyes wildly, teetered two or three steps to the right, paused, gulped in unison, and broke into a quavering air. One, two lines of their ditty they droned tunelessly out ere, without preliminary bleat of warning, the tumult burst.

Shrill, staccato screams, blatant, bovine bellows, roars, groans, screeches, and yelpings were blended in one deafening clamor, above and through which whistled and sang the sibilant hiss, the accolade of ignominy. Then, too, that bloodthirsty hunting chorus of the hungry wolf-pack:

"The hook! The hook! The hook! Get the hook!"

Bones and Sambo essayed one clumsy, pitiful pirouette—a luckless maneuver that carried them three paces nearer the right-wing flies. Redoubled cries resounded, mingled with a measured chanting of that Miserere of mobdom which runs:

"Oh! Oh! Oh, oh, oh!"

Stealthily, as the python swings from his arboreal vantage in the jungle to slip the loop of death about his quarry, came reaching, feeling, nearer and nearer, the hook of infamy. Sambo—or was it Bones?—was whisked hence like the flight of a shadow; and then Bones—or possibly Sambo—disappeared into the drear shadows of oblivion. The pagans in the galleries reveled, and, reveling, licked their chops in eager anticipation of the next candidate for their doubtful favor.

Followed another brief expression from the annunciator:

"Miss Elizabeth Rooney—the Bowery Belle!"

This act in itself was not new. Of a sooth, ancient philosophy saith that naught is there under the sun that is new; therefore no blame should attach, in the premises, to Liz.

Nevertheless, the performer seemed to possess a sort of a charm of manner at which the tribunal grumbled beneath its breath and deferred judgment—which is characteristic of tribunals, as all know. At any rate, the gum-chewing and the swagger were not wholly bad. Even the rakish tilt of the feather in Elizabeth's hat might have passed muster; but the dialogue needed quickening—the trick of a word or tone—ah, saved by a single quip! Scattering whistles and a ripple of hand-clapping from the lower floor; counterbalanced, 'tis true, by a strident and emphatic hiss from the top gallery.

As yet there had been no downright demonstration either of hostility or of indorsement from the great mass of the on-lookers. They waited—and it chanced that by waiting their opportunity for action passed, as opportunities have a way of doing.

Perchance it was the shortness of the skit that won for Bowery Liz the fair boon of an unassisted exit. It must suffice that she finished her act and tough-walked from the stage a scant ten seconds before the mob made up its mind.

An ominous hush settled over the glowers in the galleries. Wars, hurricanes, earthquakes, and pestilences breed in these times of seeming peace and quietude. Next came Morton and Renfrew. There were those present who knew Morton and Renfrew to be brother and sister, by name Marty and Retta Hawkins; and these enlightened ones whispered or shouted their

knowledge to the uninformed in their vicinity.

Morton and Renfrew were to present a musical act. The boy played the violin and the girl the cello. Their repertoire of classical as well as popular selections was deep and wide and varied—ranging easily from the "Rondo in G Major," "Träumerei," "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove," and the "Humoresque," through "La Paloma" and "Spring Songs" galore, with a passing clang at the "Anvil Chorus," to "Beautiful Garden of Roses" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." I doubt not that they could have achieved "Annie Laurie" or "Home, Sweet Home"—by request—without faltering.

The orchestra began an apologetic prelude. The artists waited with poised bows and throbbing temples. It was at this moment that out of the highest gallery there came, from a critic perhaps prematurely hypercritical, a shrill, warning shout:

"T'row 'em out! Dey're no good! Out wid 'em!"

At that, the "Toreador Song" might have saved Morton and Renfrew. Assuredly the "Glowworm" ought to have stayed the popular verdict until the team could enter upon the presentation of its second number. But the opening bars of "In the Gloaming" precipitated instant and overwhelming hostilities, as the more vivid and abandoned narrative style permits us to say. The proscenium arch shivered and shook from the concerted hoots of the Roman horde.

"The gloaming fer yous!"

"Back to the glimmerglim!"

"Into de dark wid 'em!"

"The gloomy gloom fer Mart an' Ret!"

"The hook! The hook! Oh, come on wid dat hook!"

And so passed Morton and Renfrew, when their bright professional star had hardly peeped above the horizon. Which may have been just as well—for two reasons. The way of the circuits is a devious road withal, and stony, and it leads—no man knows whither. The second reason concerns our theme more intimately, since James McGreevy's name was the next on the annunciator's list of aspirants—which list, by the way, was the roster of all applicants who had appeared at the box-office of the Lyric during the afternoon, as was the rule.

Jim McGreevy's turn—to revert to our second reason—was opportune for Jim McGreevy, coming as it did directly after Morton and Renfrew, who had for the moment gratified the gallery Saturnalians' lust for sacrifice. There was even a burst of applause as the man in the sack suit mumbled the words:

"James McGreevy, comedy and eccentric dancing!"

III

THERE was the barest interval of delay in the performer's appearance—possibly a minute's time, during which the orchestra played a sprightly dance-tune, and the Romans of pit and gallery waited silently. Then—

Lightly wafted from the wings, as the fluff from a ripened thistle-pod is borne on the summer breeze, a slender youth floated, dancing, out upon the stage. As the running ripple of melody flows from a pianist's fingers along the length of his instrument's keyboard, McGreevy's nimble feet pattered adown a twenty-foot scale of rhythmic steps to lower right—there to pause, pivot, dip, and on twinkling heel and toe sway and bend and dust the floor with his handkerchief, as well as to bestow betimes a dainty ministration to each airily flitting sole.

After that the young man set himself seriously to his task of interpreting the terpsichorean mysteries in their entirety, together with many jaunty and original interlineations and variations which were apparently his own. To the superficial observer it may be that the field presents small invitation to extended research. Viewed, however, in the form of a panoramic spectacle, artfully involved, evolved, and revolved before the eye according to the McGreevy method, clog-dancing was a fascinating and bewildering problem in molecular motion, a labyrinthine maze of energy, agility, equilibrium, and endurance; a study in gyrostatics, rhythm, dynamics; in fact, a—but words are amassed to no end save to bury our theme.

The dancer grew more eccentric and daring as the music quickened. Once, while executing a frenzied, whirling reversal of his body at the end of an intricate figure, he paused for a second or two, flashing a quick glance into the hushed galleries, and his lips parted with the fleeting inkling of a smile.

Responsive recognition was instantaneous. The pagans burst into a tumult of applause. An uproar that swept like a tongue of flame to the pit and boxes, kindling as it went into a conflagration of indorsement that grew and grew into pandemonium.

The favored one, no longer able to hear the music to which his twinkling feet paid tribute, threw, as it were, his heels to the winds. It was like the soaring, dazzling cadenza into which a great singer pours all his voice at the end of a brilliant air.

With hands to the floor, the dancer whirled forward and then backward in a succession of dizzy flipflaps so rapid, so amazing, that the eye scarce could follow them. Swifter and yet swifter were his gyrations, to end at last in a contortion of such agility and whimsicality, combining grace, airiness, abandon, and absurdity, as to superinduce in its beholders a veritable hysteria of appreciation and enjoyment.

They will tell you at the Lyric that Jim McGreevy made the hit of that theater's history. They may possibly assure you that strong men wept and cast coin of the realm upon the stage in their ecstasy of emotion, heedless of friend, foe, or car-fare home; that beautiful and sophisticated women threw their purses, their jewels, tore the flowers from their hats, threw the hats, and that—but at the Lyric they are devotees of the sensational and slaves to the use of superlatives. What happened substantially was this:

When the performer tottered drunkenly into the canvas foliage at L. U. E. after his third acknowledgment of the whooping, whistling, stamping plaudits of the enthusiasts in the rocking galleries, he collapsed in a crumpled heap at the feet of an astonished scenery-shifter.

Ready and willing hands helped to raise and lay him on an improvised couch of canvas odds and ends. Later, when he had somewhat revived from the fit of faintness, friendly hands assisted him to the outer air, where some one had fetched a carriage to convey him to his lodgings. For McGreevy had suffered an injury to his left leg—just how serious an injury none knew at the time.

Half unconscious, he muttered a number and a street—the same at which Hal Hildebrand had looked askance the evening previous. And then he roused himself doggedly.

"Drive me to a doctor first," he directed the jehu. "I gotta get some dope fer this game leg. It's hurtin' scandalous!"

IV

LET us say that an hour had elapsed since McGreevy's triumph at the Lyric and his unfortunate injury to his leg in that last tremendous contortion.

A slender figure of a youth, whose face was partly concealed by the turned-up collar of his coat, deftly forded the double stream of traffic that flowed along Fourth Avenue and, entering a cross street, set his course toward the east. A few minutes later the same trim, hurrying figure might have been seen entering a dingy building in a locality of questionable repute, where, if we follow him up the dark flight of stairs, he ultimately enters a squalid room. A spewing gas-jet is already burning, at which the newcomer seems surprised. And then a second figure, which is as like the other as one baseball is identical with its fellow, may be seen lying at full length on the nondescript bed.

"Hello, Jim!" comes the muttered greeting.

"What, Jack? What the—sa-ay, sport, how'd you come up here in my hay-pile? That's what I wanta know! Y' ain't beginnin' to get a temp'rament, are you, in your old age?"

"Cut the joke stuff, old kid," returned Jack a little sadly. "I come here because I wanted to see you. Listen while I tell my story. It's short, but full of meat. To-night, after supper, I thinks I'll go over to the Lyric, to see you cop that fiver; so I drills over there. When I gets into the joint, what do I find? They're just announcin' your turn, and you're missin'. Some guy was just wonderin' if you wasn't off somewhere, 'soused as usual,' as I came in. 'Soused as usual' was the words he used. So 'twas up to me to uphold the honor of the family and go on in your place. That's what I did, and I guess nobody knew the difference. I made some hit, I reckon—especially when I pulled a double back-action spasm at the finish. I did more than that, too. When I pulled that stunt, something tore loose in my left leg, and I musta fainted, I think; they sent me home in a cab, and on the way I stopped to interview a sawbones. He looked me over, and Jim, kid, it seems the stuff's all off. I'm to walk with a crutch

for a year, he said, and not much of that. Then, if I have luck, maybe I can graduate to a cane—"

His voice trailed away into plaintive silence. Jim came nearer and sat down on the bed, dropping his hand tenderly on his brother's shoulder in a gesture they both remembered well.

"Jacky boy," he said softly, "don't you worry. I got a story to tell, too, while the tellin's good. It's like this, see? T'-night I thinks to meself, nix on that amateur stuff, although I'm already billed to dance for 'em over there at the Lyric. I decides I'll go up to the Universe instead an' watch Hal Hildebrand work; an' so I does. When I gets there, it seems they's somethin' doin'. A big bruiser nails me at the door, without so much as apologizin', an' strong-arms me down the line.

"Ye're due on in t'ree minutes," he yaps. 'Wot's the matter o' you, anyway? Nutty, or spifflicated?'

"Oh, strabismus," says I, wise in a minute that you're missin' an' the honor o' the family's at stake. 'Take a walk, sport,' says I. 'I'm ready to go on, right as a fox. Lead me to it!'

"Well, I went on, all fine and dandy, dressed just as I was, an' I tripped 'em a few fancy steps, too. They all seemed to

like my work; at least, they wouldn't let me go. Four times I had to toddle back out an' do it all over again. Somebody said I queered half o' the next act. But sa-ay! Noise? Wowie! That bunch out in front came pretty near raisin' the roof, I tell you. I can hear 'em yet. An' after 'twas all over, a tubby person in a scandalous gay vest, with a nose, herds me into a corner.

"*Mein Gott*, Hildeprant!" he puffs. '*Mein Gott*, I raise you sefenty-five more a week yet. You're vort it!'

"One o' the stage-hands tells me this guy's name is Steinecker, or somethin' like that."

Jack McGreevy's hand sought his brother's as Jim paused in his recital.

"Good for you, old kid," he murmured softly. "I knew you could do it, if you ever got the chance. And you can keep on doin' it, Jim, if—if—"

Jim McGreevy squared his shoulders.

"I know, Jack, old buddy," he said. "I gotta cut out the stuff; an' it's me that does it, too, beginnin' with to-night. I reckon the name o' Hal Hildebrand will fit me well enough if I stay straight, do you think?"

And Hal Hildebrand—that was—nodded his unqualified assent.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Out of the land of the ancient bards
A wandering minstrel strayed;
Courage and hope were the song he sang,
And faith was the string he played.
"I care not what the end," he cried,
"So the road be fair and free;
For the greater gift of life is his
Who travels cheerily!"

Earth was his house and heaven his roof;
Sun, moon, and stars his light;
Voices of wind and wood and wave
His music day and night.
Over his clouds the lark sang still;
And when the light was gone,
Thrilling the dark of crouching doom,
His nightingale sang on.

So let us be, as the minstrel sang,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
Though the snarling waters scowl beneath,
And thunder rolls above.
After the rain, the night of stars;
After the night, the dawn;
And that day goes down to a splendid death,
Which lights another's morn!

Stephen Chalmers

TRIALS OF THE NEUTRAL KINGS

Dynastic and Political Troubles Are the Lot of the Seven Sovereigns on the Fringe of the Great War

THERE is a group of six men and one woman in Europe to-day who are having about as uncomfortable a time as anybody outside of the trenches. They are the sovereigns of Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Greece, Rumania, and Spain — the seven neutral monarchs who are trying to safeguard their countries and preserve their dynasties while civilization is crashing down around them.

With three thousand miles of blue water as a buffer, and no direct political interest in the tragedy, our own government is making pretty hard work of its neutrality program. But these rulers are at the very edge of the maelstrom, with all sorts of personal, family, political, national, and racial forces pulling them this way and that about sixteen hours out of every twenty-four.

The kings of Norway, Spain, and Rumania have English wives, daughters of Britain's reigning house. The kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Greece have German wives, and the Queen of Holland is married to a German prince.

The King of Greece is the brother-in-law of the Kaiser. The King of Norway is the brother-in-law of George V. The King of Rumania is a Hohenzollern, and so is the Queen of Greece, while most of the people of those two countries have no



J.W. McConaughy

fonder ambition than to smash the German Hohenzollerns and their allies. The court of Holland is strongly pro-German, but most of the people of Holland view their powerful neighbors with dread and dislike.

And so on down the line. Spain is more or less remote from the storm-center; but in all the

minor kingdoms that have so far kept out of Armageddon there is quite enough to make the ruler's life like that of the late Sir W. S. Gilbert's policeman — "not a happy one."

Possibly these crowned foreheads would not be so feverish if the common American conception of a constitutional sovereign were correct. On this side of the water we are likely to look upon a constitutional ruler as a harmless but expensive social figurehead, an entirely fitting institution for any people who fancy that sort of thing. As a governing power, we have given him practically no classification at all.

When the European governments are reorganized after the great war, it may be that this impression will become nearer to the truth. It is not true now, and it has never been true in the past.

Even in England, traditionally the land of popular government, the sovereign has recognized and constitutional rights in the matter of foreign relations. In one time

of stress it was a good thing for the people of Britain and of the United States that Queen Victoria had this power. At the crisis of the Trent affair, during our Civil

removed, and the dispute was peaceably adjusted.

But in practically all constitutional governments the monarch's activities in



FERDINAND, KING OF RUMANIA, BORN A HOHENZOLLERN PRINCE, BUT RULER OF A PEOPLE WHOSE RACIAL AND POLITICAL SYMPATHIES ARE MAINLY WITH THE ALLIES

War, Lord Palmerston had written a note to the Washington government which would inevitably have resulted in a break. At the bedside of her dying husband, England's "good queen" insisted on rewriting it in such a fashion that the sting was

domestic affairs are rigidly restricted. That is to say, they were, until the present war broke out. Recently one or two of these sovereigns have stretched their powers, and the consequence is that their countries are in a turmoil.

The most conspicuous case is that of King Constantine of Greece. Up to this time he has unconstitutionally succeeded in achieving certain results which the late King Charles of Rumania desired, but failed to accomplish.

King Charles, it is credibly asserted, had long since promised his Hohenzollern cousins in Berlin that in event of a conflict with Russia they could count upon the active aid of Rumania, or at least upon a benevolent neutrality. So when the war broke out the old king called a meeting of the cabinet, and advocated in-

stant mobilization. The ministers heartily agreed, suggesting that, of course, the movement of the army would be directed against Austria, Rumania's "natural enemy." King Charles indignantly declared that it would be against Russia.

"I am a Hohenzollern, and I have pledged my word!" he cried.

"Your majesty," returned one of the ministers gravely, "we know no Hohenzollerns. Your majesty is sovereign of the Rumanian people."

After the council had adjourned, the king, so the story goes, sent for General



CONSTANTINE, KING OF GREECE, WHOSE PERSONAL SYMPATHY WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE GERMAN KAISER, HAS BROUGHT HIM INTO SHARP ANTAGONISM WITH THE FAMOUS GREEK STATESMAN VENIZELOS

Averesco, commanding a division of the army stationed at Bucharest, and suggested a *coup d'état*, involving the arrest of the ministers and a subsequent declaration of war against Russia.

great figures of European politics. Backed by the inclinations of the people, the obligations of treaty, and the manifest interests of his country, Venizelos insisted that Greece should strike in on the side



GUSTAVE V, KING OF SWEDEN—HIS QUEEN, A PRINCESS OF BADEN, HAS OPENLY VOICED HER GERMAN SYMPATHIES, WHICH THE KING IS UNDERSTOOD TO SHARE—THE CROWN PRINCESS IS AN ENGLISH GIRL

"Sire," the soldier replied, "you would be the first victim!"

Shortly thereafter King Charles died, probably of a broken heart.

Constantine of Greece is made of sterner stuff. The famous Greek statesman, Eleutherios Venizelos, is one of the truly

of the Allies. Against him was one strong-willed woman—Queen Sophia, the sister of the Kaiser.

She was married to the then crown prince in 1889. Naturally, she abandoned the Lutheran faith and became a member of the Greek Church, a step which in-

furiated her brother. The result was a bitter quarrel, for the young princess was as self-willed as her imperial and imperious relative. The Kaiser, it is declared, carried his resentment to the length of encouraging German officers to enlist in the Turkish war against Greece, and thus

helped to crush the Greek armies at Domoko and Larissa in 1897.

The disastrous outcome of this war made King George so unpopular that but for Venizelos he would probably have had to abdicate. Venizelos smashed the military clique and brought about a true constitutional government;

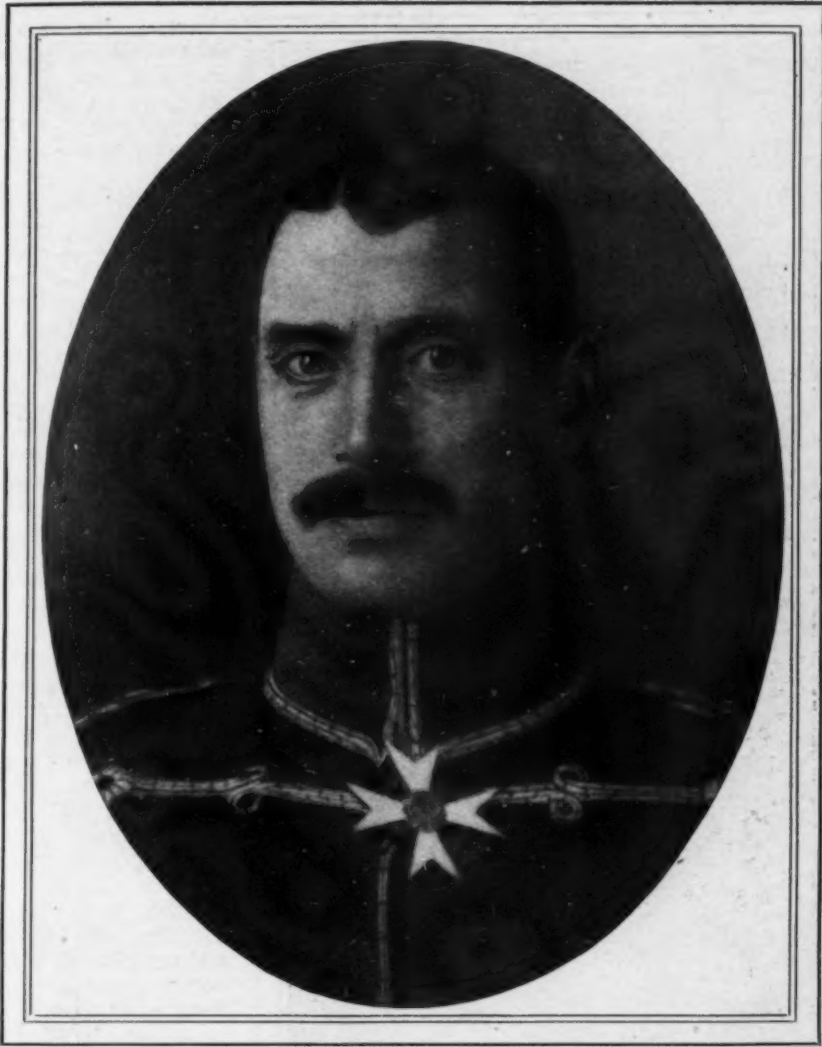
but Prince Constantine was forced to leave the country for a time. He also had a serious disagreement with his wife.

This gave the Kaiser an opportunity to play politics. He patched things up with his sister, and effected a reconciliation between her and her husband, of whom he made much. Venizelos arranged matters at home, and Constantine was finally able to return as nominal commander-in-chief of the army. The war of 1912 made him a military hero, and the assassination of his father brought him to the throne.

Supported by the queen and the German influences that she had introduced into Greece, and strong in the newly won regard of his people, Constantine defied Venizelos when the great premier insisted on going to the aid of Serbia. He dissolved the Boule, the national legislature, which was his right, but the new elections returned Venizelos to power. Again he dissolved the Boule, which was a defiance of the popular will. The army had been mobilized, and the queen's faction now succeeded in holding an election which did not return Venizelos to power. The whole procedure was in line with the best traditions of Bismarck.



HAAKON VII, KING OF NORWAY, YOUNGER BROTHER OF KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK, AND MARRIED TO A SISTER OF KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND



CHRISTIAN X, KING OF DENMARK, WHOSE WIFE IS A GERMAN PRINCESS, AND WHO IS MORE OR LESS CLOSELY RELATED TO MOST OF THE OTHER SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE

There are indications that this high-handed proceeding may yet bear evil fruit. The traditional friends of Greece—England and France—have turned cold. They have seized Saloniki and the hinterland; and in Greece, if current report speaks true, there are mutterings of a revolution and a republic, with Venizelos at the head.

King Ferdinand, the new ruler of Rumania, does not seem to possess the hardihood to get himself into this sort of a situation, and, as has been indicated, his shrift would probably be exceedingly short

if he attempted it. The conflict in his case is not so complicated. Nothing pulls him toward the central powers save his own ties of blood and training. He is a Hohenzollern, a nephew of the late king; but his wife, Queen Mary, is English. She is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh—who was for a time a reigning German prince as Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—and is a first cousin of England's present ruler. It is understood that her sympathies are with England, and she has managed to give an English flavor to court affairs.



ALPHONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN, WHOSE WIFE IS AN ENGLISH PRINCESS, VICTORIA EUGÉNIE OF BATTENBERG, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA

The feelings and interests of the Rumanians are with the Allies. They are proud of their Latin blood, and claim relationship with the Italians and the French. But it must be admitted that

toria of Baden, has openly avowed her ardent sympathy with Germany.

Long before this war broke out, German propaganda found a rich field in Stockholm. The Czar's encroachments

Rumania has been cynically selfish in her foreign relations, and it is not likely that ties of kinship would grip her, if her material interests did not point in the same direction. Transylvania and the Bukowina, both Austrian, are chiefly Rumanian in blood, and she wants them.

When the hour comes, there is little doubt that she will bid for these coveted provinces, regardless of her German king. Ferdinand is not expected to make much of a protest. He is not a militarist, for one thing. He is forty-nine years old, and had rather a gay youth. When he settled down, his habits took a scientific turn. He is fond of study and quiet, and is not personally inclined toward an ambitious foreign policy.

In this respect he is the direct antithesis of King Gustave of Sweden, who has about as parlous a part to play as any monarch in Europe. King Gustave, while he is of the line of Bernadotte, and the blood of a French notary courses through his royal veins, does not like to be reminded of the wonderful soldier of fortune who hewed his way to a throne.

He should have been a Hohenzollern, and perhaps regrets that he is not one. He believes in the divine right of kings, and is a little impatient of constitutions. He is a bosom friend of the Kaiser, and his queen, Princess Vic-



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS, WHOSE CONSORT IS A GERMAN PRINCE, HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, AND WHOSE COUNTRY HAS BEEN PLACED IN A POSITION OF PECULIAR DIFFICULTY BY THE GREAT WAR

upon the autonomy of Finland—which was for centuries a Swedish province—sowed excellent seed, and fear and hatred of Russia were easily fanned into a fire. King Gustave came out for a large increase of the national armament, and came out right in the open, too. For this he was denounced in the Swedish parliament. A constitutional sovereign is not supposed to have such convictions in regard to domestic affairs.

Swedish politics were at high tension when the war flamed through Europe, adding greatly to the difficulties and perils of the northern country's position. She lies, as it were, between two lines of guns. Her ports have been used constantly as shipping-points for supplies and munitions imported into Sweden for export to Germany. This has resulted in much hampering of Swedish trade by the British navy. At the same time, Britain and her allies want materials of war to pass through Sweden into Russia, and the Swedish government has placed obstacles in the path of this traffic. Endless complications have arisen, and it was recently reported that King Gustave had appealed to the United States for united action against England.

So much for King Gustave. His brother monarch, King Haakon of Norway, also has troubles besides those brought on by the war. He was formerly Prince Charles of Denmark, and was called to his present throne after the dissolution of Norway's union with Sweden. The Norwegians did not take him because they wanted him or any other king. They are sturdy republicans at heart; but they hesitated about launching a republic when their existence as an independent nation was none too secure. The man whom they chose as their titular ruler was a Scandinavian prince, and his wife was the Princess Maud, third daughter of Edward VII of England. It was felt that his presence on the throne of the new kingdom would help to secure powerful backing.

The strong republican element in Norway, however, has made it none too pleasant for the royal family. The personal and private life of Haakon and his wife is openly criticised, though it has been remarkably blameless and beautiful. According to quiet diplomatic report and open newspaper remarks, they are not even popular socially at Christiania.

King Christian of Denmark is in a position which approximates that of his royal neighbor of Sweden, excepting that the dread of his people is Germany and not Russia—the Germany of Bismarckian ideals, which in an unprovoked and cynical war tore from Denmark two of her fairest provinces. King Christian is married to a German princess, Alexandrine of Mecklenburg, and her sympathies are understood to be with her fatherland. Christian himself has kept quiet, but the war has greatly disturbed the political and commercial relations of his little country.

Queen Wilhelmina, the only feminine sovereign in Europe, has possibly the least enviable position of all. Her country, while at peace, is suffering all the troubles of war, excepting that of invasion. Her consort is a German prince—Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He has managed to give something of a German tone to the court and the official life of Holland, and is consequently about as popular with the Dutch people as the black death.

Dutch newspapers controlled by the German propaganda have insolently printed threats against the integrity of Holland, and gone unrebuked. Wilhelmina's overwhelming horror is of a German invasion. With this in mind, she has, from the beginning of the war, done everything possible to prevent the growth of ill-feeling. The government even went so far as to arrest an editor who had denounced the Kaiser. But the situation is tense, and many observers think that the breach between the throne and the people is growing wider and wider. If this is true, it is one of the tragedies of the war, for only a few years ago Wilhelmina was the best-loved sovereign in Europe.

King Alphonso of Spain, whose wife is an English princess, Victoria of Battenberg, first cousin to King George, is wholly English in his sympathies; and as there is no important influence in Spain in any other direction, Alphonso is a lucky monarch. With him, family ties, inclination, and national policy all go hand in hand. It is true that by descent he is a Hapsburg, but it is a far cry to that relationship, and the perils of the house of Austria sit lightly with Alphonso.

The other heads that wear neutral diadems are lying so uneasily that some of them seem to be coming to the conclusion that the crown is hardly worth the cost.

Lord Jim and Bucephalus



by James Francis Dwyer
Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

ONE could not mistake his nationality. He was American from his shoes to his Stetson hat. He stood full six feet, and looked like a man who had spent much of his life in the saddle. Herded with the tired passengers in the steerage of the *Orduna*, he resembled a caged eagle amid a collection of draggle-tailed barn-yard specimens.

He spoke little during the first three days out of Liverpool, but on the fourth day an argument started, and he became interested. The subject of the debate was horse.

A farmer from Market Deeping had made a statement concerning the virtues of a hunter which he once owned. A lean Scotsman from Hawick silenced the farmer by telling of a mare that he left behind in bonnie Roxburgh, which, like the famous mare of Timur Beg, understood every word that was spoken to her. The Scotsman's story awakened a red-faced horse-dealer from Galway, who risked his reputation for veracity by the tale he told of a black gelding that he sold to Lord Kildare for the animal's weight in copper coin.

It was then that the American cleared his throat and spoke hesitatingly.

"The greatest horse in the world," he said, leaning forward and thrusting out his jaw, as if ready for a contradiction, "is a brown stallion named Bucephalus, born an' bred at the Three Star Ranch, Montana. If there's any one here who says that Buceph has to play second fiddle to any horse in England, Ireland, Scotland, or any other place where horses are raised, I'm willin' to argue it with him on the deck!"

A silence fell upon the little group in the stuffy smoking-room. All eyes were turned upon the warlike person who was willing to back up his assertion with his fists.

It was the American himself who broke the silence. He mentioned his own name, as if some one, before issuing a challenge, might be curious to discover his identity.

"My name is Halliday," he said; "Cus Halliday, Cus being short for Custer, a name that some of you might have heard of. I'm a cow-punch from the State of Montana."

The farmer from Market Deeping coughed nervously, the lean Scotsman stared at the ceiling, but the Galway horse-dealer lifted his glass and spoke in a coaxing voice.

"I'll drink to Bucephalus, if I may," he said, his eyes upon the cow-puncher. "If it isn't asking too much of ye, I'd like to hear about him. Sure I love hosses better than I love men!"

"If you do, I'll spin you the yarn," said the American, a smile creeping over his tanned face. "I wouldn't bother tellin' it to a feller as didn't like horses, but I'm always ready to spill the narrytive to the right people."

There was a shuffling of chairs as the little circle closed in upon Mr. Custer Halliday. The Market Deeping farmer cupped his great hands and placed one behind each ear. The lean Scotsman, blessed with a long neck, pushed his head half-way across the table. A white-faced steward, who wished to sweep up the litter upon the floor, was told to go to a place not mentioned in the guide-books.

II

"THIS Bucephalus was some horse from the day that he was foaled," began Mr. Halliday. "He had blood, an' blood tells. A man can be born of no-account parents, an' he can hit the stars, but a horse has got to have breedin'. Buceph had it. He had a gennylogical tree whose lowest root, as far as we knew, was an Arab stallion that General Everard Pierce brought to Montana in 1842; an' in between that Arab an' Buceph there were some real horses.

"Kent Harmon owns the Three Star Ranch. Kent is as much of a gentleman as Buceph is of a horse; an' that's sayin' everything in his favor that I can say. Kent is married to a French lady, who is that nice to common fellers like me that she is adored by every cow-punch from El Paso to Council Bluffs.

"An' now I come to Lord Jim. Lord Jim is just Jim Harmon, their son. He isn't a lord. I mean he has no claim to a title, like one of these English lords; but he's as good as one. Yes, sirs! Jim Harmon is six feet two inches of clean American manhood, an' he hates crookedness worse than I hate sheep.

"Lord Jim took Buceph as his horse the moment the buster finished with him, an' Buceph took Jim as his boss. Lord Jim didn't do the pickin' all by himself. Miss Kitty Parker from the Packsaddle Ranch, was over at Three Star that day, an' I think it was Miss Kitty who first fell in

love with Buceph. I found Lord Jim an' her standin' together lookin' at the big brown stallion, an' Miss Kitty spoke to me as I was goin' by.

"'Isn't he a fine horse?' she said.

"'He sure is,' I said back to her. 'He's about the finest animal I ever put my eyes on.'

"'I knew you would think so, Mr. Cus,' she says. Then she turns to Lord Jim an' takes a hold of his shirt-sleeve. 'Jim,' she murmurs, lookin' up into his blue eyes, 'I want you to take him for your very own horse—just your very own!'

"Lord Jim looked at me an' grinned like a feller does when his best girl is tellin' him to do things. He went straight to Kent Harmon an' asked for Buceph, an' Kent gave him the horse. Say, Buceph got to like Lord Jim so much that he'd climb over a fence to get to him. He would so! They were two thoroughbreds who understood each other, an' when Lord Jim talked to Buceph, why, Buceph'd prick up his ears an' listen like as if he knew every word that was bein' said to him. An' he did, too; an' he knew what Miss Kitty Parker said to him, because she was in the same class that he an' Lord Jim were in. She was the finest-lookin' girl in the State, an' when she, Lord Jim, an' Buceph were together they made the best three of girl, man, an' horse that you could find anywhere in the world.

"Everything was runnin' along as smooth as grease when this here tarnation scrap breaks out over in Europe, an' the trouble reaches out to the Three Star Ranch. You see, Mrs. Harmon, bein' French from her little feet to the curls on the top of her head, had told Lord Jim a whole lot about France. She had chinned him about this Mr. Lafayette, who had helped the United States when the U. S. was just growin' pin-feathers on her wings, so to speak. So when the Germans got to climbin' onto the homesteads of the French ranchers, Jim got an idea into his head to go over an' register a punch for France, so as to sort of even up things.

"He told Miss Kitty what he opined to do, an' although she cried an' fussed a bit she told him to go along, an' gave him a little gold pin as a keepsake. Then Lord Jim starts to unbosom his intentions to Kent Harmon, Kent being altogether unaware of the bug that Jim has in his head.

"All the cow-punchers listened to the

little conversation between Lord Jim an' his dad. They had their talk at the corral, an' they talked loud enough for every one to hear.

"I'm goin' up to Canada to enlist," says Lord Jim.

"What's that?" snarls Kent Harmon.

"I'm goin' over to fight for France," replies Jim.

"This war has got nothin' to do with you!" roars his father.

"Then cut!" yelled Kent Harmon. 'The quicker you go the better I'll like it!'

"Can I have a horse?" says Lord Jim.

"You can't!" screamed his father.

"I thought I could have Bucephalus," said Lord Jim, an' he looked as if Kent's refusal to give him a horse hurt him more than anything else.

"You thought wrong," snapped his dad. 'Bucephalus is my horse, not yours.'

Lord Jim looked at his father for a



"HE HAD OFFERED A PRICE FOR BUCEPHALUS"

"Yes, it has," says Jim. 'Mother's country is gettin' a maulin', an' I'm goin'.'

All the cow-punchers heard Lord Jim, an' they watched Kent Harmon to see what he would do. Kent's face was mighty black as he glared at Jim.

"Say," he said, roarin' out his words so that he frightened the Chink cook, who was half a mile away, 'if you go to this all-fired rumpus in Europe, don't you ever come back to Three Star!'

"I'm sorry," says Lord Jim. 'I'm cuttin' for Canada right now.'

minute, an' then he turned and walked up to the homestead. He didn't come in for supper that evenin', neither did his mother. She was in her bedroom wrestlin' with a sick headache. We were wonderin' if Jim had really gone when in comes Lafe Hegarty an' tells us that he met Jim walkin' to town. Walkin', mind you, an' him a feller that was raised in the saddle!'

Lafe had offered to give Jim the horse he was ridin', but Jim shook his head an' plugged on in the dust. That news made us feel as glum as a bunch of horse-thieves

in the hands of a sheriff's posse; an' when Mrs. Harmon got a letter from Jim from some place near the Canada border, we knew that he would keep his word an' do what he said he would do.

III

"THREE weeks after Lord Jim went away from Three Star, a British officer rode down an' asked Kent Harmon if he had any horses he wanted to sell. Kent guessed that he had, an' we rounded up about thirty for the Britisher to look over. About a score of those broncos passed muster, an' Kent an' the officer were arguin' about the price when the Britisher claps his eyes upon Bucephalus. He sits up like as if he had seen a Zeppelin whizzin' over the desert.

"Say," he cried, "is that horse for sale?"

"No," said Harmon.

"The Britisher got down off the fence an' walked around Bucephalus, making a funny little sound with his mouth to show that he was tickled pink with the looks of him.

"My," he says, "isn't he some horse?"

"I guess he is," says Kent. "He's too good a horse to send out in front of machine guns an' things."

"The Englishman walked three times around Buceph; then he strolls over to Kent Harmon an' whispers somethin' into his ear. We didn't catch what he said, but we knew that he had offered a price for Bucephalus, an' we knew that the price was so darned high that it made the old man stagger.

"I did a fool thing then. I knew that Kent Harmon was so mad about Lord Jim enlistin' that he might decide to sell Buceph; so I opened my mouth an' spoke.

"Say," I said, "you can't sell Bucephalus. He's Lord Jim's horse!"

"That was when I was seven different kinds of a fool. Me buttin' in like that made Kent Harmon as mad as a rattler with his rattle cut off. He just wanted a crazy chap like me to tell him that he couldn't do a thing. Yes, sirs! He just looked at me with a cold eye that made me wilt; then he turned to the Englishman.

"It's a deal," he said.

"All of us cow-punchers just gasped. He was sellin' Bucephalus, Lord Jim's horse, an' we couldn't do anything to stop him!

"The Englishman pulled out a roll of bills that 'd block a rabbit's burrow, an' paid for the bunch before Kent Harmon could change his mind. That Englishman knew a horse, an' Buceph was more to him than the twenty others that he had bought. He kept walking round that brown stallion till we thought he'd get the habit an' turn himself into a human merry-go-round.

"I got my second breath after a while, an' I stepped up to the Britisher as he was ambulin' round Buceph.

"Do you want a man to help with that mob?" I said.

"I do," he answered.

"Then I'd like to go," I said. "I don't want to work for a man who sells his son's horse just because he got mad with him for enlistin'!"

"The quicker you get away from Three Star the better it will be for your health," snarls Kent Harmon. "I was goin' to fire you for buttin' in on my conversation!"

"That afternoon I met Miss Kitty as we were roundin' up the horses, an' I told her what had happened.

"Never mind, Cus," she said. "Jim will get another horse when he comes back."

"Not as good as Buceph," I growled. "There ain't a horse in the world like Bucephalus."

"She started to cry when I said that, an' the only way I could stop her from cryin' was by bringin' Bucephalus up to her, so that she could say good-by to him. She patted his neck, an' he rubbed his nose against her like as if he knew he was goin' away. She whispered stuff into his ear—things about Lord Jim—an' he knew every word she said to him.

"Mr. Cus," she says, "you might see Lord Jim now that you're takin' the horses up into Canada."

"I might," I said, not wishin' to discourage her.

"If you do see him, tell him that everything will come right," she whispered. "Everything does come right in the long run, doesn't it, Mr. Cus?"

"It does in books," I said.

"I'm sure it will come right," she said, an' her tears were fallin' on old Buceph's neck as she spoke. "You will see him, Mr. Cus, an' you will tell him that I am always thinkin' of him."

"I was cryin' then. You see, the durned

war had upset everything. Three Star Ranch is about as far away from France an' Germany as a civilized human cares to go, but that scrap had brought us a whole bunch of trouble. It had sent Lord Jim to the war; it had made Kent Harmon so mad that he had sold the greatest horse the world had ever seen, an' it had made the prettiest girl in Montana cry so that I wished Lafe Heggarty would sass me so as I could punch his head an' get rid of my spare bile.

"Good-by, Miss Kitty," I said, snivelin' like a ten-year-old kid. "If I can find Lord Jim, I'll tell him what you said."

"Good-by, Cus," she said; "an' oh, Cus, if you can help him at any time, you will, won't you?"

"Why, I'd do anything for Lord Jim!" I cried. "He's the greatest man in the world!"

"Then I rode off, my eyes so blamed full of tears that I couldn't see where I was goin'."

IV

"We took those horses up into Canada, an' hustled 'em along to Halifax, where they were shippin' 'em to England. I had a couple of fights in Halifax. They were about Buceph. I handed those broncos an' Bucephalus to a lanky guy whose red eyes looked as if they were stitched in with pink thread, an' he went an' hit Buceph when he was runnin' 'em into the corral. I hit that feller so hard that he nearly came to his feet on the bounce, an' then I hit him again to make him lie down proper."

"One of the red-eyed chap's mates picked up the glove on his friend's behalf, an' they made a ring for us."

"Son," I said, "I don't want to fight you. Your pal hit that brown stallion, an' that stallion is the greatest horse in the world!"

"That's all right, sport," he said; "but we might as well fight just to see which of us is the better man."

"Now Miss Kitty said to me, when I was leavin' Three Star, that everything comes right in the long run, an' I believe Miss Kitty told the truth. Yes, sirs! Everything is sort of planned out to finish up with a happy endin', if we don't go an' interfere with the plan. Providence fixed up that fight at Halifax so that I could get some information about Lord Jim. He did, for sure!"

"That feller couldn't have licked the Chink cook at Three Star if the Chink was mad. After it was over, an officer steps over to me an' has a talk."

"How about enlistin'?" he says. "You're such a good scrapper, it's a pity to see you out of action."

"Is it?" I says, an' then it came into my mind that I might be able to find out somethin' about Lord Jim by stringin' the officer along. "Look," I said; "a friend of mine came up here from Montana to enlist, an' if I found him, an' he told me that they wanted another man in his regiment, why, there's no knowin' what I'd do."

"What's his name?" said the officer.

"Jim Harmon," I answered; "but he's known as Lord Jim to every cow-punch from Dead River to the Mexican border."

"You come with me," said the officer. "You're a fighter, an' I'd like to get you."

"I followed him over to his quarters, where he chatted with me about Lord Jim, an' I told him what had happened down on the Three Star Ranch. Some one called him Sir Harry as I was speakin' to him, an' I asked him if the chap was havin' a joke."

"How?" he said.

"By callin' you Sir Harry," I answered.

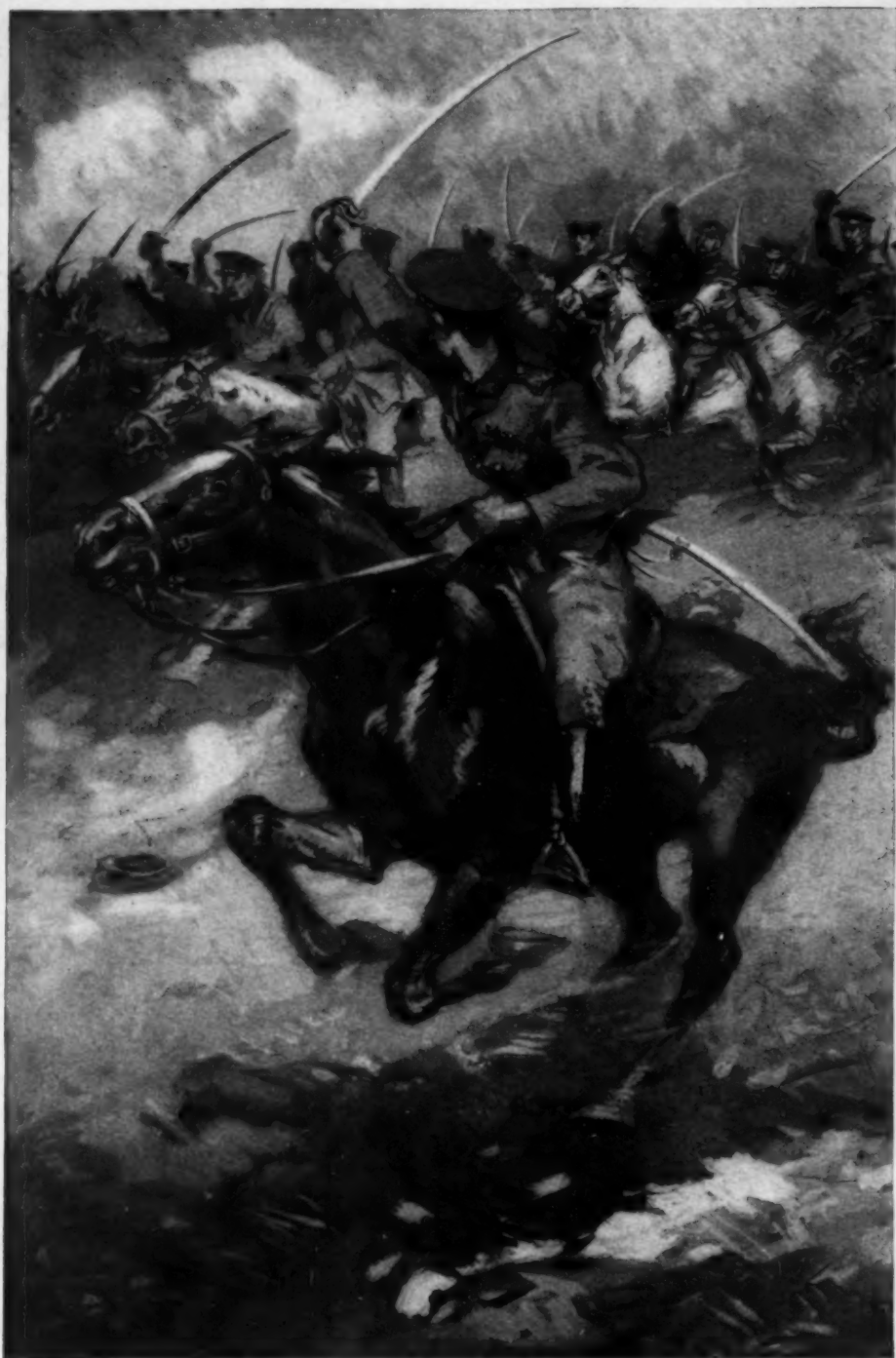
"Oh, no!" he said. Then, after he thought it over for a while, he remarks: "Of course, titles don't count much in these times. It's men that count, an' a man who can fight is the real aristocrat."

"That is why we christened Jim Harmon Lord Jim," I said.

"Well, Sir Harry started to phone to one place an' then to another, askin' about Lord Jim. He was a pretty persistent feller, an' the moment one chap told him that he knew nothin' of any one named Jim Harmon, he had hooked on to another, an' was firin' questions away at a great rate."

"At last he got a bite. An officer tells him over the wire that Lord Jim was in his regiment, an' Sir Harry tells him to get him to the phone. After a long wait he hands the phone to me, an' I can hear Lord Jim speakin' to me. I nearly cried right in front of that British baronet. I told Jim I had a message from Miss Kitty, an' he told me he'd come right up to where I was inside of an hour."

"Now," says Sir Harry, "you'll be one of us. Your friend Harmon is in the



"IN THE LEAD OF THAT GALLOPIN' REGIMENT, WITH SIR HARRY ON HIS BACK—



—WAS BUCEPHALUS, BORN AN' BRED ON THE THREE STAR RANCH, MONTANA!"

Princess Pats, an' you'll be with him. It's a great regiment!

"If it's good enough for Jim Harmon, it's good enough for me," I said back to him.

"While I was waitin' for Lord Jim, I told Sir Harry about Bucephalus, an' he

"It's about that," he said. "Now look here, Mr. Cus; don' you be upset about Bucephalus. I'm goin' over with this load of horses, an' I'll keep my eye on him. I'll see that he doesn't get knocked about, an' I'll see that a man that knows a good horse gets hold of him."



"HE WHINNIED AN' STARTED TO COME TOWARD ME"

was interested. He loved horses. I told him Buceph's breedin' an' what he had done, an' him an' me went out an' had a look at him.

"I can see that he's a toppin' horse," said Sir Harry.

"I don't know what you mean by toppin'," I said, "but if it means that he's the greatest horse in the world, you've used the right word!"

"He slapped me on the back an' laughed.

"Thank you," I said. "If you could get hold of him yourself, I'd be mighty pleased."

"So would I," he said.

"We walked back to Sir Harry's quarters, an' there was Lord Jim in uniform. Caterpillars an' cantaloups! He sure looked a man. He was as straight as a young redwood, an' I felt real proud of him when I saw Sir Harry starin' at him.

"Why, Cus, what brings you up here?" says Jim.

"Well, I told him about Buceph, an' how his dad got mad an' sold him to the British officer. Then I told him about Miss Kitty an' what she had said, an' last of all I told him about my promise to Sir Harry. He put out his hand when I told him that, an' he gripped it hard.

"I'm glad you're comin', Cus,' he said. 'It's a man's war.'

"We had lunch with Sir Harry, who had no more pride about his title than a bronco-buster has about his, an' then Lord Jim said good-bye to Bucephalus.

"We won't see him any more, Cus,' he said. 'The horses have less chance than the men.'

"Buceph isn't born to be shot,' I said, but I was blubberin' just the same as Lord Jim was.

V

"NEXT day I was in uniform, learnin' to juggle a rifle, an' to push a bayonet in a way that would make it most troublesome to the feller you pushed it against. Ten days of it they gave me; then some ten thousand of us were rounded up, an' away we went across the water, every mother's son of us prayin' that we'd get into the rumpus the moment we landed.

"We thought they'd send us to the front the moment we got there, but we had another think comin'. They guessed we weren't half trained, an' I suppose they were right. Wow, didn't they drill us! They drilled us from sunup to dark, an' we began to find out that it requires a pretty tough chap to go soldierin'. Yes, sirs! I hadn't much use for my legs before I joined that regiment, me bein' born on a horse, so to speak; but after I had covered all the surroundin' landscape at the double, I began to know that I had pretty fine leg muscles. I felt as if I could outrun a horse; an' I believe I could, if the horse wasn't Buceph or something near as good as him.

"They got tired of drillin' us at last, an' gave the word to move us across the Channel. Lord Jim was a lieutenant, an' a mighty fine lieutenant he made.

"This is better than Three Star, Cus,' he said, the mornin' we got under way.

"Well, I don't know,' I said back to him. 'They say these Germans are pretty good shots.'

"Oh, shucks!' he said. 'You're not such a bad shot yourself, Cus. Don't you

remember the two horse-thieves you pinked as they were ridin' down Yellow Jack Hill?'

"This is different,' I said. 'These fellers are in holes like prairie-dogs, an' you can't get a shot at 'em.'

"You wait, Cus,' said Jim. 'There'll be some work in the open, too.'

"I hope so,' I said. 'I'm no prairie-dog, an' I like to see the party that is snipin' at me.'

"Those Princess Pats were great boys. Some of 'em had been through the South African War, but the South African mix-up was baby stuff compared to this European scrap. Those Boers kept on their horses, like cow-punchers, an' gave the other fellers a chance. I heard stories about 'em that made me think it would have been a real pleasure to meet them.

"We were pushed closer an' closer to the front, till one day we heard the thunder of the guns, an' before we knew what had happened we were rushed up into the thick of it. Say, the noise of those squealin' shells gave me little chills that chased one another up an' down my spine. I got to duckin' like one of those bobbin' Muscovy ducks every time they came over my head. The Princess Pats were cussin' a treat, because they could see nothin' to shoot at. Every now an' then a shell would fall into the middle of a company, an' the fellers in the immediate landscape got theirs.

"We got into the trenches, an' crawled along with our heads down, just like a bunch of horse-thieves. Every time a feller got inquisitive an' looked over the rim to see what was goin' on, he'd get a few ounces of lead into his brain-garage, an' the rest of us would start cussin' like mad. An' that noise! Sufferin' sinners, wasn't it a racket?

"We were in the trench three days, an' I began to go loco. Sittin' there with shells screamin' over your head is enough to get on the nerves of an iron man.

"This isn't a man's game,' I said to Lord Jim. 'I'd sooner face a machine gun than squat here like a red Indian.'

"Don't lose your head, Cus,' said Lord Jim. 'You'll get a chance soon.'

"Lord Jim was right. Our big guns had been tearin' the enemy's trenches to pieces, an' then some one sends an order to the Princess Pats. Say, those fellers were like hungry hounds. They just sprang over the sand-bags an' started, most of 'em cussin',

one or two of 'em cryin'—cryin' with temper, because they couldn't get at the enemy the moment they climbed out of the hole.

"I can't tell you much about that charge. I just run on an' on with the others. A feller dropped alongside of me—a big feller from Calgary that I had chummed with. I looked at him as he fell. He had his mouth open, like as if he wanted to say somethin' to me, an' I ran back an' put my head down. Say, that feller surprised me by unloosin' on me the hottest stream of profanity I'd ever struck.

"'What are you stoppin' for, you durned mule?' he roared. 'Get on! Charge!' An' when he said that, he flopped over an' died.

"I ran on, an' then the machine guns caught us. Wow, didn't we catch it? They swept us away like chaff. Men went down in batches, an' presently I got mine. Somethin' whipped into my neck, somethin' hot an' sharp, an' I took the count.

"'Cus,' said I to myself as I snuggled into the grass, 'the prairie-dog stunt is not so bad, after all!'

"I didn't remember anything for an hour or so. Then my senses came back to me, an' I listened. The big guns were poppin' away, but there were no sounds of cussin' an' yellin' that would lead me to believe that the Princess Pats were about. I got up on my elbow an' looked around. Right in front of me the Germans were advancin'. Thick as flies they were, thousands an' thousands of 'em, an' yours truly, Custer H. Halliday from Montana, saw that he was goin' to be made into a doormat for that bunch to walk over.

"'Cus,' I said to myself, 'punchin' cows isn't much of a game, but for a quiet way of earnin' small emoluments it beats soldierin'!'

"I lay an' watched the Germans comin', thinkin' that their heavy boots would grind me into the mud. Just as I was thinkin' that, I heard a sound like thunder, an' I looked around in the direction from which we had charged. For a minute or so I could see nothin'; then a line of heads an' horses came over the rise, an' I knew. A British cavalry regiment was chargin' down upon the Germans, an' I dropped back on my stomach an' watched them come.

"I never saw anything like that, an' it hasn't happened often in this war. Talk about a horse stampede! They came down the slope like a Texas cyclone. Right in

the lead, reefin' along with his head in the air, was a big brown horse with a feller on his back who rode better than Bad Bill Prince, who used to break for Three Star.

"'Holy smoke!' I said, speakin' to myself. 'The guy on that big brown horse will be into the fight five minutes before the rest of the bunch!'

"I took another look at the horse, an' then somethin' went through my brain like a streak of fire. I thought I was crazy, I sure did! Just for a minute I thought that that bullet had thrown my thinkery out of order; then I knew I was sane. That big brown horse stridin' along in the lead was Buceph! Do you get me? In the lead of that gallopin' regiment, with Sir Harry on his back, was Bucephalus, born an' bred on the Three Star Ranch, Montana!

"I tried to get to my knees to cheer Buceph. Geewhillikins, didn't they thunder down that slope? The Germans were hotfootin' it for cover, but Sir Harry on Buceph was on top of 'em as they ran. I was howlin' like a madman when I got a clip in the ear from a gallopin' horse, an' I went off to sleep for the second time.

VI

"I CAME back to consciousness after that mess was over. The place where the Germans had been looked like a cemetery after an earthquake. Horses an' men were lyin' there together, some of the wounded horses screamin' with pain, an' some of the men yellin' for help an' water. It made me sick to look at that stretch, an' I shut my eyes to blot it out.

"'Cus,' I said, 'you should have stayed at home in sunny Montana, an' left this sort of business to those who enjoy killin' one another.'

"That place had a fascination, though, an' I opened my eyes to take another peep at it. I started to watch a horse that was tryin' to struggle to his feet, an' when he got to his feet I unloosed a yell. It was Buceph! Yes, sirs! That durned old horse had been knocked over by a bullet that just nicked him between the ears, but he wouldn't stay down. Not him! He got to his feet an' looked around him, as if wonderin' whether there was any more fun to be had.

"I got on my hands an' knees, an' called out to him, as he stood snortin' there in the middle of that cemetery that had been made inside of ten minutes.

"'Buceph!' I cried. 'Hey, Buceph!'"

"The brown horse pricked up his ears when I called his name. Then he whinnied an' started to come toward me, pickin' his way through the dead an' wounded. I kept on callin' his name, an' every time I'd say 'Buceph!' he'd give a little snicker, to let me know that he understood. Say, I was cryin' to beat the band!"

"He came right over to me, an' stood like a horse cut out of marble while I clawed myself into the saddle. It took me near half an hour, an' some of those sharpshooters were beginnin' to take an interest in me while I was doin' it.

"When I got my feet in the stirrups, I spoke to him, an' he knew what I said.

"'Buceph,' I says, 'Lord Jim is lyin' somewhere around here, an' we're goin' to find him. I know you don't mind the Kaiser's whole army, because I watched you chargin' down on them on your lonesome; an' as for me, I couldn't go back an' speak to Miss Kitty Parker if I didn't do my best to find her sweetheart. He's here somewhere, because I saw him drop when they opened fire with their machine guns.'

"Did we find him? Well, Buceph did. Yes, sirs! That horse heard some one moan, an' he turned round an' stepped over to where Lord Jim was lyin' with a bullet through his right shoulder. He stopped near him an' snickered, an' I knew it was up to me to get Jim into the saddle.

"Between the two of us, Buceph an' me, we brought Lord Jim back into the British lines, an' the Princess Pats, or what was left of them, cheered Bucephalus till the Germans wondered what had happened. That's the story of Buceph, an', as I said before, if there's any one who thinks there's a better horse in the world, why, I'm will-

in' to argufy the matter with him at any time or place that's convenient."

There was silence for a moment. Then the red-faced Galway horse-dealer put a question.

"An' where is Bucephalus now?"

"Where do you think he is?" snapped Mr. Halliday. "He's on this boat. On this boat, do you hear? An' I'm lookin' after him. Me, Cus Halliday, is his valet! Say, when Lord Jim an' me got out of hospital, I wired Kent Harmon an' Miss Kitty Parker. I told 'em that Bucephalus had saved Lord Jim's life an' also mine, an' I wanted instructions. What do you think old Kent Harmon did? He cabled me three thousand dollars, an' told me to pay it into the British treasury if they would release Buceph. I told the tale to the colonel of the Princess Pats, an' he gave me a letter to a general, an' that general was a horse-lover. He gave me a release order for Buceph, an' Jim an' me were both discharged on account of our wounds.

"Look! Do you see that big chap on the saloon-deck? That's Lord Jim Harmon, the straightest piece of American manhood that I know of; an' if some of you would like a squint at a real horse, I might let you have a peep at Bucephalus—Bucephalus, who was born an' bred on the Three Star Ranch, Montana, an' who charged the German army on his lonesome. If any one says he's got to play second fiddle to any other—oh, shucks, I said that before, but I can't help it. Gentlemen, I'd like you to drink to Bucephalus, who upheld the honor of Montana an' of the United States of America when the bullets were fallin' that thick you could start a lead-mine by holdin' out a wooden bucket!"

TO A VIREO

CHICK of the village—so they name you
From your challenge brisk—
Surely special sunbeams frame you
On your tamarisk!

Cheery suit of green and yellow;
Eyes alert with light;
Such a self-reliant fellow
For so wee a mite!

Are you ever crushed and gloomy,
Merry vireo?
Never, with a sky so roomy
And all earth below!

Richard Butler Glaesner

OUR NEED OF SHIPS

What the Present Lack of Shipping
Is Costing the United States,
and What Can Be Done to Remedy It



by Judson C. Welliver

THE greatest producing nation in the world, destined in a near future to be also the greatest single contributor to international trade, America lags far behind other countries in its shipping facilities. So far behind, indeed, that in proportion to its volume of world commerce this country may be said to possess practically no overseas merchant marine.

Time was when we were among the leaders on the ocean. During the first half of the nineteenth century our flag fluttered in every port and our ships coursed every sea; but our merchant marine was already declining when the Civil War brought disaster through the activities of the Confederate privateers.

After that war our people turned to internal development as never before; the prairie-schooner of the plains displaced the clipper-ship of the wide waters. Our people built great States while other nations were building merchant fleets. They constructed the greatest railroad system on earth while others took over dominion of the sea.

It is equally useless now to explain, to regret, or to bemoan our maritime decadence. The fact is that it occurred, and that to-day we realize more keenly than

ever before the misfortune of it and the need of remedying it.

How shall we restore our flag to the seas? Can we restore it and keep it there? Will it be worth the cost if we do?

For a generation before the European war Americans mildly wondered why they had ceased to be a seafaring people. They discussed academically and languidly conjectured as to the possibility of restoring their maritime importance; but they did little more. In about the same measure that we ceased sailing ships we stopped building them.

Many years ago Congress passed a law making our coastwise traffic a monopoly; providing that only American-built and American-owned ships might engage in it. While this law has been much criticised, and has recently been amended so that under certain conditions foreign-built vessels may enter the trade, it is nevertheless a fact that whatever we still possess of ocean-going marine and ship-building industry is chiefly attributable to the coastwise law.

THE MERCHANT FLEETS OF THE WORLD

At the beginning of the European war the merchant navies of the world aggregated about fifty million tons. About

twenty million tons sailed under the British flag. On paper, the United States was a good second in the list, with about eight million tons; but, as a matter of fact, only about one-eighth of this was engaged in foreign trade. Nearly seven million tons were in the coastwise business that had been so carefully preserved as a monopoly; and the coastwise classification included the shipping on the Great Lakes, aggregating nearly three million tons.

Thus the one million tons of American shipping in the ocean trade must properly be compared with twenty million tons of British shipping, five million of German, two million four hundred thousand of Norwegian, more than two million of French, and smaller amounts under the flags of Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Italy, Japan, Russia, and other countries.

The real reason why American maritime shipping declined from its former extent and importance was that other things paid better. The United States awoke to a realization of the boundless opportunities that its own internal development afforded. There was more demand for capital than the country could supply, and it borrowed vast quantities from Europe. Other countries were willing to do our ocean shipping for us more cheaply than we could do it for ourselves, and we let them do it.

Most of it has been done by Great Britain, because Great Britain has long been the dominating factor in the world's ocean shipping. There were plenty of Americans to argue that so long as England would perform the service more cheaply than we could, and in addition would maintain the world's greatest navy as a protection to her shipping, there was no particular reason why we should do the business for ourselves at a loss.

THE WAR AND MERCHANT SHIPPING

Then, a little less than two years ago, came the great war in Europe. Germany's merchant fleet was almost instantly driven off the seas, and that of Austria-Hungary disappeared with it. A very large proportion of French shipping was withdrawn for military and auxiliary naval service. The same is true of British, Italian, Japanese, and Greek shipping. Russia's Baltic and Black Sea ports were closed, and she practically ceased to be a factor in ocean transportation.

In addition to all this, it is estimated that ships with an aggregate tonnage of fully two millions have been destroyed since the war began. None of the authorities will attempt a detailed estimate of the total amount of the world's shipping that has been lost or withdrawn from ordinary commercial operations since the war began; but the proportion is commonly placed at from one-fourth to one-third of the whole.

Many of the vessels that have remained available for commercial use have been diverted to a new and special line of work—the carrying of war supplies. Neutral as well as belligerent vessels have engaged in this business. The supreme importance of getting munitions to the battle-field overrode every other consideration.

The United States has felt the world-wide shortage of shipping less than most other countries, because the Allies, controlling the seas, have needed American products first of all. The great transatlantic lines have made every effort to keep as many as possible of their ships in service and to maintain their sailing schedules. Vessels carrying munitions of war have constantly left our ports with only partial cargoes of these prime necessities, making up the remainder of their load from whatever other freight was offered.

So it comes about that the United States has suffered far less, both from the shortage of tonnage and from the increase in rates, than many other countries. South America has perhaps been the greatest sufferer in both these regards.

THE GREAT RISE IN FREIGHT-RATES

The inevitable effect of all these conditions, however, has been a tremendous advance in ocean freight-rates. Thus, on July 1, 1914, the rate on cotton from Baltimore to Liverpool, was about \$1.75 per bale; on February 10, 1916, it was \$12.50. Even more startling was the increase in the cost of transporting wheat. A month before the war began wheat was taken at Baltimore for Liverpool delivery at three cents per bushel; on February 10, 1916, the rate on wheat from Baltimore to Liverpool was from forty-eight to fifty-two and one-half cents per bushel!

Before the war cotton was shipped from Galveston to Liverpool for \$1.30 per bale; eighteen months later the rate was \$15.

Between these same ports the rate on wheat rose in this period from seven and one-half cents per bushel to fifty-seven cents.

From New York the rate on cotton rose from one dollar to fifteen dollars per bale, and on wheat from five to forty-eight cents per bushel.

Quotations for the same period of freight-rates from American ports to Rotterdam show that there was about the same advance to neutral as to belligerent destinations. Thus the rate on cotton had gone up from \$1.25 to fifteen dollars per bale; and on wheat, from New Orleans to Rotterdam, from eight and one-half to fifty or sixty cents per bushel.

WHY COMMODITY PRICES ARE HIGH

What these advances in ocean freights imply in the cost of commodities is shown by figures recently issued by the Department of Agriculture.

In February, 1913, No. 2 hard winter wheat was worth in New York \$1.04, and in Liverpool \$1.07. In February, 1916, the same wheat was worth in New York \$1.38, and in Liverpool \$1.87.

In February, 1913, a bushel of Oregon wheat was worth ninety-four cents at Portland, and \$1.12 at Liverpool. Three years later that same bushel of wheat was worth \$1.08 at Portland, and \$1.96 at Liverpool.

That the increase in ocean rates has imposed a heavier burden on South America than on the United States is shown by figures on wheat at Buenos Aires and Liverpool. In February, 1913, a bushel of Argentine wheat was worth eighty-eight cents at Buenos Aires, and \$1.11 at Liverpool. Three years later that bushel of wheat was worth \$1.04 at Buenos Aires, and \$2.40 at Liverpool. Thus freight and incidental charges from Buenos Aires to Liverpool totaled \$1.36 per bushel.

Figures just as impressive as these might be given, dealing with trade among nearly all the ports of the world. While it is true that war conditions have increased risks and operating expenses, it is nevertheless a fact that ship-owners, especially those of neutral countries, are just now reaping a harvest of unprecedented profits.

Plainly, if it could be assured that anything like such high rates would continue

for a considerable time there would be no trouble about attracting capital to the ship-building and ship-owning business. Indeed, more shipping is in process of construction by American builders to-day than for many years past. The capacity of our shipyards is the only limit to their operations.

The same is true in Norway, Sweden, and every other neutral country. Japan is building ships as fast as it can. The British shipyards are turning out less than their normal tonnage of merchant shipping, because their activities are necessarily devoted first of all to more urgent naval requirements. The German yards are idle—or, if at work, they cannot send out their product. It is believed that in the aggregate the world is producing new tonnage at a rate somewhat less than that which prevailed in time of peace.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

The first difficulty about getting American capital into shipping is the uncertainty about the future. Of course, the man who starts to build a ship to-day must contract to pay the very high prices which now prevail. By the time the ship is delivered to him the war may be ended. There is a wide difference of opinion as to what will happen to shipping after the conclusion of peace.

One view is that for a number of years, at least, the world will be engaged in restoring stocks depleted during the mighty conflict; that rebuilding will cause intense activity in the countries now at war; and that the whole industrial and transportation world will be doing business at high pressure.

If it could be certain that this would happen, investments in American shipping would be reasonably safe; but there is another and less roseate view. It is that the war will not end until the combatants are so thoroughly exhausted that a long period of collapse and commercial depression will follow.

If this latter should prove the correct diagnosis, ships bought and paid for at war prices might be tied up and left idle all over the world, for sale at whatever price could be had. And in such a crisis American shipping would be the first to suffer, because it costs more to operate than that of other countries. The various restrictions imposed by our maritime laws make

this inevitable; and the same condition must continue until American standards are reduced to a competitive basis, or the standards of the rest of the world are raised to the American level.

SHALL THE GOVERNMENT OWN SHIPS?

The administration at Washington, recognizing the uncertainty about the future of ocean-going shipping after peace, has proposed that the government should go into the business, investing its own money under a plan which would make it, after a fashion, a partner with private capital. It is urged that, whatever the future may have in store, the present exigency demands that tonnage should be provided to handle American trade. If there were American ships to haul American products at reasonable charges under present conditions, the American producers would get correspondingly more.

Both England and Japan have recognized the necessity of curbing ocean freight-rates in order to protect their industries and aid their consumers. Japan, especially, has imposed the most rigorous conditions, compelling Japanese ships to serve the necessities of the empire under rates which are practically normal. Of course, Japanese vessels handling commodities for other countries get the benefit of the high rates that prevail generally throughout the world.

The British government recently adopted drastic measures, under which it in effect took the entire merchant marine of the country under government control. The Board of Trade, a government department roughly corresponding to our Department of Commerce, was empowered absolutely to control the bookings, routings, and schedules of all British ships. They may sail only when and where the government authorizes, and may carry **only** such cargoes as may be approved.

This has been found necessary in order to insure that British business should get first consideration, and that the carrying capacity of British vessels should be utilized to the utmost. As such regulations are enforced by the great shipping countries on which we are so largely dependent, American business will be more and more at the mercy of interests sharply conflicting with our own, and the necessity for an independent American merchant marine will be greater.

American business has already suffered many losses because of the shipping famine. Its dependence on alien ship-owners, who are increasingly disposed to use their power selfishly, makes our position constantly more insecure.

After the war, when the industrial and commercial world is back in business at the old stand, every country competing desperately to reestablish its hold on markets that have been temporarily lost, it is probable that our necessities will be yet further emphasized. The American business world now frankly realizes that the shipping situation, both during and after the war, may reach a crisis that will threaten us with serious disasters.

GREAT BRITAIN'S LEAD IN SHIP-BUILDING

The business of building, owning, operating, and selling ships for all the world is, in Great Britain, so inextricably interlocked and interlaced with the other interests of the country that it is almost impossible for Americans to realize how literally the whole British community, the whole wealth, industry, and finance of the empire, may be said to stand behind British shipping.

Second-hand British ships are sold in large numbers to other countries, at what would seem extremely low prices. But in fact this method keeps the headquarters of the world's ship-building in Great Britain, and makes it possible constantly to replace inferior and obsolescent vessels with new and improved ones. It helps to make the British merchant fleet at all times the best in the world, and opens the way for investment of British capital in the shipping of other countries.

For example, when France inaugurated subsidies to encourage the building and operation of merchant vessels, ocean freights were generally rather low, and French investors did not respond very readily. A British ship-builder went to a French owner and said:

"We have several ships on the stocks, partly finished, which we will sell you at cost; and we will take part of our payment in your stock. Your French subsidy will enable you to operate them at a profit over any British tramp, and it will also enable us to clear our yards and keep our plants in operation until times improve."

On this basis a great many French tramp steamers and sailing vessels have

been built on the Clyde. Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Greek, and other shipping interests all over the world are induced by similar processes of cooperative investment to buy their ships from British builders.

Because the British dispose of their older vessels to other countries and constantly replace them with bigger and more modern ones, it is possible for the British steamship companies to pay better wages than those of other countries. This policy of keeping at the head of the procession has been largely responsible for British maritime success. It is one that should be thoroughly understood by America.

A British sea-captain who is still a young man gave me a striking illustration of this point by saying:

"The first ship I commanded carried fifteen hundred tons of coal from Wales to Chile, with a crew of thirty-two men. To-day a strictly up-to-date, oil-burning ship would carry fifteen thousand tons, with those same thirty-two men as crew. The labor factor in operating ships grows constantly less and less."

WE WANT ONLY THE BEST

The significance of which is that if the United States, whether as a government enterprise or a private investment, is to go in for a large shipping expansion, it should have the very best and most economical ships. The oil-burning freight-

carrier seems certain to be the ocean's queen in future.

Just as the control of Welsh coal did much to insure British maritime supremacy in the earlier era of steam navigation, so American control of the world's chief supply of fuel oil ought to be turned to our tremendous advantage in the next generation's contest for dominance on the sea.

There could be no mistake so serious, no blunder so irreparable, as for the United States, because of a momentary need of tonnage, to establish a merchant marine on the basis of a miscellaneous aggregation of nondescript, semiarchaic vessels, gathered up from wherever they might be found. An investment of that sort would inevitably cost very much more than it could possibly be worth, and it would doom our infant efforts to practically certain failure from the start.

I think it may fairly be said that if government initiative and investment should direct the United States toward building the very best and most modern merchant marine in the world, the experiment would be justified. On the other side, I think it equally within reason to say that an official leadership which brought under American registry an obsolescent fleet, bought at fancy prices, would presently be condemned as about the most pitiful mistake in governmental policy that could have been imagined.

WEARY WAITING

How many people passed
I never knew before;
It seemed as if the world
Were tramping by my door.

How many footsteps came
I never dreamed to tell
Until I harked in vain
For one that never fell.

How many people wrote—
The missives had no end;
It seemed that all the world
Had messages to send.

How many letters passed
I never thought to name
Until I watched in vain
For one that never came!

McLandburgh Wilson

Knowledge is Power



by

Freeman Tilden

"NO, we don't want no more books!" cried Mr. Caleb Coppins in a tone of belligerent finality.

At the same time he attempted to slam the front door in the enthusiastic face of the young man who stood outside. But the young man, who was no chicken at canvassing, had taken due precautions in expectation of just such an event. He had neatly inserted his foot between the door-casing and the jamb.

"Just a minute, Mr. Coppins," he pleaded.

"Take your foot out of there, or I'll bust it for you!" replied the head of the household.

The young man regarded his victim with something of pity, mingled with subdued joy. He had tamed many a householder like Mr. Coppins, and his thin nose quivered with the excitement of approaching combat.

"You may slam the door, Mr. Coppins," he said earnestly. "You may amputate my foot; but my severed foot will remain inside with you to extol the glory of the eighth wonder of the world—the 'Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary,' the steam-engine of intellect, the book that will make your name a byword for wisdom and your home the rendezvous of the intellectual élite."

The canvasser's eloquence was not without effect. Mr. Caleb Coppins's set jaw

relaxed. He ceased to push against the inserted foot.

"You've got nerve, young feller," he admitted. "Come in! But you can't sell it to me, no matter what it is. We've got books cluttering up the whole house. I can't turn around now without knocking against a book, and I haven't read half of 'em, nor a quarter. And I get the 'Agricultural Year-Book' every year from our Congressman."

The canvasser for the "Pan-Continental" followed silently into the musty-smelling parlor, and, at the bidding of the owner, sat down. As Mr. Coppins threw open the door of the seldom-used room the odor of decaying heirlooms nearly gagged the book-agent. With a quick glance he surveyed the chamber of horrors, from the horsehair-covered chairs to the tall book-case of black walnut, stuffed with dusty volumes that dated from the period when "Vanity Fair" was thought to be a little off color.

"I am not surprised to see so many books," said the canvasser, with a subtle feigning of rapture. "I find it worth while to visit only the true lovers of good literature. Ah, Mr. Coppins, how little the average man knows the rare pleasure that we bibliophiles get from our printed treasures!"

The fact was, as the canvasser very well understood, that Mr. Coppins had led him

into the parlor not with the idea of doing him honor, but merely to intimidate him—to prove that the house was already supplied with books.

Mr. Coppins, however, hearing himself described as a bibliophile, and surmising that a bibliophile must be a person of some importance, permitted himself the luxury of remarking that he *was* a bibliophile—a forty-third-degree bibliophile. In fact, though he was firm in his resolve not to buy any more books just then, he pastured himself on these green and luscious fields of flattery like a half-starved cow from a rocky hillside.

"It's a pleasure to visit a man like you, Mr. Coppins," resumed the canvasser. "Believe me, I appreciate it. My eye sparkled when I saw that bookcase. Maybe you saw it sparkle? Exactly! 'Here is a man of parts,' I said to myself. 'Here is a man who knows. I would rather talk with a man like this man, and not sell my books, than sell a cart-load of books to the vulgar crowd who cannot appreciate them.'"

The canvasser paused, and Mr. Coppins nodded appreciatively.

"Don't try to tell me that you don't read these books," continued the canvasser. "I admire your modesty, but I know you gorge yourself on them in the long winter evenings. I'll bet you could recite half of them from memory!"

Mr. Coppins, who spent most of the long winter evenings shooting Kelly pool in a stuffy room at the rear of the barber-shop, assented to this indictment with dreamy self-approval.

Suddenly the manner of the canvasser changed. He became violently agitated, for no apparent reason. His eyes took on a gleam of high exultation. He began to pace up and down excitedly in the open space between the what-not and the table full of artificial flowers in glass. Then he stopped and pointed a long finger at Mr. Coppins so suddenly that that gentleman winced.

"You are a man of parts, Mr. Coppins!" he repeated furiously. "Your name was sent to me from the home office in New York—in New York, understand? You know what books are worth. You know that knowledge is power! You know that a man can rule the world, if he knows enough. Well, then, let me tell you something. You have made one mistake. You

have dabbled. Your information has been sound, but spread too thin. I can prove it to you. Shall I?"

Mr. Coppins was fascinated. He nodded feeble assent.

The canvasser's voice became more shrill and cutting. He launched another finger in the direction of the householder's half-scared face.

"Can you tell me," he demanded with emphasis that cut like a Damascene blade, "what was the population of the city of Joliet, Illinois, in 1900? Can you tell me the name of the heaviest element in nature? How much does the earth weigh, down to the fraction of an ounce? Can you go right out into company and tell the names of the opposing generals in the first Punic War? Or what makes sugar crystallize? Or why the sky is blue? Do you know these things?"

"No, I don't," replied Caleb Coppins hoarsely.

"I know!" shouted the canvasser victoriously. "I can tell you the colors of the solar spectrum, backward and forward. I can tell you what the interest on one dollar, compounded semiannually at six per cent for a thousand years, would amount to. I can tell you the name of the right-hand man of the Egyptian monarch Rameses II, and the inscription on the tomb of Numa the Lawgiver. What was the first message ever sent over the electric telegraph? Can you tell me that, Mr. Coppins?"

"No, I can't," replied the abashed bibliophile. And then he added, with a ray of wicked hope flickering in his eyes: "Can you?"

"You can bet your best hat I can! The telegraph was invented by Samuel F. B. Morse, and the first message that was flashed over the wire was: 'What hath God wrought!'"

Mr. Coppins shrank back from this prodigy of learning, and his hands trembled nervously.

Again the accusing finger shot forth toward the head of the householder.

"What," cried the canvasser, "is telekinesis? What is arteriosclerosis? Who discovered the X-ray? What is the present price of radium per milligram? What is a milligram? What is the coldest place in the United States? Where is Omsk? Who owns the most expensive dog in the world?"

"Calkins the grocer has a darned expensive dog," ventured Mr. Coppins. "He bit a lawyer last week!"

"That is not worthy of you," challenged the canvasser, flushing deeply. "That is trivial. We are dealing in all seriousness with the greater truths. Is there a single book in your excellent library that can tell you the precise nutritive value of the Lima bean?"

"No," admitted Mr. Coppins.

"There you are!" the canvasser shot back swiftly. "You've got lots of books, but if you wanted to find any of these important things in them it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Suppose any one should ask you to give the origin and uses of caoutchouc? Could you do it? No. Could you spell it? No. There is an old Latin proverb, '*Scire ubi aliquid invenias magna pars eruditionis est.*' You recall it?"

"Perfectly," responded Mr. Coppins, trying to look as much as possible like an ancient Roman.

"Of course you do. You know that it means, 'To know where to lay hands on a fact is a great part of learning.' Well, Mr. Coppins, here you are! The 'Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary'—the greatest book ever issued from the printing-press—the book that cost two hundred thousand dollars before a single page was printed—the book that called for the brains of one thousand of the world's greatest savants. Will you have it in cloth, in buckram, or in limp leather? Don't choose cloth, Mr. Coppins. I beg you won't give way to your first mercenary impulse and choose cloth."

"Why not choose cloth, if it comes cheaper?" asked Mr. Coppins, in one last defensive effort.

"Because," concluded the canvasser, "you look, act, and talk like a limp leather man! Sign here—on this line, please. That's right!"

"How much?" queried Mr. Coppins, after he had committed himself. Already he was breathing more freely, like a man emerging from a trance.

"Ninety-six dollars and fifty cents," was the soothing reply. "The books are worth a thousand dollars to you. One-half the amount down and the rest in monthly instalments. With these books you can become a walking fund of learning. You can override the village like a Roman

conqueror in his triumphal chariot. You can be an oracle, a magnate. Knowledge is power!"

"Ninety-six fifty!" groaned the bibliophile. "I don't know whether to be glad or sorry I didn't shut the door and amputate your foot."

"The day will come when you will remember me with a heart full of gratitude, Mr. Coppins. We prepay freight charges. Your check is just as good as your money. Thank you!"

"Durn his hide!" said Caleb Coppins, when the nimble figure had flattened itself against the expanse of distance. "Ninety-six fifty! I feel like I had been mesmerized and robbed. But them books may be wuth it!"

II

THE "Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary" came by fast freight. Mr. Coppins bore the treasures to his room, and manufactured a number of reasonable excuses for being in possession of them when Mrs. Coppins should make the inevitable inquiries. He entered the item on his check-stub as "investment," for the benefit of his wife's splendid eyesight; and then he began to absorb knowledge, which is power.

Down in the rear of the barber-shop the game of Kelly pool was proceeding with the usual abandon. Mr. Coppins was not present. The twelve ball got the money; the six ball captured the ten-cent stakes; the ivory cue-ball left the table and went into the corner of the room with its accustomed vigor; but Mr. Coppins was not there.

There was a light burning in Mr. Coppins's favorite corner of the house at night. There was a man absorbing the truths of the universe from limp-leather volumes. There was a man accumulating a fund of deathless information. There was a man trying to wring ninety-six dollars and fifty cents' worth of knowledge out of twenty-one volumes that sprang from the brains of one thousand of the world's greatest savants.

The man was Caleb Coppins. The volumes were the "Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary."

One bright morning Mr. Coppins emerged from his home with an eager look in his eye. He pounded down Main Street until he got as far as Calkins's Cash Gro-

cery, where he met Mr. Hemingway, manager of the canning-factory.

"Morning, Caleb," was the latter's salutation.

Mr. Coppins nodded and then took the other man by the coat-collar and spoke to him crisply.

"What is the temperature of the ocean at a depth of three thousand fathoms?" he asked.

Mr. Hemingway backed off to a safe distance.

"What difference does it make?" he parried.

"How much is a fathom?" continued Mr. Coppins, cocking his head on one side knowingly.

"I don't know."

Mr. Coppins gave a triumphal snort.

"You *ought* to know, Alec," he said.

"A man in your position!"

Then he proceeded on his way. He had already picked out another victim. It was the principal of the high school, on his way to duty.

Before he received that box of books by fast freight Mr. Coppins had always regarded this man—Sterling Wendell—with awe. Now he stepped up to him with an air of affable ease and said:

"Mr. Wendell, do you happen to know what is the Algonquin Indian word for summer squash?"

"Why, I don't recall it just this minute," replied the schoolmaster, as if it had slipped from his mind during the last few seconds.

"Perhaps you can tell me what is the chemical symbol for ice-cream?" suggested Mr. Coppins.

"Really, Caleb, I'm a little late for school as it is. I'll be glad to talk over those matters with you some evening. By the way, do *you* know the chemical symbol for ice-cream?"

"I should say I do!" replied Mr. Coppins, hastening onward with a serene heart.

Then Mr. Coppins entered the butcher-shop.

"What can I do for you this morning?" asked the butcher. "Some mighty fine pork just came in."

"Wells," said Caleb sharply, "probably you can tell me the meaning of the word 'endosperm'?"

"I'm afraid I can't this morning, Mr. Coppins," replied the butcher reluctantly.

"Did you say you'd have a shoulder or a loin roast?"

"No, I didn't. At what temperature would water boil at an altitude of nineteen thousand feet above sea-level?"

Mr. Wells was silent.

"You don't know?" prodded the man of parts.

The butcher shook his head.

"You *ought* to know, in your business," was the commiserating retort.

"I s'pose you know," said the butcher.

"Pretty likely I do!" replied Caleb Coppins, in triumph.

Mr. Coppins visited the bank, and asked to be informed as to the date of the discovery of argon. He also requested information concerning the treatment of anthrax. The cashier threw up his hands and hid behind his card-index.

Mr. Coppins then assailed the clothing-store employees, clamoring for the specific gravity of dried prunes. The employees fell down wofully on this problem. Mr. Coppins smiled genially.

"I know!" he said.

Then he went home. He felt that things were coming his way. He knew that before supper he would be the talk of the village. He felt that there would be a movement on foot to deal with him. He was equally sure that he could be dealt with only at the expense of the dealer.

"The feller was right," ruminated Mr. Coppins. "I've got 'em all thinking. Knowledge is power!"

III

His sudden flare of erudition gained for Mr. Coppins all the popularity of a game-warden. Not since the smallpox epidemic of 1871 had Brookfield been visited by such a pest. The male residents of voting age learned how to disappear around corners or into doorways when they saw Caleb Coppins approaching. The principal of the high school discovered a circuitous route from his home to the school that took only ten minutes longer to travel. Children instinctively shunned this prodigy of information, because Caleb had been reduced, once or twice, to the necessity of holding them up and demanding an answer to the question:

"Which is the longest bridge in the world?"

But the thing that most envenomed Mr. Coppins's former associates of the stuffy

room at the rear of the barber-shop was the fact that Caleb had gained no small credit with the feminine part of Brookfield society. Local hostesses who had run short of attractions took him up. He became a lion. The proper thing to do, it developed, was to serve some small refreshments, and then, after the dishes had been spirited away from the parlor, to turn to some harried young male victim and say:

"Mr. Peters, wouldn't you like to ask Mr. Coppins a question?"

In such cases Mr. Coppins would sit back comfortably into the upholstery and cock his head attentively, while Mr. Peters would shrink to the size of a dwarfed child, cough nervously, and ask to be excused from such a wild adventure. Whereupon the forty-third-degree bibliophile would say nonchalantly:

"Oh, go on, Peters, ask me something difficult!"

And then, failing to arouse the fighting spirit of his paltry opponent, Mr. Coppins would ask himself questions and answer them with careless celerity.

Down at the pool-table, one night, Mr. Calkins paused over his shot and remarked to the smoke-embalmed gathering:

"Say, what do you think of this fellow Coppins, anyway?"

"I think he's a big bluff," responded a slender youth. "I been thinking it over, and I come to the conclusion that he don't know the answers to half the questions he asks. You notice he always says he knows, but he never tells what it is."

"Well, why don't you call his bluff?" asked Mr. Calkins.

The slender youth hitched nervously and replied:

"Aw, what's the use?"

"He's making a great hit with the women," said another man. "You can't go to a party, or anything, these days, without having Coppins rubbed under your nose. We got to do something to that wise gent, or he'll have us back in the peg-top class, or rolling hoop, or something!"

"Where'd he get all that information?" asked some one.

"Gosh, I dunno," replied the grocer. "He never used to know beans; and all of a sudden he launches out as a regular college president!"

"Somebody's got to call his bluff, if he's bluffing. If he isn't, somebody's got to

inveigle him into a vacant lot and wallop him," said the grocer.

"He's bluffing, all right," affirmed the slender youth.

"Well, who's going to call him?"

The slender youth thought for a moment and then replied:

"What do you say we get young Harold Hussey?"

"Harold Hussey!" echoed half a dozen sneering, raucous voices. "That little shrimp?"

"He may be a shrimp," was the reply; "but what makes him a shrimp? Ain't it because he studies too much? Ain't it because he spends so much time playing the piano and reading magazines and things? Ain't it because his head is so loaded with information that he don't have any time for the pleasures of life? What more do you want?"

"By thunder, he's right!" admitted Calkins. "Harold is the boy. If there's any one in this town that can hand it to Caleb, it's little Harold Hussey. But will he do it? Harold hasn't got the nerve of a chipmunk."

"He'll do it," continued the slender youth, "if you can get him on a subject he's interested in. You just mention music, and you'll see his eyes looking almost human. He knows more about music and musicians than Caleb Coppins could learn in the rest of his lifetime. Me for Harold Hussey!"

"Somebody go get him," said the grocer. "He won't be in bed yet, I guess. It's only quarter of eight. Bring him here to talk it over."

"No, he couldn't stand the atmosphere of this room," objected Wells, the butcher. "He'd faint. We'd better appoint a delegation to wait on Harold and groom him for the occasion. We'll promise him a box of the best fudge if he'll do it."

"There's a great chance coming the night after to-morrow," said the slender youth. "Mrs. Hastings is going to have a surprise party for George Hastings, and everybody's going to turn out to see George try to look surprised. You see, George was the one that thought of the idea. Everybody that comes is supposed to bring something to eat, and it'll stock up the Hastingses with pie and cake enough for a month, at least. That's the time to spring little Harold Hussey on Coppins."

Half an hour later a couple of the men returned to the barber-shop with the glad news that Harold had consented to propound a number of questions on the momentous occasion. At least, Harold's mother had consented to permit Harold to consent, which was just as good, if not better.

Whereupon a dozen strong men, each shouldering a cue, formed in line and marched around the pool-table, pausing now and then to slap one another on the back and utter some horrible imprecation against Caleb Coppins.

IV

HAROLD HUSSEY had a watery blue eye, tapering fingers, manicured nails, and a slight lisp. It was said that Mrs. Hussey had been disappointed because Harold, her only child, was not a girl. At all events, she had since done all that she could to rectify nature's unfortunate mistake. The only additional shame she could possibly have saddled upon the nineteen-year-old youth would have been to make him wear earrings.

He called his mother "mommy," and she usually referred to him as "my angel." She withheld from Harold the only possibility by which he might have gained some good repute from the rest of his fellows—she wouldn't let him learn to play ragtime on the piano.

You can't keep a scheme like that quiet in a place like Brookfield. It came to Caleb's ears that Harold Hussey was going to be used against him at the Hastings surprise party, and Mr. Coppins nearly exploded with subdued laughter.

He knew that Harold's knowledge was practically confined to one subject. Now, Mr. Coppins knew nothing about music. But he got to work under his kerosene lamp. He absorbed everything in the "Pan-Continental" that looked as if it might have the taint of harmony. He dived for dates and nourished himself on names.

He arrived at the Hastings home with a glint of vulpine shrewdness in his eyes. He was not perturbed by the surreptitious whispering that went on around him. He picked out the best chair in the crowded rooms, and threw himself into the preliminary course of ice-cream, sandwiches, and cake. Once in a while he cast a withering glance at Harold Hussey, who had been

placed opposite to him, and Harold nearly choked upon a mouthful of frosted cake. Mrs. Hussey patted her pride and hope upon his back and spoke soothing words to him.

Mr. Coppins deliberately put away his dishes and drew himself into a dignified attitude of scholastic reflection. Suddenly he remarked:

"I tell you, folks, it's only when a man really begins to learn something that he realizes how much there is to learn. Now, friends, there was a time when I felt pretty sure I knew everything. But I didn't—not then!"

"I suppose you do now," retorted an untactful guest, out of his heart of writhing hate.

"Oh, no," replied Caleb complacently; "not everything. But little by little I'm accumulating a fund of knowledge. Knowledge is power! I tell you what, it makes a man feel like a real man. It's the little facts that count. How many of you here could tell me, for instance, the length, in American measure, of a Swedish mile? You ought to know, folks. It's important to know those things. How many of you could tell me what language the ancient Egyptians spoke, or who deciphered the first cuneiform inscriptions dug from the great desert near the Nile? You ought to know. Everybody ought to know. Those things are important. Now, *you*," concluded Caleb, pointing at the untactful young man who had opened the subject, "suppose you ask me some question—any question. Go ahead—make it a hard one!"

The untactful young man glowered at the enemy and swallowed hard. He took four reefs in his forehead, and the veins stood out on his temples in his effort to think of a poser. Finally he gasped and lay back in his chair, helpless. He couldn't think of a question to save his life!

Mr. Coppins laughed softly and stroked his chin.

"Anybody else?" he said airily.

"Wait a minute!" cried the untactful one, suddenly coming to life with a wild gleam of joy. "Tell us—tell us—who discovered the—monkey-wrench!"

A titter went around the room, and a dozen male mouths opened with cordial expectation that Caleb Coppins would be crushed to earth. For a second he looked at the ceiling. Then, in a chant that was

suspiciously like that of a parrot, he warbled:

"Certainly! The monkey-wrench is not, as some may suppose, an instrument to monkey with; nor indeed has it any connection with the simian tribe. It should really be called a *moncky*-wrench, for it was invented by a Baltimore mechanic named Charles Moncky. Got any other question to ask?"

The youth who propounded the query faded into the background and deftly pulled the background over his naked shame. There was generous applause from the ladies.

"I've got one!" said another brave candidate. "Who discovered glue?"

"Glue!" repeated Mr. Coppins. "Now there's a question! Who discovered glue? I like to have questions like that thrown at me. Glue is an important substance, and everybody should know the answer to that question. Now, glue—"

Mr. Coppins stopped. Of course, he did not know who discovered glue, and he had not the wit to frame a satisfactory answer to what was in reality an unfair question. It would have been almost as reasonable to inquire who invented bread.

His only hope was a swift diversion.

"Harold," he said, pulling himself together, "you are a musician. I'll bet you anything you don't know all a musician should know about the famous author of 'Parsifal.' You don't know how old he was when he died, or where he was born, or where he died, or any of those important data."

"You mean Wagner?" replied Harold.

"I mean Vogner," replied Mr. Coppins, severely precise. "Those who do not know call him Wagner. I call him Vogner, as his fellow countrymen did. The German language is not like our language, you must understand. Now I ask the question, where was that great composer born; and I answer it myself—he was born in Leipsic, Germany."

"Is that right, Harold?" asked a score of eager voices. "Do you know?"

"That'th right," was the feeble and disappointed reply. "Leipthic is right."

"You see!" said Mr. Coppins, with a broad smile at the company. "Another important question!" continued Caleb, rubbing his hands gleefully. "A very

important question! Where did the great composer die? Shake off the mortal coil, as one might say? I will answer—at Baireuth. Pronounced 'Byroit,' you will please observe."

"Is that right, Harold?" challenged the same palpitating voices.

"No, thir," was the reply. "It ith not!"

"What?" shouted Caleb Coppins menacingly. "Do you mean to tell me, Harold, that I am wrong? Think again, boy, think again!"

"He died in Venice," persisted Harold in feeble exultation and reaching for his mother's hand.

"He did not!" retorted Mr. Coppins.

"He did so," Harold insisted.

"The boy's got you," said Calkins, the grocer. "Give up, Caleb. You're stung!"

"He died in Byroit," said Caleb.

"Mind what I tell you. I know!"

"Venice," said Harold Hussey feebly but doggedly.

Mr. Calkins, with a cunning look in his eye, took Harold by the arm and led him aside.

"Are you sure about it, son?" he asked.

"That'th what my book sayth," lisped Harold. "Besides, I know that Wagner died in an old palace on the Grand Canal in Venice."

Calkins turned swiftly upon Caleb.

"The boy's got you," he laughed.

"Give up; you're stung, Caleb!"

"Nonsense!" said Caleb.

"I'll bet you one hundred dollars the boy's right," cried the grocer. "Put up or shut up!"

Mr. Calkins evidently had little idea that Caleb would put up. He paled visibly when Mr. Coppins replied confidently:

"I'll go you!"

"I—I haven't got that much cash with me," stammered the grocer. "But here are witnesses. I say Harold is right."

"I really hate to take your money," replied Caleb coolly. "It doesn't seem fair, honestly; but you can't blame me. One hundred dollars! I'm your man."

"Really, you mustn't bet money," interrupted Mrs. Hastings, thinking of the dignity of her position as hostess, but secretly hoping that it would be disregarded.

"Let 'em go ahead!" cried the men. "This has been coming to Caleb for a long time."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The erroneous statement that Richard Wagner died at Baireuth is actually to be found in a well-known and usually very accurate work of reference.

"I can prove it by my book," averred Harold. "I'll go right home and get it thith minute."

"Books talk," returned Caleb. "I'll be back in half a jiffy. Then you'll hand me a check for that hundred, Calkins!"

V

TEN awful minutes of suspense passed over the heads of the company. Calkins perspired in a corner and accepted the congratulations of the crowd with a clammy and uncertain hand.

There was a shuffling of feet outside. In another moment Caleb Coppins entered with a large volume bound in limp leather. He opened it and laid it on the table. Then he pressed his finger on a certain spot and threw back his head haughtily. As many as could gather around the evidence regarded the fatal words and groaned. In his corner Mr. Calkins shivered. It was plain:

WAGNER, Richard, German composer, born at Leipsic, 1813; died at Baireuth, 1883.

Another scraping of feet outside, and Mrs. Hussey entered with Harold. Harold also had a book. Mr. Coppins deigned to glance at his antagonist's evidence, and his eyebrows lifted somewhat. Harold also had a volume of the "Pan-Continental Encyclopedic Dictionary!"

Then Caleb smiled. All the better—the same volume to tell the same story!

Mr. Coppins saw Mr. Calkins pounce

wolfishly upon Harold's book and whip the pages over. Presently the search ended, and young Hussey pointed to a passage which Mr. Calkins eagerly read. Then the grocer strode toward Caleb with a countenance which somehow made the bibliophile wonder if he had forgotten anything. With a bold front, however, he turned upon Mr. Calkins and asked confidently:

"Is there any other question you'd like to ask me?"

There was a tense moment of hush in the room. A glint of wicked guile that sparked from Calkins's eyes brought a pale spot under each of Caleb's ears. Then he heard these words:

"Yes, Caleb, there are two questions I'd like to ask you. One of them is: Have you seen *this*?"

He planked down before Caleb Harold's volume of the "Pan-Continental" and glued his finger to a pink slip of paper inserted in front of the title-page. Then, in a loud and cheerful voice, he read the following into Caleb's ear:

"ERRATUM—On page 301 of this volume, under 'WAGNER, Richard,' for 'died at Baireuth,' read 'died at Venice, Italy.'"

Defeated, stricken dumb, Mr. Coppins did not even attempt a reply. After a moment of dead silence the triumphant voice of Mr. Calkins went on:

"Yes, Caleb, and here's the second question—have you that hundred in your jeans?"

ROSES—FOR A SONG

"Buy me roses for my garden,"
Said the lady whose least word
Blends the iron of a mandate
With the sweetness of a bird.

"But I have no golden money;
Scarce have I a silver crown!"
"Buy them with Catullian honey,
Sweet as wild bees' dripping down.

"Take some golden words to market;
Don't you think the merchant knows
Beauty always is good barter,
Rose is fair exchange for rose?"

"Then, when next time in my garden
By my side you walk along,
You shall see how words look growing—
Buy me roses with a song!"

Richard Franklin

FUNSTON, BUSIEST OF OUR FIGHTING MEN

FOR ROUTING FOES OR KEEPING ORDER, HE ALWAYS HAS
HAPPENED TO BE WHERE HE WAS NEEDED

A LITTLE man from Kansas, who had never heard a cannon fired except at a Fourth of July celebration, wandered into Madison Square Garden, New York, one evening just twenty years ago. Daniel E. Sickles, a one-legged hero of Gettysburg, was making a speech for Free Cuba, the purpose of the meeting being to raise money for hospital supplies for the insurgents.

The little man listened to General Sickles, and, the next morning, went to the office of the Cuban Junta and offered his services. He, Frederick Funston, was out of a job. Also, he sympathized with the Cuban insurrection. Also, he wanted adventure, which was his ruling spirit. He had been in Alaska, collecting flora for the Department of Agriculture, and had paddled eleven hundred miles down the Yukon in a canoe. He had been lost in Death Valley. He had failed in the coffee business in Mexico; but he had never seen war.

At the Cuban headquarters Funston was rejected on suspicion that he might be a secret-service man, but he went to General Sickles and talked that veteran into giving him a letter of recommendation to Señor Palma, who was the Cuban leader in New York. Funston was accepted, after he had been solemnly assured that he was not accepted as a Cuban fighting man, the neutrality laws of the United States being definite on that subject. But would Mr. Funston kindly go to a certain address on Broadway and learn what he could of the fascinating mechanism of a Hitchkiss twelve-pounder breech-loading rifle?

Funston would, and did, and in a few days he could take the gun apart blindfolded.

A week later he was ordered to report at night in a gloomy room over a saloon on the upper East Side of New York.

There were gathered a score of young Cubans and a number of boxes containing the component parts of a Hotchkiss gun. Every night for weeks Funston slaved in this hot room as an artillery schoolmaster, teaching the Cubans to put the gun together, to shoot it—in silence—to take it apart and carry it.

In August Funston and his pupils were sent to Charleston, South Carolina, whence Dynamite Johnny O'Brien took them away in his filibustering steamer, the Dauntless, with a cargo of guns and ammunition, and landed them on the northeast coast of Cuba.

Funston fought for two years under Gomez and Garcia, and was made a major of artillery. He was wounded three times, but it was malaria and not Spanish bullets that made him ask for sick-leave in 1898. He weighed less than one hundred pounds when he started for Havana with a letter to the president of the new republic. The Spaniards captured him, and he had to eat the letter to avoid revealing his identity. When he reached the office of General Fitzhugh Lee, the American consul-general in Havana, he was an emaciated tramp.

General Lee shipped Funston to New York. As soon as he was well of his malaria, he went back to his old home and got a commission as colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteer Infantry.

The Spanish War had begun, and Funston hoped to return to Cuba, but Tampa was as far as he got. He had no chance to fight for his own country until the Filipinos revolted against American rule, and the Kansas regiment went to the Philippines.

Fame first came to Funston on the far side of the Marilao River, after he and twenty men had swum across with their revolvers in their teeth and put a band of



MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, UNITED STATES ARMY, WHO AS COMMANDER OF THE SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF MILITARY OPERATIONS ON THE MEXICAN FRONTIER

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York

insurgents to flight. Later, with only two men, he swam the Rio Grande de la Pampanga and set up a rope ferry for the rest of his troops. The feat was followed by a victory over Aguinaldo and promotion to the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers. This five-foot-three soldier, who had once been refused at West Point, had come to be known as the greatest daredevil in the army.

In one battle it seemed almost certain that three companies under Funston's command would be destroyed. The situation looked so critical to General Otis, Funston's superior, that he sent a message to the little Kansan asking how long he could hold out. The answer came in five words:

"Until I am mustered out!"

Funston's ingenuity was most signally revealed in his capture of Emilio Aguinaldo in 1901. A letter written by the rebel chief, telling his brother to send him four hundred armed men at once, fell into the general's hands. The message also showed that Aguinaldo was hiding in the mountains of Luzon. What followed may be told in the words of Funston's official report:

Then and there I conceived the idea of arming and equipping a number of native troops to pass off as these expected reinforcements, and of making an endeavor to trap Aguinaldo in his lair. The expedition was made up of four Tagalos, who were formerly commanding officers in Aguinaldo's army, and who selected seventy-eight men of the Maccabebe scouts, all of whom could talk the Tagalo. I obtained a number of captured insurgents' uniforms, and ten Maccabebes were equipped with Remington and Mauser rifles.

We embarked on the gunboat Vicksburg and landed on March 14 at two o'clock in the morning. The expedition was nominally placed in command of Hilario Placido, ex-insurgent colonel. After marching twenty miles we reached the town of Casiguran. We had sent word to the *presidente* of the town through native messengers that reinforcements for Aguinaldo were on the way through his town. The *presidente* was completely deceived.

My troops had captured, some months ago, some official paper of General Lacuna, bearing his official stamp and seal. In order to make the deception all the more complete, we succeeded in forging the signature of Lacuna to letters to Aguinaldo. These letters were sent ahead and we followed.

The trip was a most severe one upon the men. Our food-supply was entirely exhausted, and my men were so weak that when we

reached within eight miles of Aguinaldo's camp we could go no farther.

We therefore sent a messenger ahead, informing Aguinaldo of our plight and requesting that he send us food before we could go farther. This was supplied. As we had told Aguinaldo that we had American prisoners, he sent word that they be given their liberty.

As the Maccabebes approached the town, the troops of Aguinaldo's body-guard, consisting of fifty men, were drawn up in parade to receive the supposed reinforcements. The men who posed as officers of our expedition marched into the camp and paid their respects to Aguinaldo, who received them in a large house built on the bank of the Palanan River.

After the exchange of courtesies the officers excused themselves from Aguinaldo and his staff for a moment, stepped outside, and ordered their Maccabebe troops drawn up into line and commanded them to commence firing into Aguinaldo's troops. The rout of the insurgents was complete. The ex-insurgent officers, the five Americans, and several Maccabebe scouts immediately made a rush for the house which was used as Aguinaldo's headquarters and took him prisoner.

Aguinaldo, when first taken prisoner, raved and swore at the deception practised upon him, but later accepted the situation with dignity.

General Funston might have added that he did not lose a man in this extraordinary adventure. The capture of Aguinaldo made a hero of the Kansan, for his feat was regarded as putting the last stroke to the Filipino rebellion. Nor was the government slow with reward, for Funston, hitherto a brigadier-general of volunteers, became a brigadier-general of regulars—a big step for him.

Funston was on the spot when earthquake and fire came to San Francisco in 1906, and he was the boss of everything in the city, military or civil, until danger and distress were ended. His ability as an emergency manager of a disturbed community was shown again two years ago, during the American occupation of Vera Cruz. He restored order, set the courts and schools going, stopped gambling, and cleaned the streets.

He is a major-general now, at fifty-one. What this soldier might have accomplished if he had entered West Point as a boy, instead of getting his first military schooling as a filibuster when thirty-one years old, is something Fred Funston probably doesn't worry about. West Point might have knocked the spirit of adventure out of him—the very thing that made him a winner in Cuba and the Philippines.

MOUNTAIN WARFARE

A Strange Phase of the Great War -How Armies Battle amid Alpine Snows

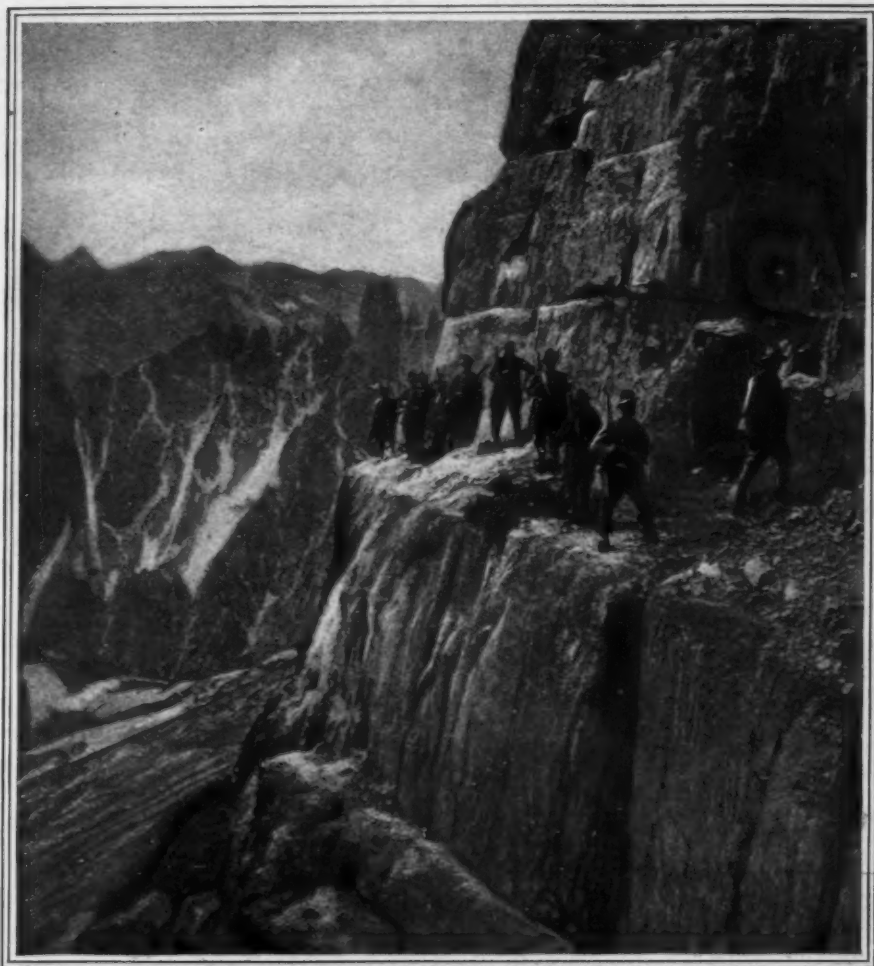
by Howard C. Felton

AT the outbreak of the great war huge and well-equipped bodies of men, led by highly trained officers, rich in the strategic lore of centuries, set out to demonstrate the value of the theories that they had learned in time of peace. In a few months an entirely new style of warfare developed, and most of the military learning of the past was interesting chiefly because of its antiquity.

After the tremendous conflict at the Marne and the German rush for Calais, which was halted on the line of the Yser, there were on the western front no more battles in the old sense of the word. From the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, the fighting was just a novel and gigantic form of siege warfare. Cavalry became an obsolete arm. Battle tactics, in the old sense, ceased to have any meaning. Of strategy



AN AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY TAKING UP ITS POSITION ON THE SUMMIT OF A RIDGE
COMMANDING A VALLEY ON THE ITALIAN FRONTIER



ITALIAN ALPINI, OR MOUNTAIN TROOPS, MARCHING ALONG A DIZZY PATHWAY IN THE DOLOMITE ALPS

nothing much remained save the dictionary definition.

And now, since Italy and Austria have locked horns above the clouds, among the glaciers and snow-faced slopes of the Alps, even the old text-books on mountain warfare have lost their significance. In the Trentino and along the Isonzo we see the consummation of a new style of mountain fighting, which grew out of the old methods in the struggle for the Carpathian passes during the first winter and spring of the war.

In the old days, during a campaign in a mountain region, most of the battles were fought on the level—in the literal, not the colloquial sense of the word. There was a deal of marching and scouting among crags

and precipices, but all with the object of obtaining the best position in an open valley or upland plain where the real fighting must take place. Now the smooth floors of the valleys are comparatively deserted, while whole armies are spread out over great peaks and dizzy snow-fields thousands of feet above sea-level, chopping trenches in the ice and sparring for some vantage-point on a crag that in peace times might tax the strength and skill of the amateur mountain-climber.

Some time between 1764 and 1770, Pierre de Bourcet wrote a treatise entitled "The Principles of Mountain Warfare." This may seem to be going a long way back, but Bourcet's volume and that of the young Comte de Guilbert on general tactics



ITALIAN SOLDIERS HAULING A FIELD-GUN TO A POSITION AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS OF THE ALPS
OF THE TRENTINO



ITALIAN TROOPS POSTED AT THE SUMMIT OF A RIDGE OVERLOOKING ONE OF THE VALLEYS
OF THE TRENTINO



ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS MAKING A WINTER MARCH—ON THESE GREAT SNOW-CLAD SLOPES OF THE UPPER ALPINE VALLEYS THERE IS CONSTANT DANGER OF DESTRUCTIVE AVALANCHES



ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS ROPED TOGETHER FOR A STEEP AND DANGEROUS ASCENT IN THE SNOWY ALPS OF THE TRENTINO



A HEAVY ITALIAN GUN HAULED TO A COMMANDING POSITION ABOVE AN ALPINE VALLEY, WHERE IT IS PARTLY CONCEALED BY TREES

have historical interest and importance because, according to Spenser Wilkinson, they show where some of Napoleon's stra-

tain warfare that when the enemy holds a strong position, the assailant should force him to leave it by turning it. These strong



A LONG FILE OF ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS ASCENDING A SNOW-COVERED ALPINE SLOPE—
THE MEN WEAR SPECTACLES AS A PROTECTION AGAINST SNOW-BLINDNESS

tegic "miracles" were born. Bourcet's observations are as vital as if they had been written in 1910, but, as will be seen, many of them are somewhat musty in 1916.

Bourcet, without the slightest idea of a battle-line extending from frontier to sea, lays down as the first principle of moun-

positions in the mountains were, until this war, the passes and defiles.

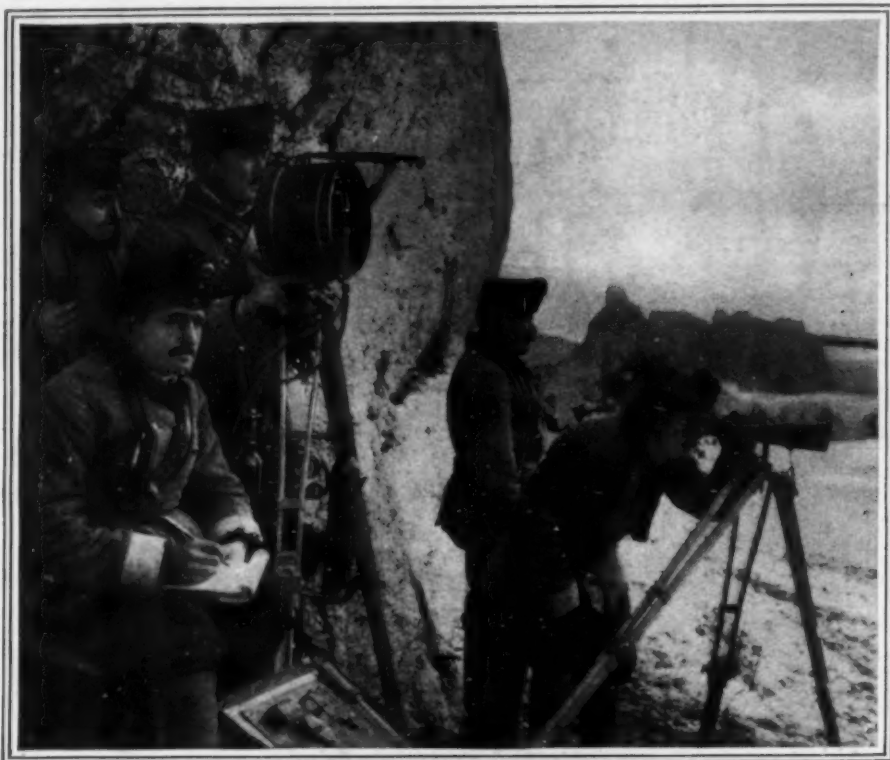
"These contracted places," he explains, "as they generally constitute the principal objects of the defense, must compel the general who is taking the offensive to seek every possible means of turning them, or

of misleading the enemy by diversions which will weaken him and facilitate access to them.

"Suppose, for example, that the general on the defensive should be entrenched at all points surrounding his position in such a way as to be able to resist any direct

the whole science of this kind of warfare, provided that the general who uses it always has the means to reconcentrate his forces when necessary."

Bourcet's conclusion is that in such a campaign the offensive has great advantages over the defensive. It will always



AN AUSTRIAN OBSERVATION POST DURING THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE RUSSIANS IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

attack that might be attempted against him, it would be necessary to attempt to turn him by some more distant point, choosing positions that would facilitate the scheme, and which, by suggesting some different object, could not raise the suspicion that the troops there collected were destined for the purpose really in view.

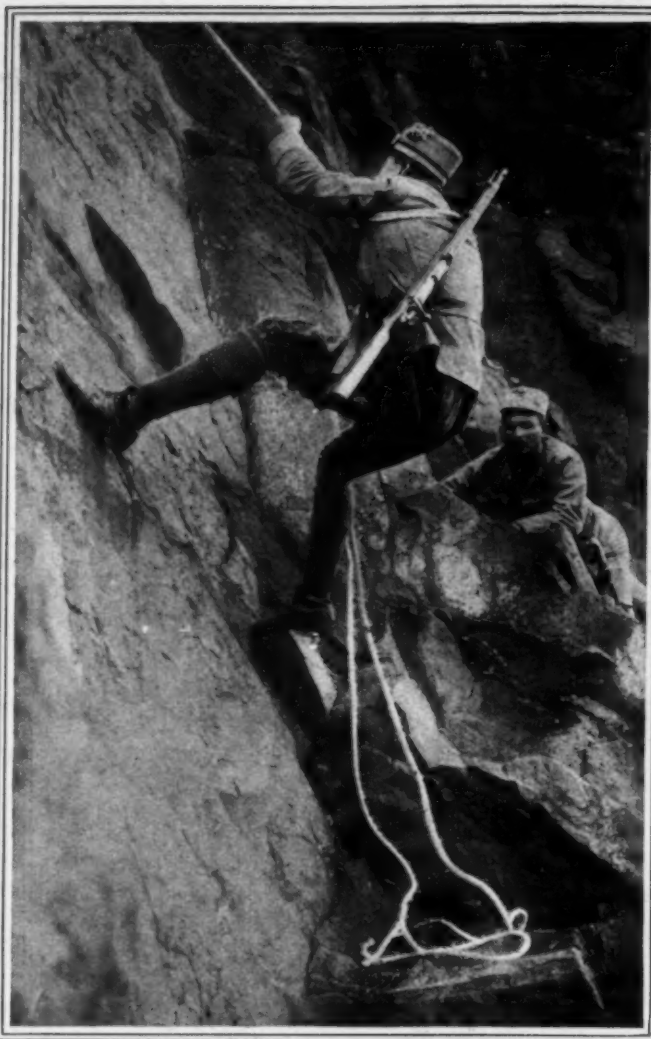
"It often happens in the mountains that the only passages favorable to our plans are interrupted by narrow defiles. In such cases we must avoid letting the enemy know our real purpose, and must undertake diversions, dividing our forces into small bodies. This method, which would be dangerous in any other sort of country, is indispensable in the mountains, and is

possess the initiative; and if it prepares its blow with sufficient secrecy and strikes swiftly, the enemy, whose troops are necessarily scattered along the whole line menaced, can never be ready to meet the attack.

To-day, the only trouble about this beautifully tricky system of strategy is that the defending general would pay no attention to it. The Austrian general staff, for instance, knew that the Italians would try to smash through the frontier defenses of the Dual Empire, and that the natural avenues of attack were up the valley of the Adige, along the railway through Pontebba and Malborghetto, or between Malborghetto and the sea. The Austrians have enough men and guns to defend all these



AN AUSTRIAN OBSERVATION POST IN THE HIGH ALPS OF THE TRENTINO—OFFICERS WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ITALIAN ATTACK



AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN INFANTRYMEN CLIMBING TO A POINT OF VANTAGE

routes and all the tortuous pathways in between. So all they had to do was plant themselves on their chosen ground along the whole carefully fortified mountain line, and wait for the Italians to attack wherever they pleased.

"It is only by marching and counter-marching," Bourcet said, "that we can hope to deceive the enemy and induce him to weaken himself in certain positions in order to strengthen himself in others."

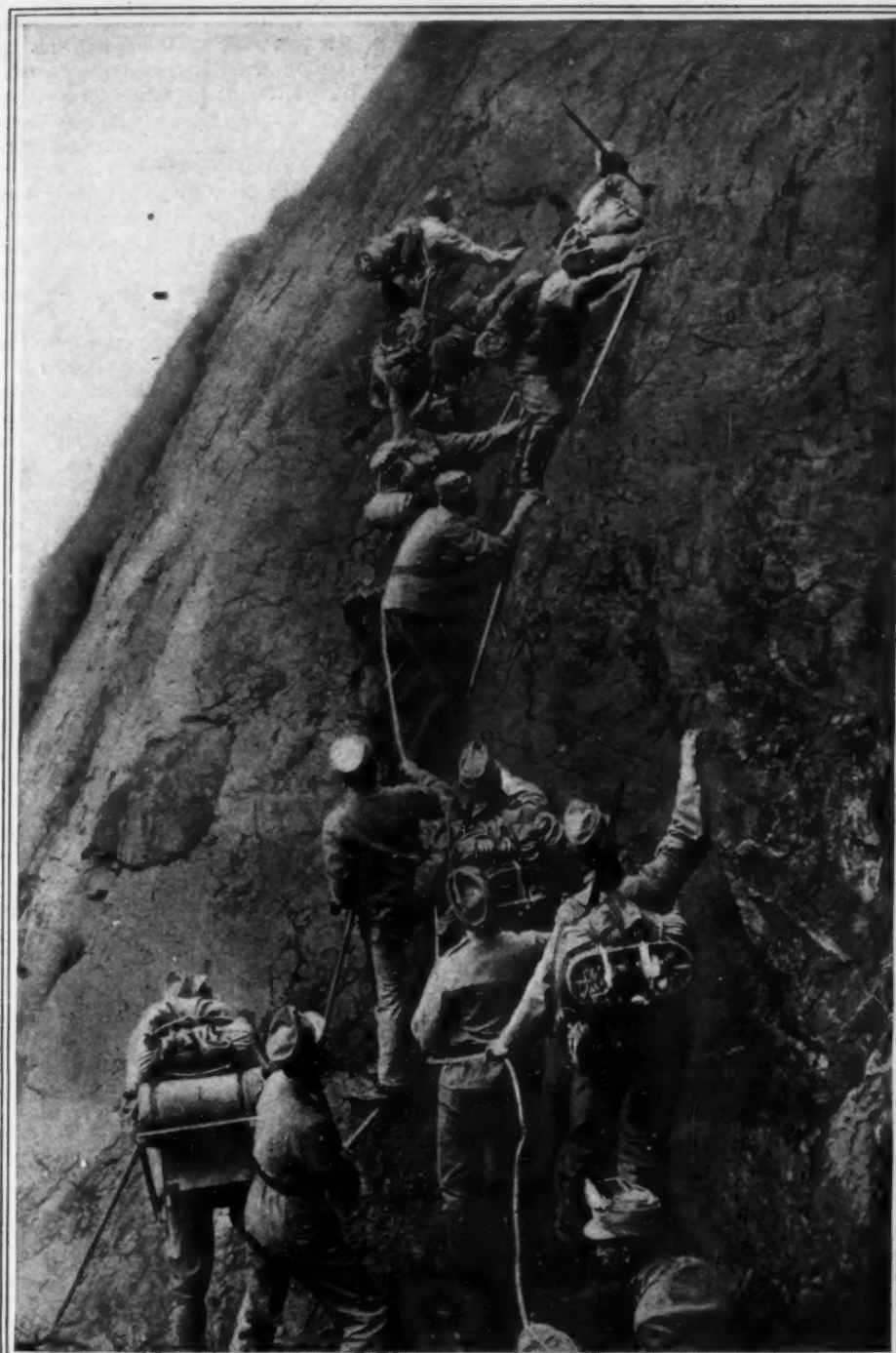
But this cannot be done in the mountain fighting in the Alps to-day. The Italians might march and countermarch as much as they pleased, but there is no possible way

of turning the enemy out of his position by outflanking him. It is a case of frontal attack, with every valley blocked and every peak a fortress.

The Italian campaign has two principal objectives — Trent and Gorizia. These two lovely cities of Italia Irredenta are respectively the keys to the right and left flank of the Austrian frontier. Trent guards the valley of the Adige, one of the few natural highways from Italy into Austrian territory. Bourcet himself, in 1735, designed the defense of this pathway at Rivoli, just inside the Italian boundary, where he laid out what were considered impregnable positions. To the north, where Trent lies, the country becomes more and more difficult for an invader, and up to this time the Italians have not been able to come within striking distance of the great Austrian fortress, though they hold Rovereto, and have cut the direct line of communication between Trent and Toblach.

On the Gorizia front they have made what in this war may be considered as important gains. Gorizia stands watch over the valley of the Isonzo and Austria's Adriatic littoral. Besides occupying Grado and Monfalcone in the coast-lands, General Cadorna's forces have crossed the Isonzo at several points, have smashed through to the north, and now threaten to envelop Gorizia. Indeed, many observers believe that Cadorna could at any time take the place by a grand assault if he were willing to pay the cost in blood.

Despite the very unfavorable character of the country, the Italians have gained



AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS SCALING A PRECIPITOUS SLOPE IN THE DOLOMITE ALPS TO REACH A LOFTY OBSERVATION POINT—THESE MEN ARE EQUIPPED WITH ROPES, AXES, AND ALL THE PARAPHERNALIA OF MOUNTAINEERS

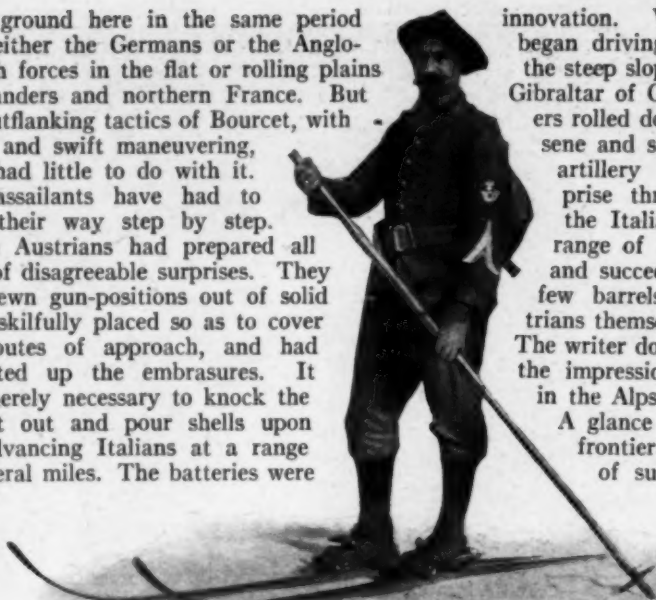
more ground here in the same period than either the Germans or the Anglo-French forces in the flat or rolling plains of Flanders and northern France. But the outflanking tactics of Bourcet, with feints and swift maneuvering, have had little to do with it. The assailants have had to fight their way step by step.

The Austrians had prepared all sorts of disagreeable surprises. They had hewn gun-positions out of solid cliffs, skilfully placed so as to cover the routes of approach, and had cemented up the embrasures. It was merely necessary to knock the cement out and pour shells upon the advancing Italians at a range of several miles. The batteries were

innovation. When the Italians began driving their trenches up the steep slopes of Podgora—the Gibraltar of Gorizia—the defenders rolled down barrels of kerosene and set them alight with artillery fire. This enterprise throve joyously until the Italian gunners got the range of the launching-point and succeeded in exploding a few barrels among the Austrians themselves.

The writer does not mean to give the impression that Italy's job in the Alps is all but finished.

A glance at the map of the frontier will cure any one of such a notion. The



A SOLDIER OF THE FRENCH CORPS OF CHASSEURS ALPINS, OR HUNTERS OF THE ALPS, EQUIPPED WITH SKIS FOR RAPID TRAVELING OVER THE SNOW

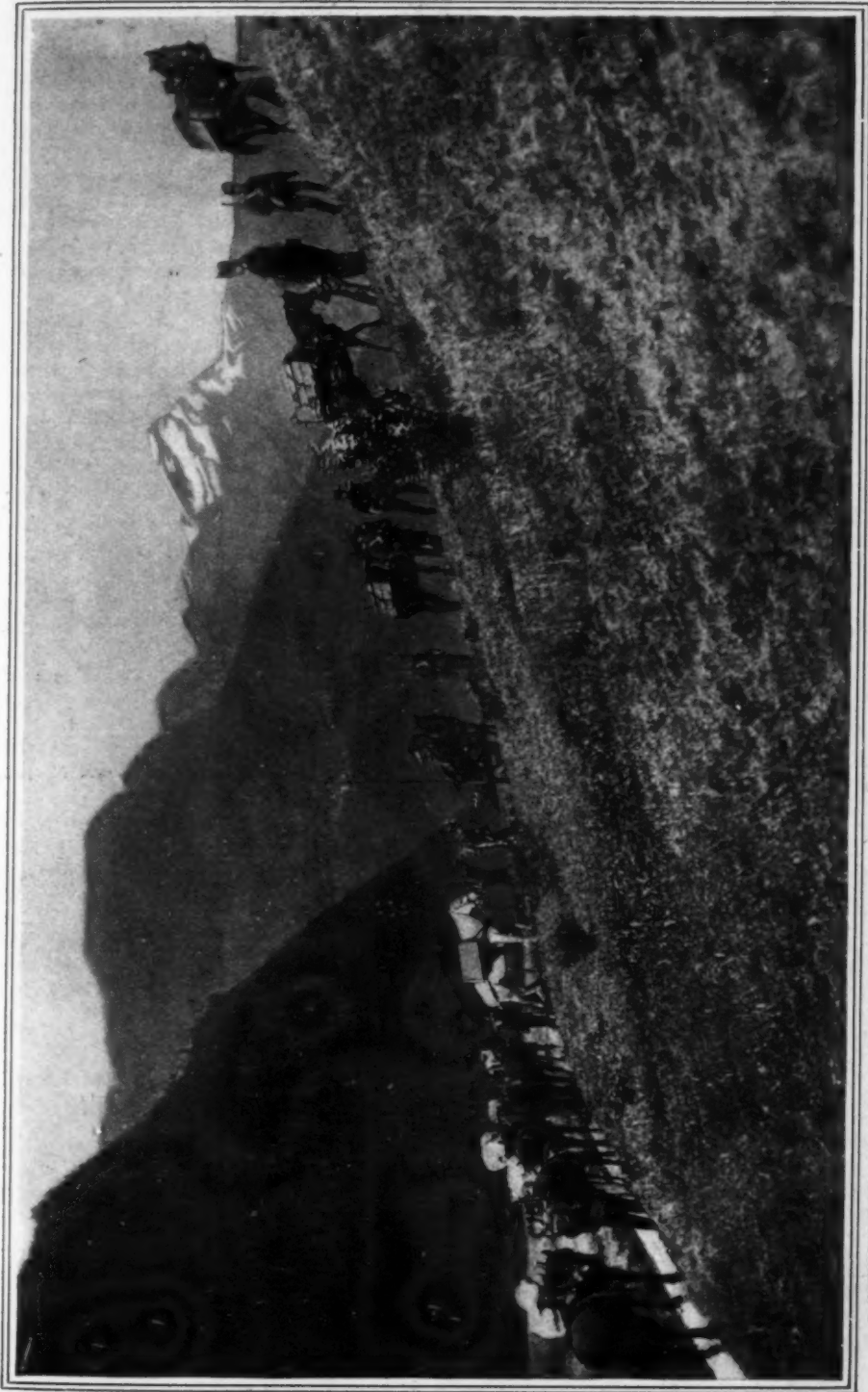
inaccessible to storming parties, and the Italians had to drag up guns of equal caliber to put them out of business.

In some places rocks and masses of ice were rolled down the slopes, as in the brave old days of the Helvetians; and in this line the Austrians introduced an

Italians were forced to start this campaign under every strategic disadvantage. By the frontier delimited in 1866, they were left without natural defenses on the north and east. All along the Austrian boundary the heights remained in the hands of the Hapsburgs as natural menaces to Venetia and



GERMAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS AMONG THE VOSGES, IN THEIR WINTER OUTFIT, SHOD WITH SKIS, AND USING THEIR SKI-STICKS AS RESTS FOR THEIR RIFLES



A HOSPITAL DETACHMENT OF THE SWISS ARMY MAKING A PRACTISE MARCH AMONG THE ALPS DURING THE ANNUAL SUMMER MANEUVERS, WITH ITS COMPLETE EQUIPMENT CARRIED ON PACKHORSES

Lombardy. Italy received the plains, but Austria held the mountain fastnesses that hung above them.

This is so much the case that when Italy declared war, the Austrian general orders reminded the troops that they were in the position of men on the top floor of a six-story house, defending it from attackers



SWISS MOUNTAIN SOLDIERS CARRYING THE PARTS OF A MACHINE GUN



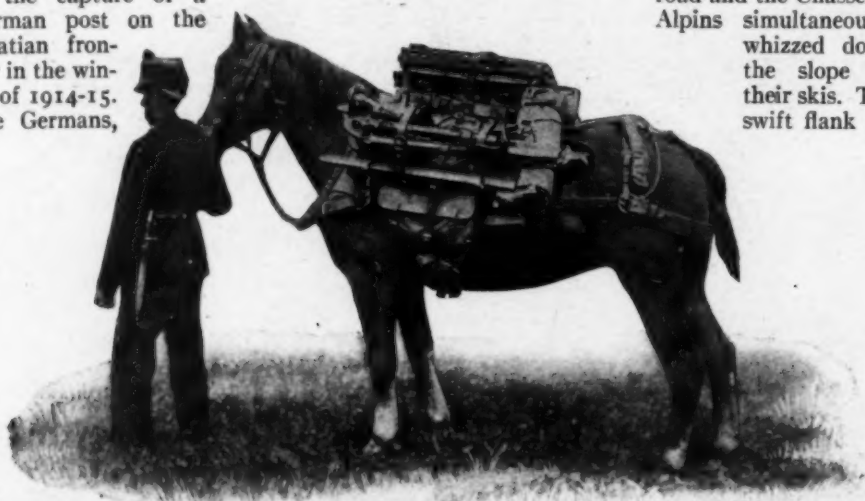
who must mount from the street under a plunging fire.

But in one way or another the Italians have been doggedly fighting their way up the walls of the house. For one thing, their Alpini have brought to great perfection the use of skis in military operations on the snow-clad slopes. This is the first war in which skis have really come to the front. In France, too, the Chasseurs Alpains have been able to show the Germans some astonishing things with their long wooden snow-shoes in the winter fighting among the crests of the Vosges.

A typical instance of this is the story of the capture of a German post on the Alsatian frontier in the winter of 1914-15. The Germans,

holding the railroad from Ste. Marie to Ste. Croix, were expecting an attack from the French position at St. Dié. This impression was deliberately strengthened by a heavy artillery fire from St. Dié, while a considerable detachment of the Chasseurs Alpains led a body of infantry along a winding mountain road to the village of Bonhomme. There they posted themselves just out of sight of the German lines, while the *chasseurs* scaled the snow-covered heights and crept along the flank of the German position.

When they had reached the desired position, the infantry charged along the road and the Chasseurs Alpains simultaneously whizzed down the slope on their skis. The swift flank at-



SWISS MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY—A LIGHT GUN TAKEN APART AND PACKED ON PONY-BACK

tack did the business, and the Germans were driven for some miles down the valley of the Weiss toward Colmar.

One of the greatest single mountain successes of the war was the Austrian capture of Mount Lövchen, the huge black mass of rock, nearly six thousand feet high, which dominates the Austrian port of Cattaro and sentinels the little kingdom of Montenegro on the west.

Ever since the war began the Austrians have from time to time made attempts to reach the summit of this mighty rock. It is only a matter of an hour or two by winding road in peace times, but the Austrians were something like eighteen months on the job; and in all this time it is doubtful if the defenders ever numbered much more than five thousand. It was not captured until the Montenegrins had practically run out of ammunition and of reasons for holding the position. The rest of their kingdom was overrun, and they were to all intents and purposes out of the war.

The Russian campaign in the Carpathians, before the great German drive of a year ago pushed the Czar's armies back into their own country, also illustrates how the mountain warfare of to-day grew by natural tendencies from the tactics of Bourcet into the trench warfare of northern France.

In the first weeks of the war, when the great offensive movement of the Austrian army toward Lublin was crushed by the Grand Duke Nicholas, and the broken hosts of the Dual Monarchy were sent flying through Galicia and the Carpathians, a cloud of Cossack cavalry followed them and penetrated into the plains of Hungary. This last operation was merely a raid, however, and the Cossacks were soon galloping back through the mountain passes.

Then the Russians laid siege to Przemyśl, and occupied the whole of Galicia up to the line of the San. Later they pushed on westward to the Dunajec, threatening Cracow. This was their high tide. On their left flank was the mass of the Carpathians, pierced by a number of passes. The more important of these, from west to east, are the Tarnow, Dukla, Lupkow, and Uzsok.

The Austrians were rallied after some weeks, and put up something of a fight for these "contracted places." The Russians, following the precepts of Bourcet,

threatened the passages which seemed most desirable, because of the railroad facilities, and delivered a heavy blow at the Dukla Pass, the least important of the four. Here they pushed through to Bartfeld, on the Hungarian plain. Then, however, Mackensen's fearful blow smashed the Russian line on the Dunajec and poured the German legions across Galicia in the rear of the Carpathian armies, forcing the Muscovites to abandon the passes and scurry home.

Mountain warfare has always had a certain romantic glamour, and it has filled many pages in the literature of fighting. As a matter of historical fact, however, it has played a comparatively small part in the world's annals. Almost all the great campaigns have been fought out in the lowlands. It is Belgium, for instance, and not Switzerland, that has been proverbially the battle-ground of Europe. Napoleon and Suwaroff marched armies through the Alps, but only as a means of striking unexpectedly at the enemy who occupied the plains beyond.

Up to the time of the present war, mountain campaigns have usually been no more than picturesque foot-notes to history, illuminated by the valor of raiding clansmen like Roderick Dhu of the Scottish Highlands, or guerrilla chiefs like Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot. Hofer's struggle against Napoleon was indeed a gallant and notable one, but it scarcely entered into the main current of history.

If, however, we include Garibaldi among the mountain fighters—and such was the characteristic bent of his remarkable military genius—we must accord him a place among the molders of modern Europe, for without his flashing sword Italy could not have been liberated and united. His two Alpine campaigns against the Austrians were successful and effective, but his most brilliant powers were shown in his memorable invasion of Sicily in 1860. Chased ashore at Marsala by the Neapolitan war-ships, and narrowly escaping capture, he led his followers—one thousand red-shirted volunteers armed with obsolete muskets—into the Sicilian mountains, where he played such a game that within two months he compelled the surrender of a well-equipped army of nearly thirty thousand regulars. The history of warfare can show but few exploits so daring and so dramatic.

Light Verse

THE ENGAGEMENT

ENTRENCHED behind her cobweb fan,
Maid Marjorie her warfare wages;
And I am that most lucky man,
The enemy whom she engages.

The light artillery—her eyes—
Flashing their shy, coquettish glances;
Their deadly battery replies
With rapid fire to my advances.

See, she retreats—she seems dismayed;
While I, in turn, press on enraptured—
To a strategic ambushade,
And wake to find my forces captured!

The papers on the story pounce—
The war-board's bulletin of slaughter—
"Colonel and Mrs. Smith announce
The coming marriage of their daughter."

Louis B. Capron

IRRESPONSIBLE

SHE rode at anchor in the bay,
And looked a goodly vessel
To sway upon the water's breast
Or close in port to nestle.

She sailed out on the ocean wide;
Then did her captain shudder,
For, drifting here and drifting there,
He saw she had no rudder.

And soon with keen dismay he found
That ballast, too, was wanting.
Then came the thought, "Whose was
the fault?"—

A fearful thought, and haunting!

For this fair ship with ballast light
That caused the captain's shudder
Was his own child, his only one—
A ship without a rudder!

Addie R. Altman

HER FACE

WHEN I say no face as fair
As hers I love is anywhere,
I do not venture to deny
That others say the same as I—
But not of her.

Nor have I gone from place to place,
Elusive loveliness to chase,
And, having looked the whole world over,
No other faces could discover
Fair as her face.

In Paris and in Tokyo,
In tropic zone and arctic snow—
Where'er a man may turn his eyes
Are girls to outdo paradise,
Quite well I know.

And yet I am prepared to claim
My girl's the loveliest, just the same,
In every fond particular
That ever, like a falling star,
From heaven came.

Richard Le Gallienne

HIS UNPARDONABLE OFFENSE

SHE told him angrily to go his way
And never, never speak to her again;
With sorrow in his heart he left that day,
And he has not returned to her since then.

He had done wrong, but woman soon forgives.
She might have granted pardon for the deed;
But she will ever blame him while she lives
Because he did not come once more to plead!

Charles H. Meiers

MODERNIZED

TAKE it from me, friend, I've wandered around
a bit,
Hit the high places and some of the low;
It can be said that I've covered the ground a bit—
Gone where I've wanted to go;
I have seen places both torrid and arctical,
I have Cook's-toured through the East and the
West;
Yet it don't change my opinion a particle—
H-O-M-E is the best!

Garçons have brought me the grub multifarious
Made by the classiest *chefs* of their kind,
German and French ones and foreigners various;
Yet I declare that I find
None of the viands I've noticed displayed in the
Menus of restaurants quite meet the test;
No, sir! The food that is quietly made in the
H-O-M-E is the best!

Maybe I'm narrow in spite of my traveling;
 Yet I declare that wherever I roam,
 Few of the men—and I speak without caviling—
 Match with the fellows back home.
 As for the girls—well, the quality's varying;
 Every old country with beauty is blessed;
 But if you're planning on loving and marrying—
 H-O-M-E is the best!

Berton Braley

THE GAME OF THE SEASON

FORGOTTEN in their canvas bags
 The golf-sticks stand neglected;
 On cards devoted once to bridge
 The dust may be detected;
 The horse is moping in his stall,
 The auto's name is Dennis,
 For all the maids and matrons now
 Are busy playing tennis.

They have no time to dance or flirt
 Or dip into the ocean;
 Above the nets from dawn till eve
 They keep the balls in motion;
 For some one wise in beauty lore
 Has passed the word, in quiet,
 That playing tennis keeps you thin
 Much better than a diet!

Minna Irving

NO HALF-WAYS FOR HER

A HALF-BUSY man, doing half a day's work,
 And earning just half a boy's pay,
 Once fell half in love with a whole-hearted girl,
 Who liked not his half-silly way.

"Charming maid, come and bask in the half of
 my smile,
 And gladden the half of my life!
 The other halves go to a half-dozen girls,
 Each half-thinking she'll be my wife."

"The half of a pair of new mittens I grant,"
 Said the maid, as she winked half her eyes;
 "And whenever you want half a ton of half-
 scorn,
 Just send up to me for supplies!"

Ethelwyn Wetherald

THE SKY MEN

KINSMEN to winds are they,
 Cousins to clouds that run
 With trailing laces of fire
 Across the face of the sun;

They mount until the world
 Becomes a misty plain,
 Each river a silver thread,
 And the mighty ocean-bed
 Naught but a purple stain—

Till heaven, in sapphire peace,
 Beyond all dimming rains,
 Opens infinite space
 To a new, soaring race,
 Whose wings are aeroplanes.

Harry Kemp

THE FLIGHT OF A SUNBEAM

I SAW you throbbing,
 On mischief bent,
 As away you went,
 Brilliantly bobbing.

Your dance beguiling
 A little child
 With antics wild,
 He gurgled, smiling.

Flashing and flying
 On dress parade,
 You sought a maid
 And eased her sighing.

Glancing and gleaming
 Athwart a youth,
 He glimpsed a truth
 Which set him dreaming.

Dazzling and whisking
 Before a mule,
 The solemn fool
 Kicked heels a frisking!

Gracefully veering,
 You charmed a sage
 To write a page
 Of humor cheering.

And gleefully springing
 Back to your skies,
 You gladdened my eyes
 And left me singing!

Elias Lieberman

AN INVITATION

WHERE the jasmine blossoms blow,
 Perfume-dipped and white as snow,
 Strolled a laughing maid.

Where the jasmine blossoms blow
 She was singing soft and low;
 I was in the shade.

Where the jasmine blossoms blow
 I begged for one sweet smile, and lo!
 She laughed—though half-afraid.

Where the jasmine blossoms blow
 Tempting lips had said: "Why go?"
 So—I stayed!

Beatrice Hubbell Plummer

Back



by

William Slavens McNutt

"I AIN'T been sick; I been back," the lady behind the hotel cigar-counter explained. "I look like a female *Hamlet* in the last act, don't I? Um! Was you ever back? Huh? Why, back where you come from as soon as you was able; back where everybody always says they was so happy an' so gay; back where the song-writers make a fat livin' lyin' about; back home!

"Say, why can't people be happy where they are, instead o' makin' themselves miserable moanin' about how happy they was somewhere else? Huh? Why, nine-tenths of us are just breakin' our necks tryin' to make money enough to keep from havin' to go back to where we say we're all the time wishin' we could go. I have nothin' against a hollyhock at the front door, but a bunch of American Beauties in a nice glass vase is a blamed sight prettier, an' the neighbor's dog don't break in an' spoil it lookin' for a lost bone.

"Of course, my modest little apartment here in the wicked city is nothin' like the dear old home. If it was, I'd move. Where I live now I can get hot water enough for a bath without overworkin' the family wash-boiler, an' while the steam-pipes ain't as poetic to sit round as an open fireplace, they're a lot easier to get heat out of in the morning. I never was strong for settin' around the open fireplace,

anyhow, until I left home an' read about how nice it was, an' forgot how the smoke hurt my eyes.

"Oh, I'm wise now; but up to recently I was as wrong as the rest. After my day o' toil, kiddin' hicks into buyin' more than they needed o' what they didn't want anyhow, I'd go with a crowd o' good scouts to a show or a dance, an' then come back an' get undressed without any danger o' bein' frost-bit. I'd get in bed, adjust the readin'-light, an' after about three or four chapters of girlish agony writ' by one o' these guys that seems to think a chicken goes wrong every time she goes to the city, I'd get dopy an' begin to long for the old home. I'd just ache to go back to my girlhood days in the little old town I came from—thank the Lord!—and lead the simple life. The simple life! The life of a simp!

"Well, along the latter part of May, I got the grippe, an' it must o' gone to my head; 'cause all I could see while I was sick was the old home; the front walk all lined with jimson-weeds; the ash-pile an' the tomato-cans in the dear old back yard, an' the Higgineses' stray cow wipin' her hoofs on our family wash—an' what I saw looked good to me!

"When I got well I went home. That ain't right; I couldn't 'a' been well, or I wouldn't 'a' gone. Anyhow, I went. Me for peace an' quiet! Me for the rural joys!

Me for the Mother Hubbard an' slippers, with a buggy-ride on a Sunday afternoon to still my fluttering heart when the sportin' spirit got into me an' I felt that I must do somethin' a little high.

"I got sensible shoes an' the kind o' clothes men say they like to see a woman wear—the blamed liars! I give my city figure to Ella Jones, that was takin' my place, an' took the train that was to carry me back. Say, the next actor I hear sing a song with a train an' an old home in it is goin' to get hissed!

"You ever hear of George Martin, the hotel man? Owns most of the Glendenning and the Avery, and has an interest in a string of other swell houses in different cities. Well, me an' George, we escaped from the same town. Of course, George made a better getaway than me, but we both started from scratch, so to speak. The time was when George knew that he couldn't live without me. Of course, that was before he put on long pants; but, anyhow, the time was. An' who do I meet on the train but George?

"As I told you, I'd give my figure to Ella Jones, an' while I wasn't ashamed of the one I had with me I somehow felt the need of explainin' why. So I tell George how I'm fleelin' the shams an' cares of the city an' beatin' it back to the simple pleasures of my girlhood days.

"What a coincidence!" he says. "Can such things be?" he says. "An' to think that I should have met you on the train! I, too, am committed to the Great Experiment," he says. "I, too, am on my way back to the dear old home town that I haven't seen since I left it as a poor, ignorant boy, with my own way to make in the world. I, too, am returning, after all my struggles for success, to try and regain some of the peace and happiness that I knew as a simple country lad, and that all my money won't buy me. And to think that we should have met!" he says.

"I thought. George Martin's a mighty nice fellow, and of course I ain't gettin' any younger as I grow older. As I say, the time was—an' I think to myself that what was might be. Of course, I wasn't in love with George, or anything like that; but, as the kid in the jam-pantry says to the cat that seen him, you never can tell.

"I'm sick an' tired of wine an' rich food," George says. "I don't care if I never see an automobile again; an' as for fash-

ionable women," he says, an' looked me over, "the city ain't spoiled you," he says. "You've remained simple an' unaffected in dress an' manner."

"See? That's what leavin' off my best figure an' puttin' on sensible shoes had got for me. I hear a little noise inside my head, an' I says to myself, I says: 'Opportunity! Don't knock no more; I got you the first time!'

"My people have all passed away," George goes on to tell me; "but I've always kept the old place, and I'm going back to live just as simply as in the days when I had nothing. I'm not going to spoil the old home with any so-called modern improvements. No, indeed! An' I won't have a car," he says. "A horse an' buggy, maybe. I'm goin' to live just as simple as if I'd never left home an' didn't have a cent," he says.

"How few men who have lived your life have the sense to see how real an' lasting happiness may be obtained!" I says, startin' the home-missionary work. "I congratulate you," I says, "on your common sense!"

"I can honestly return the compliment," he says. "How thankful I am that I have never married!" he goes on, gettin' right around to where I was headin' him for. "So few women would sympathize with me or understand my hunger to return to the soil, so to speak—to relinquish the tawdry accompaniments of wealth and embrace the simple things."

"Very few," I agrees with him. "Of course," I says, "if you were married to some woman who was able to enjoy simplicity with you—"

"Oh, of course!" he says, grabbin' the bait, hook, an' most of the line. "Of course! Real companionship, with love as a foundation—of course! But I never could endure one of these female fashion-plates. Couldn't stand a woman that was all for gadding about. If I could only find some woman of simple tastes whose mind was not all occupied with dress and social position; some sensible woman who could be satisfied with the simplicity of a modest home in the dear old town—ah!" he says. "I hope you'll permit me to see you often. We ought to have some lovely quiet times together," he says. "Our tastes are so nearly alike."

"How lovely!" I says, wonderin' if he'd stand for a church weddin', with a frill or

two, or whether I'd best play simplicity clean across the board and have it done in the parlor with only the immediate relatives present. 'Your presence will make the joy of my return complete. There's only my mother an' my kid sister left at home,' I says; 'all of us simple, old-fashioned folks.'

II

"I got my first jolt when I stepped off the train at the old home town. My kid sister, Louise, that I hadn't seen for five years, had growed up, an' she made a liar out o' me right in front of George. Old-fashioned? Her? Say, if yesterday was 'the times,' she was day after to-morrow! She had on a heroine's dress. What? Well, any girl that would appear in public with nothin' but it on deserves a medal or a jail sentence, accordin' to the way you look at it. She had on the kind of a hat people think comes from Paris, peek-a-boo boots laced up the back, an' had two fish-hook curls pasted flat in front of each ear. Two—count 'em—two! When I kissed her I got a full stage make-up.

"An' mother—dear old mother! I'd been wonderin' if she'd aged much. She'd had her hair dyed, an' her face skinned by a wandering beauty specialist, an' her clothes—well, if I hadn't known who she was I'd 'a' wondered what musical comedy she was troupin' with. They were a fine boost for me with George, now, weren't they? Oh, lovely! I tipped him a look of shame to show him how I felt about it, an' introduced him.

"'Oh, the wealthy hotel man!' Louise squeals. 'Oh, I'm so glad to meet you!'

"Oh, it was blood-raw! Why, I was afraid she was goin' to kiss him. The wealthy hotel man! Accent strong on the wealthy!

"'Are you goin' to be here long?' she yelps. 'Oh, you must come an' see us. You will, won't you? Oh, I've read so much about you! It 'll be awful dull for you here, won't it? This is such a poky old town; not a thing doing. You will come an' see us, won't you?'

"'We'd be so glad to have you,' ma puts in. 'As Louise says, of course you'll be bored to death here, after what you've been accustomed to. It is a trial to be compelled to live in such a place.'

"'It ain't so bad after the roar an' bustle of the city,' I says, playin' my part.

'How little they realize their good fortune, eh, George?' I says.

"'Er—ah—quite so,' he says, kind of flabbergasted. 'Exactly. I'll call soon.'

"'Say, listen,' I says to ma an' Louise, when George had beat it an' we were on our way to the house. 'Lay off knockin' this town to George, will you? He's had his fill of the city, an' he's back here to settle down an' live quiet, like a regular human being.'

"'Oh, I'll bet he'll build a great mansion an' have all kinds of automobiles an' servants an' parties an' things,' Louise says. She give me a bad look an' says: 'You look awful dowdy, sis. Ma an' me got all dressed up in our best to-day to go to the train, thinkin' that you'd outshine us, the best we could do. But—say, soon as we get home I'll loan you a corset I don't wear any more, that 'll put you in better shape than that thing you've got on.'

"I felt better when I got to the house. At least, they hadn't spoiled that with anything new. It was just as when I left it. A few more pickets off the fence, maybe, an' the roof a little more sway-backed. No plumbing, of course, an' the fireplace was right where it had always been.

"But somethin' was wrong with the dope. When I left the old place I thought the house was a musty, ugly old barn—an' I was dead right. An' it was just that when I got back, too. It was quiet, all right. So's the grave. That ain't nothin' to commit suicide for, is it?

"Before I'd been indoors ten minutes I knew I'd fell for the bunk. If it hadn't been for havin' met George I'd have stayed a couple of days an' beat it back; but George made it something else again. I wouldn't have lived there in a place like ours, or his either; but what Louise had said about his buildin' a mansion stayed with me. Of course I knew he had no intention of doing any such thing, but it's a poor wife that can't change her husband's mind.

"The first evening I was home a witty hick by the name of Phil Sparks come in to spend some time at our expense. He was a bookkeeper in the chair factory, an' not such a bad skate. Of course, he would not do with any regular person. He told riddles an' stories about his uncles an' aunts, an' laughed at his own jokes. He had a trick mustache an' vaseline on his

hair. But he was a nice young man, an' he had a job. He had just sense enough to think Louise was a genuine queen of fashion, an' not enough to let her flightiness get on his nerves. I sat him out long enough to figure that he'd do for a brother-in-law, an' went to bed.

"The next mornin' I started in in earnest to be simple an' domestic. I told mother an' sister I wanted to take right hold an' help out with the housework an' the cookin'. They accommodated me. Mother had studied the fashion magazines till she'd forgot how to bake, anyhow, and sis had been too busy learnin' to make up to ever find out the rules of warfare on steak an' potatoes. I'd figured on bein' a help, but by noon of the first day I was the goat. George came over in the afternoon, an' I entertained him in the kitchen. I was kneadin' bread an' had flour on my nose an' looked real cute an' homy. Sis broke in an' lugged him off for a walk before I was through with him, but I didn't care. He'd seen me as the simple housewife, an' I was satisfied with that for a starter.

III

"THINGS looked awful good by the end of the week. George was around regular, gettin' an eyeful of what a genuine domestic woman I was, an' talkin' more an' more about marriage. The only three things wrong was mother an' sis an' this guy Sparks. Mother, with her head full of the latest fashions an' the society news she got from the city Sunday papers, was nothin' valuable to me. I was worried for fear George 'd think I might grow up to be like her in my old age. Sis an' her beau Sparks wouldn't have done any harm if they hadn't been forever buttin' in. I was scared George would think that after we were married we'd have 'em on our toes all the time. So I says to him one day, I says:

" 'I think that when people are married they'd ought to be alone, don't you?'

" 'I certainly do,' he says, an' he meant it.

" 'I don't think relatives ought to butt in on a man an' wife,' I says. 'If some one I was a relative to got married,' I says, 'you bet I'd stay away good an' plenty!'

" 'Say!' he says. 'I'm mighty glad to hear you say that—mighty glad. You don't know how glad I am!'

" 'Yes,' I says, 'an' if I got married I'd see to it that my relatives didn't make a nuisance of themselves, you bet!'

" 'Good for you!' he says. 'I'm glad to hear you say that.'

" I waited for the rest; but it didn't come just then. An' before I had time to coax it a little Louise bounced in an' kidnaped him for an afternoon dance. George did hate to dance. I was glad I'd had my little say about relatives.

" They'd no more'n gone than Sparks come in an' sat. He did get on my nerves! I could see he was gettin' jealous of George, an' I tried to ease him off.

" 'Don't fret your head about George Martin,' I says. 'He couldn't stand Louise, an' Louise couldn't stand him. Louise wants fun an' frivolity, an' the bright lights, an' George has had all he can stand of that same thing.'

" 'By jingo, I kind of like a little fun once in a while myself!' he speaks right up. 'I kind of cotton to a snappy goer like Louise, I do. You know I can get a job up in the city if I want to.'

" 'I think that 'd be fine,' I says. 'Louise likes the city.'

" Then I shoed him out. Gee, he was a smelly little beast! The only difference between him an' a bottle o' bay-rum was in the looks.

" Well, I was ready for George to pop the question any minute, but the way he did it handed me a shock. It was awful sudden. He'd been out some place with ma an' Louise one afternoon, an' they all come into the parlor together. An' what do you think? George walked right over to me an' picked me up in his arms an' kissed me. Oh, crimson blushes! Never a word of warning or anything! For a second or two I didn't get it; but then I came to an' let my head fall on his shoulder an' says: 'Oh, George!'—just like that.

" 'Aha!' he says, laughin' fit to bust. 'You don't mind, do you?'

" 'Mind!' I says, real soft, with my head on his shoulder. 'Oh, George!'

" 'You see?' he says, turnin' to mother an' Louise. 'She don't mind. I knew she wouldn't! They was afraid to have you come,' he goes on, turnin' to me, 'but I knew you wouldn't mind.'

" 'Come!' I says. 'What do you mean, come?'

" 'To the weddin',' he says. 'We didn't have any fuss about it. Just the three of

us went to the minister an' had it over with quick.'

"'Oh, sister!' Louise says, bumpin' me in the chest with her head. 'I'm so happy, sister!'

"'Oh!' I says, like a rubber doll when you squeeze it in the middle. 'Oh!'

"'Ain't she a credit to any man?' George says, pointin' to Louise. 'Ain't she, though? I tell you, there's no use of a man havin' money unless he's got a pretty young wife to spend it for him—hey?'

"'An' we're goin' to leave for New York this afternoon, sister,' Louise blats. 'Oh, I'm so happy! We're goin' to stop in Chicago to get a lot of clothes an' things. We just couldn't wait another minute to get married, could we, George, pettums? No, we couldn't! And I felt so bad about leaving you behind, till George told me you didn't want to live with us after we were married. Oh, and George is going to buy me a car of my very own, the first thing, and give me a chauffeur, ain't you, George, sweetums?'

"'Yes,' George says, 'I isums.'

"'I do hope you won't be lonely,' ma says to me.

"'Oh, no,' I says. 'You an' me 'll keep each other company.'

"'Oh,' she says, 'but I'm going with the children!'

"'Yes,' George says. 'She's so fond of city life, you know, and I feel that will—well, fit in very nicely, you know. And you—well, you don't like it at all, you see, and—'

"'I caught him lookin' at my sensible feet an' my Mother Hubbard, an' I see, all right. He figured I won't do under the bright lights. Me that the swellest of the best counts themselves lucky to be able to date up for a dinner at the finest places in town! Throwin' me down for a silly, overpainted— Oh, good night!'

"'You can live right on here in the dear old home as long as you like,' mother says. 'We'll leave everything to you just as it is.'

"'I know you'll be very happy here,' George says. 'You fit into the rural environment so perfectly!'

"'Oh,' I says. 'O-o-o-h!'

IV

"THE three of 'em beat it on the late afternoon train. That night I'm sittin' in the parlor alone, battin' my eyes an' tryin'

to get it all digested, when there's a knock at the door an' Phil Sparks comes in. I knew how he felt, an', hick though he was, I was 'sorry for him.

"'It's awful raw on you,' I says to him. 'My dope was wrong. Believe me, I'm sorry for you.'

"'For me?' he says, grinnin' like a trick baboon. 'For me? Why? Did you think I was gone on Louise? Haw, haw, haw!' he says, like a horse chokin'. 'You think I was gone on her? Haw, haw, haw! I'm too smart for that, I am! She wanted a rich feller to buy her clothes an' things. I'm no sucker! I want a nice, quiet wife that 'll stay home where she belongs an' not cost me a million dollars a year, I do. I'd be good to a woman like that. Looks don't count for nothin' much with me. I want a woman that I can keep, an' still have a little left to have a good time on myself. The first time I seen you I says to myself: "There's a woman that ain't no fly-up-the-cricket!" You ain't as stylish as some, maybe, but you're a worker, an' you don't have to have a million dollars' worth o' clothes to be happy. Now your folks are gone, an'—'

"'Say,' I says to him, 'are you proposin' to me?'

"'You betcha!' he says. 'I'll be good to a woman that 'll—'

"'Wait here,' I says, takin' a slant at the clock.

"'I went up-stairs, an' it took me two minutes to pack my grip. I took a peek in the parlor on my way out.

"'This is a nice house for such as fancy 'em like this,' I says to the amateur Percy who wanted to be my wedded husband because he didn't think I'd cost him much. 'You can lock it up or live in it, just as you please. I've got five minutes,' I says, 'to get the next train to the city. Don't you try to stop me,' I says, 'because if I miss it I'm liable to commit suicide!' An' I left him.

"'Ma an' Sister Louise—darn her!—an' Hubby George are at Bar Harbor, accordin' to the latest intelligence. I'm back here at work, and I know I look sick and sour on the world; but I don't look like a housewife, do I? I don't look like anything simple from the home town? I think not! An', believe me, the next one that catches me at large without the very latest figure an' all the trimmin's is goin' to be the undertaker!'

Matrimony by Mail

by Frank Condon



Illustrated by J. Scott Williams



I DON'T know why it is that marriage is such an interesting institution, or why, if there's a chance of framing up a wedding between two unsuspecting souls, outsiders are crazy to do it. I don't know why it is at all, but the fact remains. If you happen to see a likely young fellow and a nice girl fooling around together, you begin to think, right away, how nice it would be if they got married.

It never occurs to you to think that they're probably a lot happier right now than they will be after they're married, when they'll have to see each other at seven A.M. You are instantly overcome with matrimonial speculations, and most likely, if you have the chance, you keep throwing those two innocent young people at each other's heads until they *do* get married. Then, on their part, remorse, sadness, and melancholy weepings; but you go around thinking what a fine person you are, and how people don't properly appreciate you.

I'm that way, too. I confess it freely. It's one of my faults, the same as my cowllick, and I can't help it. I suppose I've got more than forty people into matrimonial tribulations simply because I was born under the star of Hymen.

When I sick myself onto a couple of young persons of adjoining sexes, it's prac-

tically all over but rising off your knees and handing the clergyman the fee. I am the best hymeneal head-hunter in North America, but once in a while I get the wires tangled. When that happens, it ain't so much a case of orange-blossoms as it is quotations on good, non-leakable coffins.

Take Jim Caldwell. Yes, take him, and don't bring him back, unless you want to. Take him far off where the little birds are singing and the shadows fall athwart the mossy rocks. The farther you take him, the more I approve.

Recently Jim and me haven't been any too good friends. It's a good thing for me that he was brought up by churchgoing parents and learned in his little Bible that thou shalt not kill. Otherwise the waving daisies might be sprouting above my smoldering remains.

It was all right until some evil genius landed at Pop Treadwell's ranch and left one of those matrimonial newspapers to mark his passage. I think the thing was called the *Matrimonial Gazetteer and Perfect Guide*.

The first I knew about it was one afternoon when I suddenly came upon Jim Caldwell sitting on a rock behind the ponyshed. He looked up at me, shamefaced, and put one hand behind his back. He blushed and wiggled. He looked like a kid who father has caught him trying to pry out the cat's eyes with a kitchen spoon.

"Well," I remarked, coming to a halt and looking at him, "what kind of a crime are you committin' now?"

"Me?" Jim answered uneasily.

"What's that in your fist?"

He pulled his hand from behind his back and exhibited this here *Matrimonial Gazetteer* I'm tellin' you about. As he did so a large, squashlike blush stole over his features; which said features, bein' Jim's, are about as much adapted for blushin' purposes as they are for raising Rosy Dawn sweet peas.

"The fact is," Jim said to me, "I'm beginnin' to seethe again, and this here newspaper fits in with my mood. I've been a lone man a long time, Shorty, and the Bible—or is it Shakespeare?—says it ain't no good for a man to be alone. I'm beginnin' to yearn for the soft voice of a woman and the touch of a tender hand on my brow. I want some one to whisper soft and low to me when I'm wearied—some one to understand and sympathize with me in my trials. I can feel my blood pulse faster when I think of a sweet figure in a pink apron waitin' for me to come home, and—"

I interrupted him.

"You get this way every spring, you poor galoot. What you need is a good stiff shot of sulfur and molasses."

"No," Jim replied earnestly. "You're wrong, Shorty. A man's only half a man when he ain't married. I got to get married!"

"All right," I agreed. "Why don't you hurry right over and marry Annie Bain? You been botherin' her long enough, as it is."

Jim shook his head. As I say, it was spring, and that old virus of romance was poisoning him. Annie Bain was a nice, husky girl, about six feet high and strong in proportion. She was the daughter of old Nick Bain, the boss of the Triangle O Ranch, and for five or six years Jim had been courtin' her intermittently.

Annie was a good girl and would make a pretty fair wife. In fact, she would darn near make two wives, on account of her latitude and longitude. Only, so far, Nick Bain hadn't aroused himself to violent enthusiasms over the prospect of Jim Caldwell as a son-in-law.

"There's some mighty interestin' advertisements in this paper," Jim went on, holding up the *Gazetteer*. "When you

come to think of it, advertising is a mighty sensible way to go after a life-partner."

"I suppose it's as good a way as any," I conceded. "Matrimony is a lottery where you come in the front door holdin' a ticket, and pass out o' the back door holdin' your head. I suppose it's just as sensible for a lady to advertise that she needs a rent-paying, food-buying, clothes-providing male party as to get a husband the way women do now. Let's see that thing!"

Jim handed me the *Gazetteer and Perfect Guide*, and we examined the specimens shown therein. I will admit that a whole lot of people seemed to be in need of husbands and wives about the time that issue was printed. We weeded them out one by one, includin' a grand-opera lady desiring to wed herself unto an ambitious young man who wouldn't have to do a thing but buy her an opera-house somewhere and make her a star.

Finally I hit on one advertisement that pleased me. It was signed by a lady named Patience Dearborn, who lived in Omaha, and her name attracted me. She had a sensible advertisement, too. I cut it out, and here it is, just as Jim and me read it:

A young woman of quiet tastes and affectionate, ardent nature desires the acquaintance of a sturdy, upright American, a Westerner preferred. Has some money in her own right, but desires to marry and live simply, quietly, and wholesomely, close to Mother Earth. Man not required to be handsome, but he must have a strong character, be fearless, self-reliant, and manly in every way. Triflers need not apply.—PATIENCE DEARBORN, Omaha.

"Well, if you was to ask me," I said, after readin' it, "that looks like the prize advertisement. If you answer any description all, you answer this one. You are not required to be handsome, and you are not handsome. Neither Patience Dearborn nor anybody else on earth would accuse you of handsomeness. As for your strong character and the fearless self-reliance, I suppose that's poetic license, which in this case is first cousin to the marriage license. What do you think of the advertisement?"

"How are you going to know about these people? She may not be what she says she is."

"No lady ever is what she says she is," I told him. "Let's write to the publisher

of this *Perfect Guide* and see what happens. We won't take any chances at all."

"You mean *you* won't take any," Jim answered, a mite sarcastically. "I've noticed that about you. Whenever we start anything, and there's chances to be took, you don't take 'em. You're a good, generous guy, Shorty!"

Well, I began to take a genuine interest in the business from then on; but the more enthusiasm I worked up, the less heart Jim seemed to have. He thought of numerous objections, all of which I overcame. We wrote to the editor of the *Matrimonial Gazetteer and Perfect Guide*, and got this reply:

DEAR SIR:

I am profoundly moved that any one should even question the integrity of the *Gazetteer*. Up to date, seven thousand four hundred and six loving hearts have been united in the holy bonds of matrimony through the direct influence of my publication. If there is a woman waiting somewhere in the world for you, the *Gazetteer* will locate her. Advertising rates upon application.

We didn't advertise, but we wrote to Patience Dearborn, Omaha, and in the course of time received a ladylike reply, which perked Jim up a lot. The lady also enclosed her photograph, and I tell no lie when I say that you could look at that picture for hours without the slightest optical annoyance.

She was pretty. She had nice, large brown eyes and wavy hair, with little curls clustering over her forehead. She was sort of laughing, and her teeth were pretty and white and even, like you want to see in a lady's mouth.

"She's mighty easy to look at, ain't she?" Jim said, fondling the picture. "I wonder what we do next? Seems like she's a little cautious."

"Why wouldn't she be cautious?" I replied. "Here's

a woman about to settle her entire future life by marrying a man. Naturally, she has to know something about him, just as he ought to get a line on her. There's only one thing to be done. *I'm* going to go to Omaha and look her over for you."

Anyway, I wanted to get in to Omaha to buy some silk socks and a dozen flannel shirts, and here was a chance to make the trip partly at Jim's expense. An envoy's expenses are usually paid by his principal, and Jim agreed to put up half my railroad fare, but there wasn't what you'd describe as real enthusiasm in his manner. The nearer we got to matrimony the shyer Jim acted—which is the way of mankind from here to Timbuku.

II

JIM came down to the station at Tulena to wish me luck. My mission was simple. I was to investigate the lady's affairs, inform her about Jim, and pave the way to the wedding.

Jim shook hands with me rather sadly. He looked about as much like a bridegroom as a codfish does. I'll bet he had cold feet then and there as far up as his knees; but when I get started there's no stopping me.

I waved my hand cheerily at Jim, and the train ambled off. Jumping rapidly over





"MY LORD! ARE YOU THE MAN?"

intervening and unimportant events, I arrived in Omaha, walked down the train platform, and looked around. There was Patience Dearborn, prettier than her picture, standing where she could watch the passengers parade out. As I came up I began to envy Jim. She wore a brown hat with a tall feather and a flossy brown coat with fur trimmings.

I walked up to her and held out my hand.

"I'd know you in a minute," I said, with what was intended to be an introductory and ingratiating smile. "How are you?"

"My Lord!" she said, backing away. "Are you the man?"

"Yes'm," I answered. "I'm one of the men. You see, Jim Caldwell, while he's a fine citizen, ain't exactly up on genteel preliminaries, so he stayed back on the ranch, while I—"

"Thank goodness!" the lady said. "I thought you were Jim Caldwell."

There was a tone of relief and delight in her voice, which, when you come to think, wasn't complimentary to me. My opinion of myself is that I'm a pretty good-looking guy, though I admit I'm no giant.

"My name is Shorty Kilgour, ma'am," I answered, with dignity and some coldness. "I am here as Jim's representative, because matters of this kind require tact and a knowledge of the female sex; which I am full of, while Jim is a bit inclined to work rough. His idea of courtin' a lady is to buy her half a peck of peanuts and have her photograph took."

"I understood that Mr. Caldwell was to come on himself," the lady said. "Why didn't he come? Why did he send you?"

"At the present time," I responded, "Jim can't get away from his work. He's a conscientious man, and his work keeps him there. I'm to arrange for him. If everything's all right, you'll find me mighty easy to get on with. Let's go somewhere and sit down."

Well, Miss Dearborn walked away with me, because there wasn't much else to do, but I could see that I'd have to thaw her. She was inclined to be aloof at first; but when we got fixed up behind a table in a restaurant she relented, and we began to understand each other.

"I'm Jim's best friend," I explained to the lady, "and it's my duty to see that he don't go and make a mistake about this here marriage business. As you know

yourself, seven people out of ten make a botch of it. I'm here to tell you all about Jim, so you can form your own judgment; and, similarly, I want to find out all I can about you. If I approve of you, Jim's bound to. That's the agreement. To begin with, who are you, where do you come from, and have you ever been married before?"

The lady smiled. First I thought she was going to get sore and bat me one, because there was a sort of a lofty expression on her face.

"My name," she said sweetly, "you know. I am what you see—a tolerably well-preserved young woman of about thirty. I have never been married, and I have a little money. I have led a roving, interesting life, with a good many mishaps scattered here and there in it. I have traveled a great deal, and I am weary of such a life. I want a quiet home, a little off the beaten road, where the sound of the world's busy bustle comes but faintly. I want shelter and the kindly protection of a strong man. In return I shall give that wifely loyalty which I regard as essential to the happy married state."

"Good!" I said cheerily. "D'ye drink?"

The lady glared at me.

"Do I drink?" she repeated. "I drink water, if that's what you mean."

"D'ye drink beverages of an alcoholic predestination?" I demanded. "You're a city female, and we've heard tales about city girls. Jim wouldn't stand for a lady rum-raven."

"I am not a drinking woman," Patience answered coldly.

"Smoke cigarettes?" I asked politely.

"No," she snapped.

"How about gamblin'?"

"I don't gamble."

"Any insanity in the family?" I pursued as impersonally as possible.

"Not in the Dearborn family," she answered; "but we've always seemed to meet a lot of lunatics wherever we went."

"How much money have you got?" I asked, ignoring her frivolity.

She told me. It was enough. It was more than Jim and me had together.

"Any hereditary diseases—heart trouble or—anything?"

"No," Patience replied. "Feel my arm!"

I felt the lady's arm. It was a good,

strong arm, with bunches of muscle under her satin sleeve. In fact, it was an arm a man needn't have been ashamed to have hangin' to his shoulder.

"Strong enough!" I said admiringly. "No danger of you runnin' into a decline!"

"I ought to be strong," she said, smiling.

III

So we talked on, gradually getting better acquainted; and then I began to tell her about Jim Caldwell. Mind you, I didn't exaggerate, except perhaps about Jim's personal beauty. I may have laid that on a bit. I said he was nice-lookin'—and he is, if you're far enough off.

"Jim's the salt of the earth," I said. "He can run a hundred yards in eleven seconds, and he can shoot the flame off a candle at the same distance. He can ride a pony from sunup till supper and never fag. He can lasso a running steer seven times out of six, and he's twice as strong as a man needs to be. True, Jim don't know much about the habits and specifications of women. In the presence of ladies he is bashful and red in the face. He ain't a cavalier or a courtier, and to the genteel ways of society *bong vivans* he is mostly a stranger."

"Which is just as well," said she. "How's his disposition?"

"As sweet as a nut," I told her. "Jim's kind to animals, and children adore him. If you and Jim get married, you'll go through life over a rosy path. You were lucky to put that advertisement where it caught Jim's eye. For seven years Jim has been working on Pop Treadwell's ranch, and his record is an open book to all. He's honest and upright, and one look into his fearless blue eye will convince you. And now that we've discussed you and Jim ultimately and completely, it's up to you to pack your little bag and take the next train back. I'm more than pleased with you, Miss Dearborn, and Jim 'll be delighted when he sees you. There's a train about nine o'clock, and I'm authorized to pay your fare to Tulena and protect you during the interim."

We had a little argument over this, but I won it. Just before we rose up from the table so that the lady could begin preparations for the journey by train, another question occurred to me. I sprang it.

"I forgot to ask you," I said casually,

"about one thing. What business are you in?"

"None at all," she answered. "One of the reasons for my desiring to marry is that I have retired from business."

"You have?" I said. "What business was it?"

"Circus," she answered. "Whipple's Three-Ring International Spectacle and

who had swallowed a pint of kerosene. In a kind of a dim way, I began to wonder whether it would be all right to hurry back to Jim, bringing him a knife-hurling bride. A lady who has spent her young years zimming glittering, feather-edged blades at an ironing-board to which is attached a helpless and partly nude person with a sash around his waist and the fear of the



THE WHOLE ATMOSPHERE SEEMED TO BE FULL OF STEEL CUTLERY—

Amalgamated Agglomeration of Peerless Artists."

"What was you?" I said, beginning to waver inwardly, and thinking of pink tights, boa-constrictors, and similar eccentricities.

"Knife-thrower," she answered proudly. "If I do say it myself, there isn't a better woman knife-thrower in the business. Of course, Simitar Bill Hicks is the king of them all; but when it comes to female knife-throwers, you'll find circus people ready to agree that Patience Dearborn can't be beat."

I began to feel something like a man

Lord in his eyes, may be all right for a bride; and again she may not be.

They say all artists are temperamental and eccentric, including opera-singers, left-handed baseball-pitchers, and violinists. And I imagined that a female knife-tosser might be inclined to mild temperamentality, through the very nature of her profession. Still, Patience had reformed. It might be that she had given up all thoughts of knife-throwing. Anyway, I had gone pretty far, and there was no backing out.

True, she didn't look like a knife-slinger, but neither did little old Joe Gans look like a prize-fighter. I remember old

Joe very well, and he was more like a melancholy poet.

Likewise this Patience person, being addicted to a beauteous exterior, reminded you of quiet, homelike, feminine things. You couldn't imagine her hurling a dozen shiny knives at the red and trembling carcass of her death-defying assistant.

Now I knew where that muscled female

isn't it?" asked Patience, with a disappointed look on her face.

"He's probably busy up at the ranch," I explained blithely.

I didn't feel as blithe as I spoke. I had sent Jim a telegram announcing the success of the expedition and naming the hour when we would hit Tulena. The worthless pup should have met us, and I knew it.



—AND WE STOOD THERE LIKE HYPNOTIZED RABBITS IN FRONT OF A SNAKE

arm came from. I could see Jim Caldwell quail when I broke the news of her profession to him. I could see the hesitant and fawnlike expression that would come into his honest eyes when I announced that there was his bride, and a better knife-throwing bride never was!

IV

WELL, to hurry it up a trifle, the bride-to-be and me caught the nine o'clock Western express, me paying her railroad fare, as per authorization. And in the course of time we arrived safe and sound in the Tulena railway-shed, where our arrival was wholly unnoticed by any one.

"Queer Mr. Caldwell didn't meet us,

"You put up your things at the Tulena Hotel," I advised Patience. "Meanwhile I'll lope on up to the ranch and announce the glad tidings of your arrival. Jim 'll come down and get you, and from that point I cease to be a participant in this festive occasion."

I left her at the entrance of the hotel and went over to Ed Howe's livery to borrow a horse. Then I started for the Bar C Ranch, and the first person I met was Pop Treadwell himself.

"Where's Jim?" I demanded. "I wired him to meet us, dog-gone him! I've done enough for him, and it seems as if the least he could do—"

"Where's Jim?" Pop said in some aston-

ishment. "Well, I presume by this time Jim's fairly well launched into the joys of his honeymoon."

"His what?" I yelled, falling clean out of the saddle. "His what?"

"His honeymoon," Pop went on, staring at me with a peculiar gleam. "I suppose he's married by this time. Anyway, he started off to get himself all married up. Asked for a vacation, and—"

"Who'd he marry?" I asked in the whispering accents of a dying duck.

"Annie Bain, of course," Pop replied. "He's been threatenin' to for six years, and now he's done it. What's the matter with you? You look peaked."

"What's the matter?" I groaned. "Not a thing! Not one solitary thing in the wide world, except that at this pulsating minute there's a lady from Omaha waitin' at the Tulena Hotel for Jim and expectin' to be his bride. She's come all this way for that one and utter purpose, having been filled full of a strong desire to marry Jim by my eloquence. That's what I went to Omaha for. Jim paid part of the expenses. I brought home his bride, and now he's skipped out and wedded himself to another, leaving Miss Dearborn flat! When she hears these glad tidings, I wouldn't be in the least surprised if she lost her temper to the extent of a couple of noisy murders!"

Pop looked at me as I related the varying details of my sojourn amid civilization. It seems that Jim Caldwell's attack of cold feet had increased in virulence after I departed for Omaha. He grew nervouser and nervouser about marrying a strange lady he'd never seen.

When the attack of antimatrimony reached the boilin'-point, he suddenly decided to duck from under altogether, hoof it out on the run, and marry Annie Bain in self-defense. Which was all right enough in a way, but look where it left me! I felt about as peaceful and safe as a guy who has just fell out of a balloon.

"Well," said Pop, grinnin' a small grin at me, "looks like it's up to you to amble on down to Tulena and tell the lady that unforeseen circumstances have arose and robbed her of any matrimonial negotiations in connection with a party named Jim Caldwell. Jim's an obligin' chap, but he can't marry them both."

"Sure," I answered. "Maybe, as a sort of mild recreation, you'd like to carry that

little message yourself. You're an older man than me, Pop. I've had all the excitement I need for a time. Somehow I feel a strange longing to go away by myself and indulge in a few yards of absolute solitude in which there are no ladies."

Pop declined with thanks and went away. I put the livery horse in the corral and wandered around in a meditative mood, like a kid who has to take a dose of castor oil before bedtime and is deferring the catastrophe as long as possible. Somehow, I didn't feel up to that ride back to Tulena and its consequentialities. The only thing I got any real pleasure out of was cussing Jim Caldwell and the *Matrimonial Gazetteer and Perfect Guide*.

About noon one of these itinerant pedlars drove by, and Mrs. Pop Treadwell engaged him in wordy bargaining. I poked my head out of the bunk-house a minute later and observed a strange pony tied up in front of the ranch-house.

Just then something happened. A familiar-looking object came out of the front door at the general speed of a shell shot from a big gun. It was Andy Lewis, the foreman. He came on the run, and there was a set look on his face.

"What's the matter?" I yelled.

Andy stopped at the end of the shed and looked around.

"There's a woman in the house, and she's having what seems to be the first part of a six-reel fit. She asked me where Jim Caldwell was, and I told her he was gettin' married. Then she yelled, and I exited."

Patience Dearborn had arrived on the scene, and Andy had broken the news in his abrupt manner, not knowing the delicacy of the situation.

A minute later Pop Treadwell rushed out on the side porch and started across the country on foot in the general direction of the Suez Canal. I hollered at him, but he only waved a foolish hand at me and sped onward.

And then Patience Dearborn glided out of the ranch like an avenging angel and started down the steps. I took one look at her face and observed a tremendous change. Her calm aspect of genteel refinement was no longer existent. She didn't look at all like a female who desires to marry a kindly man and settle down in a quiet home a little off the beaten road. Not at all! She looked as if she wanted

about eight quarts of warm red blood, preferably straight from the beating heart of a guy named Shorty Kilgour.

Did you ever see a wild woman? No? Did you ever see a wronged and implacable female lady who feels that she has been made a laughing-stock by cruel man, and who is about to go into action over it?

Patience took a slant at the pedler's wagon I mentioned, and noticed the kitchen knives with which it was armed. I noticed them, also.

Patience gave the glad, free yell of her kind and started for the pedler's cart. About then Mrs. Pop and the peddling person decided that they might as well go away from there and give her all the space she wanted.

The way the former circus lady leaped into that bunch of cutlery reminded me of a famished tigress partaking of her first meat meal after a long abstinence from food. In another minute the calm air began to be polluted with flyin' knives.

Hank Geegan, totally innocent of wrongdoin', and not aware of the day's program, came sud-

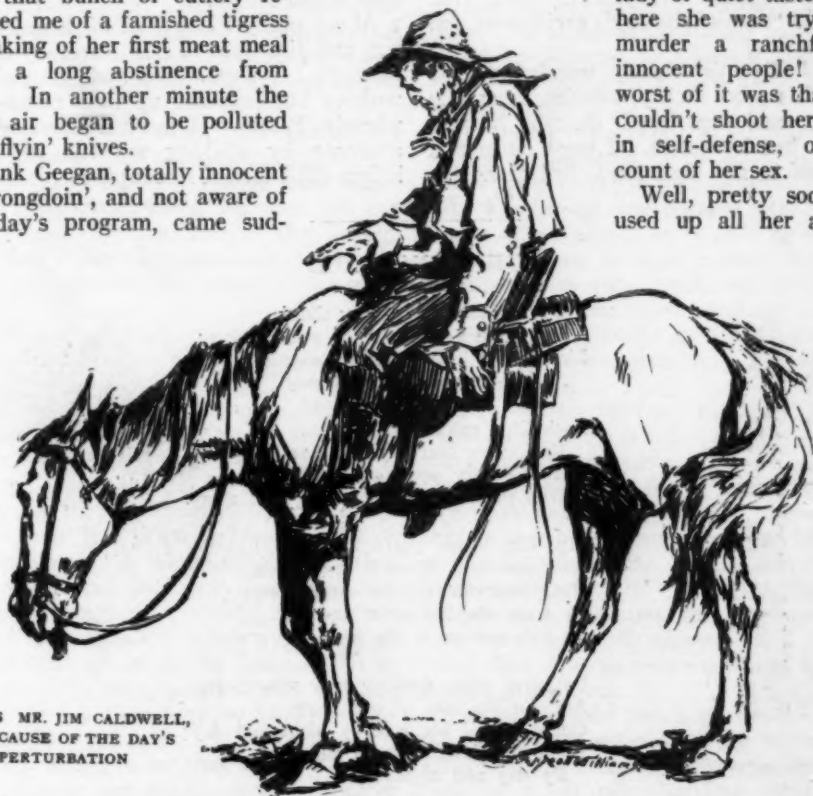


denly around the end of the shed. A long, slim, daggerlike meat-carver peeled off the lobe of his left ear and stuck into the wood. A bread-knife hit the house one inch from my hair. It stuck there, quivering, and I did the same. There was no use moving and sp'ilin' the lady's aim.

A pair of scissors mighty near denuded Andy Lewis of both ears. A roast-carver practically took a year off Joe Moran's life and a large patch out of his pants. Wherever you looked, there was nothin' but flyin' knives. The whole atmosphere seemed to be full of steel cutlery, and we stood there like hypnotized rabbits in front of a snake.

The lady punctuated her irritated movements by loud yells and a scattered conversation in which I detected my own name. I kept thinking of that advertisement wherein it was stated that she was a lady of quiet tastes; and here she was tryin' to murder a ranchful of innocent people! The worst of it was that you couldn't shoot her, even in self-defense, on account of her sex.

Well, pretty soon she used up all her ammu-



IT WAS MR. JIM CALDWELL,
THE CAUSE OF THE DAY'S
PERTURBATION

dition and started to hunt more. By that time the Bar C Ranch was as devoid of masculine population as a baseball is of hair. I came out of my trance and moved off into the distance. I may state that the lightning express was a slouch compared with the way I moved.

The last I saw of Patience Dearborn, she was getting on her horse, crying in a jerky kind of way. I heard later that she chased the Tulena station-agent out of town, and threatened to choke the telegraph-operator with his own towel; after which she took the next East-bound train and presumably returned to Omaha, an unwed woman and a high-grade caster of cutlery.

V

At intervals during the afternoon people who belonged there returned to the ranch. That night I was aroused from peaceful sleep by a queer noise. I poked my head out into the bright moonlight and looked around. There was something approaching, and giving off weird noises as it came nearer. It was Mr. Jim Caldwell, the principal cause of the day's excitement and perturbation.

I looked at Jim closely, wondering. He sat on his pony limply, swaying from side to side, and first off I thought he was drunk; but he wasn't. I went down and met him in my nightgown, full of hostile

thoughts and tabasco language, and intending to punch him.

"Dog-gone your miserable hide!" I hissed when he rode up and tumbled off. "What are you doin' here, and where's your bride? You got me into one—"

"Don't say another word, Shorty," Jim moaned sorrowfully. "Look at my back!"

He peeled off his shirt, and I examined his rear epidermis. It was full of holes and small black objects of a circular nature.

"It's full of little black things," I said, "and all red and scarified."

"No. 8 buckshot," Jim groaned. "He got me with both barrels, and I was ridin' like thunder at the time!"

"Who got you?" I asked, wondering.

"Old man Bain," he said in agonized accents. "Seems like he didn't care much about me marrying into his family. Neither did Annie. I bet he hit me in four thousand places. Got any hot water?"

I took the poor galoot inside and lit a lamp. His back was a sight, and I didn't have the heart to converse with him about the Omaha events.

About sunup I had most of the buckshot out, and Jim went to sleep carefully on his stomach. I slept, too, and dreamed of nothing but standing up in a circus-tent, wherein Patience Dearborn diverted the audience by sticking me full of shiny knives till I looked like a pincushion.

THE NECKLACE

ABOUT her throat my kisses cling,
Each gold and small and sweet to see;
Linked in a little row, they sing
A love-song to her ceaselessly.

Each little golden kiss is set
Near, very near, by night and day,
That she may never quite forget
Who placed them there and went away.

My little kisses, guard her then
And love her. When I come again,
Your kingdom shall be overthrown
By kisses she has never known;
So is it written in my heart.

But, wee ones, stanchly play your part,
And for the sake of one away
Guard, guard her well by night and day;
Upon her throat lie soft and light
By day and night!

Mary Carolyn Davies



JOSEPH SANTLEY AND THE MAGAZINE GIRLS IN A SONG-AND-DANCE NUMBER OF THE IRVING BERLIN SHOW, "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!"

From a photograph by White, New York

THE other day I heard of an incident which I thought significant. A woman had bought seats for a new play, and happened to mention the fact to a friend.

"Oh," said the friend, "I hear they are going to take it off on Saturday night."

Whereupon the first woman went down to the box-office, asked for and got her money back in exchange for the tickets, and went home congratulating herself on the fact that she had escaped seeing a failure.

It is a little astonishing that the theater should have been willing to take back the tickets, for a good many houses will not refund money on any pretext. However, the phase of the matter which impressed me the most was the conviction forced in upon me that many people go to the play merely for the opportunity it affords them to talk about it afterward. They want to be "in the know." A failure will be forgotten in a week or two, and consequently no one will talk about it.

With such people it is not a question of the personal appeal in the piece. If it is the rage, see it they must and will, no matter how much they may be bored in the process.

Now it seems to me that this is a wilful waste of time and money, and an obstacle

to the success of many worthy productions. So many persons hang back, waiting to see whether an offering is going to make good, that it misses its chance of making good.

Of course, one result of this tendency among theatergoers is to make the successes greater and the failures swifter. Like a snowball, the popular play's prosperity grows bigger as it rolls onward in its run. Thus we have several plays on Broadway this very season for which four dollars a seat has been regularly charged at the agencies, where the usual excess fee is only fifty cents over and above the flat two-dollar rate.

As a matter of fact, this year in the Manhattan theaters has been notable for more high-priced seats and more low-priced ones than has ever before been the case. The hits have been of such dimensions that to get to see them at all one has had to pay big premiums. On the other hand, a big managerial firm's defection from the agreement to suppress the cut-rate business opened the floodgates to a fiercer drive than ever in reduced prices for the weaker attractions.

One of the odd sights of New York is the mob that gathers, every night but Saturday, in a certain subterranean corridor of a big office-building, where are



MARGUERITE GALE, WHO IS THE HEROINE IN THE KULEE FEATURE-FILM RELEASE,
"HOW MOLLY MADE GOOD"

From a copyrighted photograph by Ira L. Hill, New York

listed the plays for which seats may be obtained at a discount. It is an interesting spectacle for visitors, but a sorry one for playwrights and those who have the good of the theater at heart. For people who only care to see shows that will be talked about, it is the spot to go to find

the star of the show until he signed on with Mr. Dillingham to support Gaby Deslys in "Stop! Look! Listen!" He was himself the author of his latest venture, "All over Town," a musical piece in two acts and ten scenes, which played at the Garrick in Chicago last summer.



A LASKY FILM RELEASE

out what plays are really popular. All they have to do is to look for the ones that are not on the list.

One of these, at the present writing, is "Stop! Look! Listen!" the successor to the long run of "Chin-Chin" at the Globe. The picture from it on page 691 shows Joseph Santley and the four girls who assist him in the song, "The Girl on the Magazine."

For so young a man, Mr. Santley has enjoyed a varied career. He was almost born to the stage, both of his parents being connected with the profession; and he has practically never been anything else but

But to assist in the preparation of the plays in which he has appeared is no new experience for Santley, who went on the stage in golden ringlets and blue-velvet clothes, with the Corse Payton Company, when he was only five. He was the boy in "East Lynne" and *Little Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but as soon as he got his hair cut he jumped to the opposite extreme in such melodramas as "Billy the Kid" and "From Rags to Riches."

Still Joe wasn't contented. The wickedness of *Billy the Kid* parts palled on him just as the goody-goodness of *Little Eva* had done. He sighed for a fresh field of



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH AS QUANNAH, THE COMANCHE CHIEF, AND LENORE ULRICH AS HIS DAUGHTER, WETONA, IN A SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY, "THE HEART OF WETONA"

From a photograph by White, New York

endeavor, and found it in singing and dancing, to which he has stuck ever since.

New York first welcomed him with De Wolf Hopper in "The Matinée Idol." This was produced at Daly's Theater just six years ago, when the *Sun* critic said of Santley that "by his grace and histrionic skill he made an impression on the audience second only to Mr. Hopper's." Followed then "The Never Homes," with Lew Fields, and later on "When Dreams Come True."

Joe Santley is one of the most modest actors I ever met. His good looks would give rise to the suspicion that there is more than press-agent industry in the stories of the love-letters he receives. I have known him for three years, and he has always been the same quiet youth, his mind intent on his business, and ever ready to speak a word of praise for his associates.

At the Globe he shares a dressing-room with Harry Fox, who hails from that fertile field for the Thespian, the Pacific



FLORENCE REED, WHO APPEARED AS THE HEROINE IN THE SENSATIONALLY STRIKING PATHÉ PHOTOPLAY, "NEW YORK"

From a photograph by Matzene, Los Angeles



LOU-TELLEGEN AS GODRED AND OLIVE TELL AS LADY MARGARET IN THE NEW PLAY,
"A KING OF NOWHERE"

From a photograph by White, New York

coast. Fox's father owns a lime-orchard in California, but the son proved himself no lemon when he got his first good chance on Broadway a few seasons ago, in a Winter Garden show.

This resort also gave us Al Jolson, who has come back there funnier than ever as *Good Friday* in the new entertainment, "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." There is more than the usual cleverness displayed in the construction of the book, but Al Jolson and tiny, kicking Kitty Doner dominate the action, which carries the spectator from a summer home on Long Island to the cannibal haunts suggested by the title.

Al Jolson was a bad boy. At least, I suppose he would be so described by a good many people, as it is recorded of him that he ran away from home to join a circus. That was around Spanish-American War days.

From the circus young Jolson got into what is now called small-time vaudeville. He got many a hard knock, and knows what it is to work his way up to success against heavy odds. Perhaps that accounts for the strain of pathos in his make-up. The other night at the Winter Garden, after he had been making people laugh till they almost cried with his funny stories, he asked permission to sing them "The Rosary" for his encore. And he sang it straight, too, and got away with it.

Mr. Jolson has just told an interviewer that he thinks it is a mistake for a comedian who is making good to accept big money to go into the movies. In this I quite agree with him. It was pitiful to see De Wolf Hopper, whose voice is as much of an asset to him as his length, dragging his mournful way through "Don Quixote."

Eminently successful in picture work, on the other hand, is Charlotte Walker. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the Lasky film people to secure her for her original part in her husband's dramatization of "The Trail of

the Lonesome Pine." The outdoor atmosphere lends itself specially well to screen use, and besides Theodore Roberts for old man *Tolliver*, Miss Walker has the capable support of Tom Meighan in the opposite lead.

Mr. Meighan is a good-looking Pittsburgh boy, a graduate of Georgetown University, where he ranked high in football. After training in a home-town stock organization, he joined one of the "College Widow" companies as *Billy Bolton*, a hero



MITZI HAJOS AS PAULETTE IN THE NEW COMIC-
OPERA HIT, "POM-POM"

From a photograph by White, New York



CONSUELO BAILEY, WITH JOHN DREW IN
"THE CHIEF"

From a photograph by White, New York

of the eleven. Which reminds me that the football element in "The College Widow," which helped the piece here, proved its undoing in England, where the game is played so differently.

Miss Walker is herself a Southerner. Last autumn she played the lead with E. H. Sothern in "The Two Virtues," at the Booth Theater. She began her career as a super with Richard Mansfield, but left the stage to marry. Then came the Galveston flood, which washed away her home, and she went back into theatrical work. She was leading woman for James K. Hackett in "The Crisis" in 1902.

Later on she acquired the distinction of refusing a part offered her by David Belasco—the lead with Warfield in "The Music Master." Then she was in eight failures, and went to Mr. Belasco of her own accord, to be cast for *Agatha Warren* in "The Warrens of Virginia." It was while she was playing in the road tour of this piece that her marriage to Eugene Walter took place.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," on its original presentation for the speaking stage, was ridiculed by the critics in both New York and Chicago. James O'Donnell Bennett, in the latter city, said of it:

The play is buncombe in its essence and a bore in its unfolding.

Yet it scored such a hit on the road that it was kept on tour for several seasons. Now, on the screen, all its rough spots appear smoothed down, and I found a certain pleasure in following it. So heavy were the bookings that Lasky made thirty-seven prints from the negative.

Within the past year the motion-picture people have gone mad on "feature stuff." "Five reels or nothing" has been their cry. One enterprising invader of the field went so far as to corral twelve stars of the legitimate—such people as Leo Ditrichstein, Henrietta Crosman, Lulu Glaser, May Robson, and Julian Eltinge—and induce them to pose for the same photoplay, which was called "How Molly Made Good."

When it came to casting the heroine, the producer found himself confronted by a colossal dilemma. How could he pick one star from the lot for the lead without offending the others? Then came inspiration. He would make a new star, so he found a girl who was pretty and clever, but unknown, and made her *Molly*. We

show you what she looks like in the portrait of Marguerite Gale on page 692.

A new side-light on the movies has just been supplied in "Pay Day," announced as a "gripping drama of New York life." Those who attended the first night at the Cort Theater will not soon forget the sensation. The secret was perfectly kept. My first inkling of something



novel came when I picked up the house-bill and read underneath the title, "a talking motion-picture play."

It began with speaking actors on the stage, and Vincent Serrano stretched on a couch, smoking, listening in bored fashion to the reading of a play. Enter Irene Fenwick, of last season's "Song of Songs" memories. She is crazy about the movies, and begs her husband to join her in acting in one, the script of which she has brought for him to read.

He protests for a while, and then accedes to her pleadings. She sits beside him on the couch, he takes over the script, the lights go out, the screen comes down, the piano keys are struck, the orchestra falls in, and the greatest novelty of the season is on. After two or three flashes of motion pictures, the screen goes up again, and we find in real life the characters we left in shad-

(IN THE CIRCLE ABOVE) VALLI VALLI, WHO IS JANE CLAY IN "THE COHAN REVUE, 1916"
(LOWER PICTURE) ALICE HARRIS (MRS. SAM HARRIS), WHO IS SADIE LOVE
IN THE SAME CAPITAL TRAVESTY ON THE SEASON'S PLAYS

From photographs by White, New York

owed reflection but an instant before. And so it goes throughout the evening, the flesh and blood representation, however, predominating over the flickerings.

As the thing went on, and melodrama, bald as De Wolf Hopper without his wig, piled itself on melodrama's head, the first-night critics looked at one another,

trusting *Doris Fenton's* jacket, after first telephoning for the police, people realized that here was a mockery of the pictures to furnish forth a critics' holiday. Even the

leaders were received with screams of joy. "On a bleak winter's night she escaped," ran one line, and a "bitter" at the bottom of the screen re-



CLAUDE FLEMMING IN A PICTURESQUE
NUMBER WITH THE ROBINSON CRUSOE GIRLS—

—A SCENE FROM THE NEW WINTER
GARDEN SHOW, "ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR."

mutely demanding that somebody should answer the question:

"What are we up against?"

But in mid-evening the tension broke. When *Kirke Brentwood* kills the woman he has married for her money, and then thrusts her necklace into the pocket of

solved itself into a "bitterly" with the added "ly" as the first two letters of the next flash. And when *Kirke's* new wife, *Ruth*, asks him why he leaves his pistol in the dresser drawer, the theater fairly rocked with merriment.

The title, "Pay Day," is suggested

when *Doris* inoculates herself with leprosy germs and passes on the dread disease to *Kirke*, thus forcing him to go with her to the leper colony on Molokai, the "island of abandoned hope." After this direful catastrophe we see the actor of the first scene declaring that he will never consent to play such a horrible part; but the telephone rings, and the picture people offer him such a big sum that he accepts. This is another keen shaft of satire, which must strike people like Sothern, Skinner, and Gillette, who have at last succumbed to the yellowback lure of the movies.

Whether "Pay Day" will succeed rests on the turn of a hand. It may prove to be just the kind of a "new thing" that New York will take up, so it stands a gambler's chance.

I forgot to tell you that the authors' names on the program—oh, yes, they dare sign it—are Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie Meaney. Rumor runs that the thing was originally written as a straight melodrama called "Her Price," and intended as a starring vehicle for Emma Dunn. There is also a report that a well-known actor conceived the leprosy idea for a thriller photoplay, and that he is now gnashing his teeth at having his pet tragedy slaughtered to make a burlesque joy.

I wonder what Roland Reed, who died several years since, would say if he could see his daughter Florence in the movies! The stage was



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AS QUEEN KATHARINE WITH SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE IN HIS SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION OF "KING HENRY VIII," THE INITIAL FEATURE OF THE ENGLISH ACTOR-MANAGER'S CONTRIBUTION TO NEW YORK'S CELEBRATION OF THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY

From her latest photograph by Mishkin, New York

to her such a land of pure delight that it seems almost beyond belief that she would consent to desert it, even temporarily, for the studio. Why, in 1910, while she was playing *Ann Brown* in "Seven Days," she told a newspaper reporter that if she ever

lost her enthusiasm for her work she would go behind the ribbon-counter at Macy's.

In 1914 she was featured in "The Yellow Ticket," and last spring, in the all-star cast of "A Celebrated Case," she was the *Valentine de Mornay*. "New York," in which she has been posing for Pathé, was produced in 1910 as a straight play, and failed. It was written by William J. Hurlbut, who furnished Elsie Ferguson's vehicle of the season before last—"A Strange Woman." In the film version there is a theater scene, for which the original producer of the drama, A. H. Woods, loaned the Republic, of which he is now manager, and where "Common

Clay" is still the talk of the town. Apropos of "Common Clay," can you figure to yourself Jane Cowl in Rose Stahl's part in "The Chorus Lady"? Yet that is one of the rôles Miss Cowl played during a summer at Union Hill, New Jersey, in stock—an experience which, she claims, did more for her artistic training than anything else in her career.

I hope they give a professional matinee of "Pay Day," so that Miss Cowl can see it. She is so down on the movies that I am sure she would revel in the satire of the thing. She once posed for the screen, but that was one time too many.

Her earliest part on the stage was in "The Music Master," and her first real chance to show what she could do came in another play by the same man, the late Charles Klein. This was "The Gamblers," produced in 1910.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN

How are the mighty fallen! Picture to yourself the noble red man of the plains clamped upon a Procrustean bed and whittled down to fit it in a way



JANE COWL, LEADING WOMAN IN ONE OF NEW YORK'S SEASON-RUN PLAYS, "COMMON CLAY"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



CLARA JOEL, LEADING WOMAN IN ONE OF THE THREE COMPANIES PUT OUT BY THE SELWYNS
IN "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE"

From a photograph by White, New York

calculated to make the sympathetic spectator weep.

You remember George Scarborough, who wrote "The Lure," of white-slave memory. Well, report runs that he wrote a play about a stern New England father who turns his erring daughter out of doors, whereupon a faithful lover steps into the breach

cold shoulder on prudes, the managerial mind seems to have hesitated at this; so somebody had the happy idea of smothering the thing with a new kind of atmosphere. Presto, the scene was shifted to Oklahoma, and the characters became Indians.

"The Heart of Wetona" was picked as a name, and a cast of surpassing excellence was engaged. The re-



LILY CAHILL, LEADING WOMAN WITH BRANDON TYNAN IN HIS ROMANTIC IRISH COMEDY, "THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

and offers to make an honest woman of her. She accepts, but her betrayer will not remove himself from the map; and in a scene which is, as our British friends would say, more than a "bit thick," he asks her to leave her door unlocked.

Well, even in our day of turning the

sult looks like another Broadway hit to be added to the present season's unusually long list of successes.

"The Heart of Wetona" brings back to the footlights William Courtleigh; who has been away from them since the unaccountable failure of "The Big Idea," some four-

teen months ago. He is *Quannah*, chief of the Comanches, and it was a happy choice to pick a man of his ability for a part which in less experienced hands might have proved laughable rather than convincing.

It was as another Indian—*John Swiftwind* in "Northern Lights"—that Mr. Courtleigh first became really known to New York playgoers. This was just twenty years ago, when the American was in the list of producing houses. Before that he had been with Fanny Davenport in "Cleopatra," "La Tosca," and "Fedora."

He was born in Guelph, Ontario, but his parents moved to St. Louis when he was only three years old, and brought him up to be a lawyer. Amateur theatricals set his feet stageward, and he started in professionally with a small repertory company touring the Western States.

Mr. Courtleigh's son, William, Jr., who is as good-looking as his father, could not keep away from the stage, either, although he made valiant efforts to do so; but he has now been roped in by the studio, where he has mounted rapidly to the front. You may have seen him on the screen last autumn in the name-part of a Pathé-Balboa release, "Neal of the Navy."

The movies have claimed some time from "Wetona's" heroine—Lenore Ulrich, who journeyed fearlessly down into war-riddled Mexico, to pose for "Paula," among other things. But last autumn she went through an even more fearsome experience, having been cast for a part in that unhappy drama, "The Mark of the Beast," which tarried briefly at the Princess. For three seasons Miss Ulrich played Laurette Taylor's part in "The Bird of Paradise."

SHAKESPEARE AS HE IS SUGAR-COATED

Whatever effect participation in the movies may have had upon Geraldine Farrar's popularity, Sir Herbert Tree's posing in California for a filmed "Macbeth" appears to have improved his acting. And that Broadway does not hold against him his excursion into cinema-land would seem to be proved by the character and size of the audiences that are flocking, as I write, to see his magnificent spectacle of "King Henry VIII."

It is some half-dozen years since Sir Herbert's London production of this seldom-revived play broke all records for a continuous Shakespeare run. Then, as now,

he was himself the *Cardinal Wolsey*—last month, by an unaccountable slip, I said *Richelieu*—while Arthur Bouchier was in the title-rôle, played here by Lyn Harding, last seen in New York in the brief career of "The Devil's Garden."

We print a portrait of Edith Wynne Matthison, whom Sir Herbert was fortunate enough to secure for the unhappy *Queen Katharine*. Miss Matthison, who is the wife of Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," first became known to American playgoers by her keenly intelligent interpretation of the name-part in "Everyman." This was in 1903.

She began her stage career just twenty years ago, with Minnie Palmer, in "The Schoolgirl." In the season of 1910-1911, as a member of the New Theater company, she was *Sister Beatrice*—a very fine impersonation—in Maeterlinck's play, and created the title-rôle in "The Piper." She was also *Mistress Ford* in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which possibly the success of "Henry VIII" will prevent Sir Herbert from presenting, as he intended, in his scheme of celebrating the Shakespeare Tercentenary in New York.

In the Tree production, the text of "Henry VIII" has been slaughtered ruthlessly, but why murmur? If by this means one may gain as attentive an audience as I noted in the New Amsterdam, surely a good end is served, besides entertainment for the moment. It is not beyond the possibilities that some will go home, take down a little-used volume from their library shelves, and actually dip into Shakespeare for themselves, in the effort to fill in gaps that Sir Herbert's ax may have left too roughly hewed.

Sir Herbert's acting is, as I have said, much improved over my recollection of it at His Majesty's in London. His byplay is admirable, and the reading of the famous farewell speech, well known of school-boys, is capably handled.

The play has been divided into three acts and eleven scenes, with only one repeat. The stage pictures are beautiful, and, in the case of the final episode, the crowning of *Anne Boleyn* in Westminster Abbey, really imposing. Willette Kershaw makes an exceedingly pretty maiden destined later on to lose her head, and one may almost excuse the king for losing his in another sense as they tread the meas-

ures of a stately dance together in the banqueting hall.

SAVAGE COMES BACK WITH MITZI

Added to her good voice and *chic* ways, Mitzi Hajos supplies an amount of common sense that is not invariably an accompaniment of the aforesaid qualities. She is a native of a small village near Budapest, the capital of Hungary. After following Christie MacDonald in "The Spring Maid," she sang the title-rôle in "Sari," and won high favor with New York audiences; but, as she herself quaintly put it, "to their friends they do not say they like me, because they cannot say my name."

Word-of-mouth publicity is the very essence of theatrical popularity. Even the young singer's first name was so generally mispronounced that she finally decided to Anglicize the whole appellation to the extent of calling herself simply "Mitzi."

The name she chose is singularly appropriate to the character she plays in "Pom-Pom," the new comic opera which has brought Henry W. Savage back to Broadway in a blaze of success after a year's absence. Most of the evening she is in boy's clothes, impelled for her own safety's sake to look like the pickpocket she is supposed to be impersonating in the piece. For "Pom-Pom" adds still another to the many offerings taking the stage for their background.

The score, by Hugo Felix, is most tuneful, and the comedy is well looked after by Tom McNaughton, who made "The Three Trees" to stand out so vividly for us in "The Spring Maid." There is an eminently capable leading man, with a good voice, in the person of Carl Gantvoort. He is of Dutch ancestry, and has already sung for Mr. Savage in "The Girl of the Golden West" and as the detective in "Mme. Butterfly."

THAT WHIFF OF OLD IRELAND

Lily Cahill, the heroine in "The Melody of Youth," is a Texas girl, and first went on the stage in her home town, as a maid, with Mrs. Leslie Carter's company presenting "Vasta Hearne." After that she played an Egyptian boy, and in due course followed Jane Grey in "The Concert." Last season she acted the lead in "Under Cover."

"The Melody of Youth" is a play that bears thinking over. I did not like this

Irish comedy at all for the first half of the first act. I thought the women shouted too much. But the two latter acts have a charm all their own, and the duel episode in the last is thoroughly delightful, as played by the play's author, Brandon Tynan, and William Harrigan. The latter is a son of the famous Edward Harrigan, who built the theater in Thirty-Fifth Street which was taken over by Mansfield and renamed the Garrick.

WHISPERS IN THE WINGS

Lou-Tellegen has been press-agented into everything but success. Ever since he scored his landslide hit with Dorothy Donnelly, as her leading man in "Marie Rosa," he has tried in vain to be a repeater. "Secret Strings," "Taking Chances," "The Ware Case," all failed him. His name has constantly been in the public eye. At one time he is taking out American citizenship papers; at another he is marrying Geraldine Farrar, whom he met in the movies. Let us hope that "A King of Nowhere," a costume play of the Henry VIII period, will land him somewhere in the hit column. He is undoubtedly talented. I should say that what he needs is poorer press-agents and better playwrights.

* * * *

Overheard after a visit to "The Boomerang":

"Well, Belasco led the way in removing the orchestras from the theater. I see he has now taken out the footlights."

"Yes, and if this keeps on, I dare say all they'll leave in the playhouse will be the box-office."

"Sure thing! You've noticed, of course, that the Belasco's box-office has been the busiest one in town."

* * * *

Defections of legitimate stars to the movies continue at the rate of about three a month. Up to the time of writing Maude Adams, John Drew, and Rose Stahl are still holding off. At this rate the faithful ones who decline to sell their dramatic birthright for a mess of cinema pottage will be able to form a club as select and limited in membership as would be an association open only to those rare creatures whose names are in "Who's Who," and who happen to have been born in the American metropolis.

Milk or Ankles

by

Sabine W. Wood



IN those inevitable pauses that come during every dinner it often happens that a stray word or phrase will turn the entire trend of talk. It was so at Mrs. Ludgate's that evening. The pause came, as I remember it, with the serving of the game course, and it was Miss Carroll who made the chance remark about feminine courage.

In a moment an argument was spreading like a conflagration. The men laughed a good deal at the women's expense, particularly one of the new subalterns—a young lieutenant just out from England, who should have been seen rather than heard.

"Courage," Major Leighton contended, "is a matter of character, and character is largely a matter of heredity. I see no reason why women should not inherit it as well as men."

"But," argued Lieutenant Maxon, "for generations women have lived such a sheltered life that the necessity for actual physical courage has passed away, and so for years and years heredity can have had no new stimulus."

Mrs. Ludgate, at the foot of the table, opposite me—Colonel Ludgate being in Delhi—laughed politely.

"Couldn't they inherit just a little from their fathers, Mr. Maxon?" she asked.

Maxon, who sat at her left, had the grace to blush. As a chuckle went around at his expense, I glanced at my hostess, and I imagined that I saw the mirth die out of her face, though her lips still smiled.

She struck her hands lightly together, and a native servant instantly stood by her chair. She spoke rapidly in the vernacular, but I could not catch her words. The man

was off like a shot. Within a minute he reappeared, bearing a shallow bowl. I stared hard, for there was milk in the bowl.

A slight gesture, a few low-spoken words, and the man placed the bowl on the rug, about four feet from her chair. As he rose and glided from the room, I saw his face. I looked again at Mrs. Ludgate. The courage talk was still passing, and no one else had noticed.

She was smiling with her lips, but in her eyes there was no smile. I caught them with mine, and read an appeal that froze me.

I glanced right and left along the floor and into the corners. Then my heart leaped and stopped. From the moment when she had called for the bowl of milk I had known that there was a snake somewhere in the room; and a snake, in that part of India, means a cobra, whose bite is death. Now I knew that the deadly thing was beneath the table.

In imagination I could see the reptile coiled upon the rug among our feet, its head raised and oscillating in anger, its hood spread, its forked tongue flickering. Which one of those nine pairs of thinly stockinged ankles would feel the stab of its deadly fangs?

Plainly there was but one thing to do—to keep those nine pairs of ankles still. Should one foot stir—!

I caught desperately at a single straw.

"I've been listening to your arguments on courage," I began in a voice loud enough to catch every one's attention. "I've a little test to propose. Let everybody keep perfectly still for five minutes.

I don't mean only your tongues, but your bodies, and particularly your feet. I want all of you to remain just as you happen to be at this instant. I will explain my reason when the five minutes are up. Everybody willing?"

I gave the word, and we waited.

The silence, after the former buzz of conversation, was ghastly. There was no sound in the room except the almost imperceptible swish of the punkas overhead. Beyond Mrs. Ludgate I could see her *kitmutgar*, crouched in the curtained doorway, his face gray, his eyes fixed upon the rug beneath the table.

I looked again at my hostess, and I realize now that nothing but the gratitude in her unsmiling eyes could have repaid me for those agonizing minutes.

The company, though knowing nothing, began to feel the strain. I searched their faces. Miss Carroll was smiling to herself. Presently she would giggle; the tension would break, and somebody would move! I smiled gravely at her—but how was she to guess what I meant?

Young Maxon was another danger-point. He was toying with his wine-glass, with an "Oh, I say!" expression that meant revolt. Major Leighton was opposite. If I could only make him understand! But it was hopeless. No sign language could have availed without an alarm; so I used my eyes—and waited.

I do not know how long it had lasted; I only know how long the time had seemed. I glanced again at the brave woman at the

foot of the table; and I saw a change. A little flush was coming to her cheeks. Her eyes were wider at the corners. *She knew where the cobra was!*

The danger was passing. It had been milk or ankles—and milk had won! In the doorway the servant stirred, and I saw a riding-crop in his hand. In another second it would be over.

But suddenly young Maxon spoke his bored—

"Oh, I say!"

He moved and glanced down. Then he yelled in sheer terror and sprang up, tipping over his chair. I leaped, but the *kitmutgar* was before me, striking swiftly with the riding-crop.

Maxon stood swaying and holding on to the table, his eyes staring, his face like white paper.

"Heavens!" he quavered, his voice sounding thin and dry and far away. "That thing was under my chair!"

When the major had brought a little color back into Maxon's cheeks with a brandy peg, and a rather shaky lot of believers in courage for men only had visited the sideboard, I put a question to Mrs. Ludgate. They all heard it, as I meant they should—particularly Miss Carroll.

"Mrs. Ludgate, please tell us where the cobra was when you first noticed and called for the bowl of milk."

Mrs. Ludgate smiled—a little queerly, I thought—at young Maxon.

"It was around my ankle," she said.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

'Tis not the keen pang of his vacant place,
That bids me doubt the Maker who but left
To me the haunting memory of his face.

I would not feel so utterly bereft,
Had I some child of his close by my side
To comfort and caress me, daughter-wise;
For her dear sake my anguish I could hide,
Did she but beg me with her father's eyes,
Or if—oh, thought of sweet yet saddest joy!—

A man child did but soothe me in my grief,
And I could trace the father in the boy.

This only could restore me my belief—
To have him seek me with his father's smile,
To see him hold his father's place through years.
Dear God! It is this bitter lack the while
That smites from me the cool relief of tears.

Faith Baldwin

The Magnificent Adventure *

A Romance of the
Lewis and Clark Expedition

by Emerson Hough

*Author of "The Mississippi Bubble."
"Fifty-Four Forty or Fight," etc.*

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I OF "THE MAGNIFICENT ADVENTURE"

IN "The Magnificent Adventure" we are taken back to the most critical and dramatic period of the history of American expansion, when Thomas Jefferson, by the daring stroke of the Louisiana Purchase, acquired a title to the vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. To carry the American flag into that rich but almost unknown territory—hitherto owned by France, governed by Spain, and claimed by Britain—he selected a young Virginian officer, Captain Meriwether Lewis, the hero of Mr. Hough's novel.

Captain Lewis starts upon his difficult and dangerous mission under peculiar circumstances. He is in love with the wife of another man, and she, though her motives are not those of guilty passion, is doing all that she can to hold him back. This strange woman is Theodosia Alston, the brilliant and beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States.

Burr is already organizing the traitorous conspiracy which later ruined his political career. He sees that Lewis's expedition will be fatal to his own ambitious project of creating an empire in the West, and resolves to prevent it by any means. His chosen instrument is his daughter, who is so wholly devoted to her father that she consents to serve his purpose. But all her persuasions—her warning of certain failure in the Western wilds, her hinted offer of a high place in her father's enterprises—cannot shake the young officer's resolution.

Leaving Washington, where he has been serving as Jefferson's secretary, Lewis journeys over the mountains and down the Ohio to the Mississippi, meeting on the way his friend and appointed colleague, Captain William Clark. In the spring of 1804 he is at the frontier town of St. Louis, preparing for the adventurous voyage up the Missouri, when Burr and Mrs. Alston appear and make their final attempt to dissuade him. Theodosia's plea stirs him deeply, and in an irrepressible outburst of passion Lewis clasps her in his arms and kisses her; but in another moment he strides away and leaves her weeping. She has failed to stop his expedition.

CHAPTER I

UNDER ONE FLAG

WHAT do you bring, oh, mighty river—what tidings do you carry from the great mountains yonder in the unknown lands? In what region

grew this great pine which swims with you to the sea? What fat lands reared this heavy trunk, which sinks at last, to be buried in the sands?

What jewels lie under your flood? What rich minerals float impalpably in your tawny waters? Across what wide prairies

* Copyright, 1916, by Emerson Hough

did you come—among what hills—through what vast forests? How long, great river, was your journey, sufficient to afford so tremendous a gathering of the waters?

A hundred years ago the great Missouri made no answer to these questions. It was open highway only for those who dared. The man who asked its secrets must read them for himself. What a time and place for adventure!

From sea to sea, across an unknown, fabled mountain range, lay our wilderness, now swiftly trebled by a miracle in statecraft. The flag which floated over the last stockade of Spain, the furthest outpost of France, now was advancing step by step, inch by inch, up the giant flood of the Missouri, borne on the flag-ship of a flotilla consisting of one flatboat and two skiffs, carrying an army whose guns were one swivel piece and thirty rifles.

Not without toil and danger was this enterprise to advance. When at length the last smoke of a settler's cabin had died away over the lowland forest, the great river began in earnest to exact its toll.

Continually the boats, heavily laden as they were, ran upon shifting bars of sand, or made long détours to avoid some *chevaux de frise* of white-headed snags sunk in the current with giant uptossing limbs. Floating trees came down resistlessly on the spring rise, demanding that all craft should beware of them; caving banks, in turn, warned the boats to keep off; and always the mad current of the stream, never relaxing in vehemence, laid on the laboring boats the added weight of its mountain of waters, gaining in volume for nearly three thousand miles.

The square sail at times aided the great bateau when the wind came up-stream, but no sail could serve for long on so tortuous a water. The great oars, twenty-two in all, did their work in lusty hands, hour after hour, but sometimes they could hardly hold the boats against the power of the June rise. The setting-poles could not always find good bottom, but sometimes the men used these in the old keel-boat fashion, traveling along the walking-boards on the sides of the craft, head down, bowed over the setting-poles—the same manner of locomotion that had conquered the Mississippi.

When sail and oar and setting-pole proved unavailing, the men were out and overboard, running the banks with the cordelle. As they labored thus on the line, like so

many yoked cattle, using each ounce of weight and straining muscle to hold the heavy boat against the current, snags would catch the line, stumps would foul it, trees growing close to the bank's edge would arrest it. Sometimes the great boat, swung sidewise in the current in spite of the last art of the steersmen, would tauten the line like a tense fiddle-string, flipping the men, like so many insects, from their footing, and casting them into the river, to emerge as best they might.

Cruzatte, Labiche, Drouillard—all the French voyageurs—with the infinite French patience smiled and sweated their way through. The New Englanders grew grim; the Kentuckians fumed and swore. But little by little, inch by inch, creeping, creeping, paying the toll exacted, they went on, day by day, leaving the old world behind them, morning by morning advancing farther into the new.

The sun blistered them by day; clouds of pests tormented them by night; miasmatic lowlands threatened them both night and day. But they went on.

The immensity of the river itself was an appalling thing; its bends swept miles long in giant arcs. But bend after bend they spanned, bar after bar they skirted, bank after bank they conquered—and went on. In the water as much as out of it, drenched, baked, gaunt, ragged, grim, they paid the toll.

A month passed, and more. The hunters exulted that game was so easy to get, for they must depend in large part on the game killed by the way. At the mouth of the Kansas River, near where a great city one day was to stand, they halted on the 26th of June. Deer, turkeys, bear, geese, many "goslins," as quaint Will Clark called them, rewarded their quest.

July came and well-nigh passed. They reached the mouth of the great Platte River, far out into the Indian country. Over this unmapped country ranged the Otoes, the Omahas, the Pawnees, the Kansas, the Osages, the Rees, the Sioux. This was the buffalo range, where the tribes had fought immemorably.

It was part of the mission of Captain Lewis's little army to carry peace among these warring tribes. The nature of the expedition was explained to their chiefs. At the great Council Bluffs many of the Otoes came and promised to lay down the hatchet and cease to make war against the Omahas.

The Omahas, in turn, swore allegiance to the new flag.

On ahead somewhere lay the powerful Sioux nation, doubt and dread of all the traders who had ever passed up the Missouri. Dorion, the interpreter, married among them, admitted that even he could not tell what the Sioux might do.

The expedition struck camp at last, high up on the great river, in the country of the Yanktonnais. The Sioux long had marked its coming, and were ready for its landing. Their signal fires called in the villages to meet the boats of the white men.

They came riding down in bands, whooping and shouting, painted and half naked, well armed—splendid savages, fearing no man, proud, capricious, bloodthirsty. They were curious as to the errand of these new men who came carrying a new flag—these men who could make the thunder speak. For now the heavy piece on the bow of the great barge spoke in no uncertain terms, so that its echoes ran back along the river shores. No such boat, no such gun as this, had ever been seen in that country before.

"Tell them to make a council, Dorion," said Lewis. "Take this officer's coat to their head man. Tell him that the Great Father sends it to him. Give him this hat with lace on it. Tell him that when we are ready we may come to their council to meet their chiefs. Say that only their real chiefs must come, for we will not treat with any but their head men. If they wish to see us soon, let them come to our village here."

"You are chiefs!" said Dorion. "Have I not seen it? I will tell them so."

But Dorion had been gone but a short time when he came hurrying back from the Indian village.

"The runners say plenty buffalo close by," he reported. "The chief, she'll call the people to hunt the buffalo."

William Clark turned to his companion.

"You hear that, Merne?" said he. "Why should we not go also?"

"Agreed!" said Meriwether Lewis. "But stay, I have a thought. We will go as they go and hunt as they do. To impress an Indian, beat him at his own game. You and I must ride this day, Will!"

"Yes, and without saddles, too! Very well, I learned that of my brother, who learned it of the Indians themselves. And I know you and I both can shoot the bow as well as most Indians—that was part of our early education. I might better have

been in school sometimes, when I was learning the bow."

"Dorion," said Lewis to the interpreter, "go back to the village and tell their chief to send two bows with plenty of arrows. Tell them that we scorn to waste any powder on so small a game as the buffalo. On ahead are animals each one of which is as big as twenty buffalo—we keep our great gun for those. As for buffalo, we kill them as the Indians do, with the bow and with the spear."

Swift and wide spread the word among the Sioux that the white chiefs would run the buffalo with their own warriors. Exclamations of amusement, surprise, satisfaction, were heard. The white men should see how the Sioux could ride. But Weucha, the head man, sent a messenger with two bows and plenty of arrows—short, keen-pointed arrows, suitable for the buffalo hunt, when driven by the stiff bows of the Sioux.

"Strip, Will!" said Meriwether Lewis. "If we ride as savages, it must be in full keeping."

They did strip to the waist, as the savages always did when running the buffalo—sternest of all savage sport or labor, and one of the boldest games ever played by man, red or white. Clad only in leggings and moccasins, their long hair tied in firm cues, when Weucha met them he exclaimed in admiration. The village turned out in wonder to see these two men whose skins were white, whose hair was not black, but some strange new color.

The two young officers were not content with this. York, Captain Clark's servant, rolling his eyes, showing his white teeth, was ordered to strip up the sleeve of his shirt to show that his hide was neither red nor white, but black—another wonder in that land!

"Now, York, you rascal," commanded William Clark, "do as I tell you!"

"Yassah, massa captain, I sut'nly will!"

"When I raise this flag, do you drop on the ground and knock your forehead three times. Groan loud—groan as if you had religion, York! Do you understand?"

"Yassah, massa captain!"

York grinned his enjoyment; and when he had duly executed the maneuver, the Sioux greeted the white men with much acclamation.

"I see that you are chiefs!" exclaimed Weucha. "You have many colors, and your

medicine is strong. Take, then, these two horses of mine—they are good runners for buffalo—perhaps yours are not so fast.” Thus Dorion interpreted.

“Now,” said Clark, “suppose I take the lance, Merne, and you handle the bow. I never have tried the trick, but I believe I can handle this tool.”

He picked up and shook in his hand the short lance, steel-tipped, which Weucha was carrying. The latter grinned and nodded his assent, handing the weapon to the red-haired leader.

“Now we shall serve!” said Lewis an instant later; for they brought out two handsome horses, one coal-black, the other piebald, both mettlesome and high-strung.

That the young men were riders they now proved, for they mounted alone, bare-backed, and managed to control their mounts with nothing but the twisted hide rope about the lower jaw—the only bridle known among the tribes of the great plains.

The criers now passed down the village street, marshaling all the riders for the chase. Weucha gave the signal to advance, himself riding at the head of the cavalcade, with the two white captains at his side—a picture such as any painter might have envied.

Others of the expedition followed on as might be—Shannon, Gass, the two Fields boys, others of the better hunters of the Kentuckians. Even York, not to be denied, sneaked in at the rear. They all rode quietly at first, with no outcry, no sound save the steady tramp of the horses.

Their course was laid back into the prairie for a mile or two before a halt was called. Then the chief disposed his forces. The herd was supposed to be not far away, beyond a low rim of hills. On this side the men were ranged in line. A blanket waved from a point visible to all was to be the signal for the charge.

Dorion, also stripped to the waist, a kerchief bound about his head, carrying a short carbine against his thigh, now rode alongside.

“He say Weucha show you how Sioux can ride,” he interpreted.

“Tell him it is good, Dorion,” rejoined Lewis. “We will show him also that we can ride!”

A shout came from the far edge of the restless ranks. A half-naked rider waved a blanket. With shrill shouts the entire line broke at top speed for the ridge.

Neither of the two young Americans had ever engaged in the sport of running the buffalo; yet now the excitement of the scene caused both to forget all else. They urged on their horses, mingling with the savage riders.

The buffalo had been feeding less than a quarter of a mile away; the wind was favorable, and they had not yet got scent of the approach; but now, as the line of horsemen broke across the crest, the herd streamed out and away from them—crude, huge, formless creatures, with shaggy heads held low, their vast bulk making them seem almost like prehistoric things. The dust of their going arose in a blinding cloud, the thunder of their hoofs left inaudible even the shrill cries of the riding warriors as they closed in.

The chase passed outward into an open plain, which lay white in alkali. In a few moments the swift horses had carried the best of the riders deep into the dust-cloud which arose. Each man followed some chosen animal, doing his best to keep it in sight as the herd plowed onward in the biting dust.

Here and there the vast, solid surface of a sea of rolling backs could be glimpsed; again an opening into it might be seen close at hand. It was bold work, and any who engaged in it took his chances.

Lewis found his horse, the black runner that Weucha had given him, as swift as the best, and able to lay him promptly alongside his quarry. At a distance of a few feet he drew back the sinewy string of the tough Sioux bow, gripping his horse with his knees, swaying his body out to the bow, as he well knew how. The shaft, discharged at a distance of but half a dozen feet, sank home with a soft *zut*. The stricken animal swerved quickly toward him, but his wary horse leaped aside and went on. Such as the work had been, it was done for that buffalo at least, and Lewis knew that he had caught the trick.

The black runner singled out another and yet another; and again and again Lewis shot—until at last, his arrows nearly exhausted, after two or three miles of mad speed, he pulled out of the herd and waited.

In the white dust-cloud, lifted now and then, he could see naked forms swaying, bending forward, plying their weapons. Somewhere in the midst of it, out in the ruck of hoof and horn, his friend was riding, forgetting all else but the excitement of the

chase. What if accident had befallen either of them? Lewis could not avoid asking himself that question.

Now the riders edged through the herd, outward, around its flank—turned it, were crowding it back, milling and confused. Out of the dust emerged two figures, naked, leaning forward to the leaping of their horses. One was an Indian, his black locks flowing, his eyes gleaming, his hand flogging his horse as he rode. The other was a white man, his tall white body splashed with blood, his long red hair, broken from his cue, on his shoulders.

The two were pursuing the same animal—a young bull, which thus far had kept his distance some fifty yards or so ahead. But as Lewis looked, both riders urged their horses to yet more speed. The piebald of William Clark, well ridden, sprang away in advance and laid him alongside of the quarry. Lewis himself saw the poised spear—saw it plunge—saw the buffalo stumble in its stride—and saw his companion pass on, whooping in exultation at Weucha, who came up an instant later, defeated, but grinning and offering his hand.

Now came Dorion also, out of ammunition, yet not out of speech, excited, jabbering as usual.

"Four nice cow I'll kill!" gabbled he. "I'll kill him four tam, bang, bang! Plenty meat for my lodge now. How many you'll shot, captain?" he asked of Lewis.

"Plenty—you will find them back there."

Weucha, who came up after magnanimously shaking the hand of William Clark, peered with curiosity into Lewis's almost empty quiver. He smiled again, for that the white men had ridden well was obvious enough. He called a young man to him, showed him the arrow-mark, and sent him back to see how many of the dead buffalo showed arrows with similar marks.

In time the messenger came back carrying a sheaf of arrows. Grinning, he held up the fingers of two hands.

"Tell him that is nothing, Dorion," said Lewis. "We could have killed many more if we had wished. We see that the Sioux can ride. Now, let us see if they can talk at the council-fire!"

The two leaders hastened to their own encampment to remove all traces of the hunt. An hour later they emerged from their tents clad as officers of the army, in cocked hat and full uniform, with sword at side.

With the fall of the sun, the drums sounded in the Indian village. The criers passed along the street summoning the people to the feast, summoning also the chiefs to the council-lodge. Here the head men of the village gathered, sitting about the little fire, the peace-pipe resting on a forked stick before them, waiting for the arrival of the white chiefs—who could make the thunder come, who could make a strong chief of black skin beat his head upon the ground; and who, moreover, could ride stripped and strike the buffalo even as the Sioux.

The white leaders were in no haste to show themselves. They demanded the full dignity of their station; but they came at last, their own drum beating as they marched at the head of their men, all of whom were in uniform.

York, selected as standard-bearer, bore the flag at the head of the little band. Meriwether Lewis took it from him as they reached the door of the council-lodge, and thrust the staff into the soil, so that it stood erect beside the lance and shield of Weucha, chief of the Yanktonnais. Then, leaving their own men on guard without, the two white chiefs stepped into the lodge, and, with not too much attention to the chiefs sitting and waiting for them, took their own places in the seat of honor. They removed their hats, shook free their hair—which had been loosened from the cues; and so, in dignified silence, not looking about them, they sat, their long locks spread out on their shoulders.

Exclamations of excitement broke even from the dignified Sioux chiefs. Clearly the appearance and the conduct of the two officers had made a good impression. The circle eyed them with respect.

At length Meriwether Lewis, holding in his hand the great peace-pipe that he had brought, arose.

"Weucha," said he, Dorion interpreting for him, "you are head man of the Yanktonnais. I offer you this pipe. Let us smoke. We are at peace. We are children of the Great Father, and I do not bring war. I have put a flag outside the lodge. It is your flag. You must keep it. Each night you must take it down, roll it up, and put it in a parfleche, so that it will not be torn or soiled. Whenever you have a great feast, or meet other peoples, let it fly at your door. It is because you are a chief that I give you this flag. I gave one to the

Omahas, another to the Otoes. Let there be no more war between you. You are under one flag now.

"I give you this medal, Weucha, this picture on white metal. See, it has the picture of the Great Father himself, my chief, who lives where the sun rises. I also give you this writing, where I have made my sign, and where the red-headed chief, my brother, has made his sign. Keep these things, so that any who come here may know that you are our friends, that you are the children of the Great Father.

"Weucha, they told us that the Sioux were bad in heart, that you would say we could not go up the river. Our Great Father has sent us up the river, and we must go. To-morrow our boats must go on their course. If the Great Father has such medicine as this I give you, do you think we could go back to him and say the Sioux would not let us pass? You have seen that we are not afraid, that we are chiefs—we can do what you can do. Can you do what we can? Can you make the thunder come? Is there any among you who has a black skin, like the man with us? Are any of your men able to strike the eye of a deer, the head of a grouse, at fifty paces with the rifle? All of my men can do that.

"I give you these presents—these lace coats for your great men, these hats also, such as we wear, because you are our brothers, and are chiefs. A little powder, a few balls, I give you, because we think you want them. I give you a little tobacco for your pipes. If my words sound good in your ears, I will send a talking paper to the Great Father, and tell him that you are his children."

Deep-throated exclamations of approval met this speech. Weucha took the pipe. He arose himself, a tall and powerful man, splendidly clad in savage fashion, and spoke as the born leader that he also was. He pledged the loyalty of the Sioux and the freedom of the river.

"I give you the horse you rode this morning," said Weucha to Lewis, "the black runner. To you, red-haired chief, I give the white-and-black horse that you rode. It is well that chiefs like you should have good horses.

"To-morrow our people will go a little way with you up the river. We want you for our friends, for we know your medicine is strong. We know that when we show

this flag to other tribes—to the Otoes, the Omahas, the Osages—they will fall on the ground and knock their heads on the ground, as the black man did when the red-headed chief raised it above him.

"The Great Father has sent us two chiefs who are young but very wise. They can strike the buffalo. They can speak at the council. Weucha, the Yanktonnais, says that they may go on. We know you will not lose the trail. We know that you will come back. You are chiefs!"

CHAPTER II

THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER

LATE in the night the Yanktonnais drums still sounded, long after a dozen Sioux had spoken, and after the two white chieftains had arisen and left the council-fire. The people of the village were feasting around half a hundred fires. The village was joyous, light-hearted, and free of care. The hunt had been successful.

"Look at them, Will," said Meriwether Lewis, as they paused at the edge of the bluff and turned back for a last glimpse at the savage scene. "They are like children. I swear, I almost believe their lot in life is happier than our own!"

"Tut, tut, Merne—moralizing again?" laughed William Clark, the light-hearted. "Come now, help me get my eelskin about my hair. We may need this red mane of mine further up the river. I trust to take it back home with me, after all, now that we seem safe to pass these Sioux without a fight. I am happy enough that our business to-day has come out so well. I am a bit tired, and an old bull gave me a smash with his horn this morning; so I am ready to turn into my blankets. Are all the men on the roll to-night?"

"Sergeant Ordway reports Shannon still absent. It seems he went out on the hunt this morning, and has not yet come back. I'll wait up a time, I think, Will, to see if he comes in. It is rather a wild business for a boy to lie out all night in such a country, with only the wolves for company. Go you to your blankets, as you say. For me, I might be a better sleeper than I am."

"Yes, that is true," rejoined Will Clark, rubbing his bruised leg. "It is beginning to show on you, too, Merne. Isn't it enough to be astronomer and doctor and bookkeeper and record-keeper and all that?"

No, you think not—you must sit up all night by your little fire under the stars and think and think. Oh, I have seen you, Merne! I have seen you sitting there when you should have been sleeping. Do you call that leadership, Captain Lewis? The men are under you, and if the leader is not fit, the men are not. Now, a human body will stand only so much—or a human mind, either, Merne."

His friend turned to him seriously.

"You are right, Will," said he. "I owe duty to many besides myself."

"You take things too hard, Merne. You cannot carry the whole world on your shoulders. Look now, I have not been so blind as not to see that something is going wrong with you. Merne, you are ill, or will be. Something is wrong!"

His companion made no reply. They marched on to their own part of the encampment, and seated themselves at the little fire which had been left burning for them.*

William Clark went on with his reproving.

"Tell me, Merne, what are you thinking of? It is not that woman?"

He seemed to feel the sudden shrinking of the tall figure at his side.

"I have touched you on the raw once more, haven't I, Merne?" he exclaimed. "I never meant to. I only want to see you happy."

"You must not be too uneasy, Will," returned Meriwether Lewis, at last. "It is only that sometimes at night I lie awake and ponder over things. And the nights themselves are wonderful!"

"Saw you ever such nights, Merne, in all your life? Breathed you ever such air as these plains carry in the night-time? Why do you not exult—what is it you cannot forget? You don't really deceive me, Merne. What is it that you see when you lie awake at night under the stars? Some face, eh? What, Merne? You mean to tell me you are still so foolish? We left three months ago. I gave you two months for forgetting her—and that is enough! Come, now, perhaps some maid of the Mandans, on ahead, will prove fair enough to pipe to you, or to touch the bull-hide tambourine in such fashion as to charm you from your sorrows! No, don't be offended—it is only that I want to tell you not to take that old affair too hard. And now, it is time for you to turn in."

William Clark himself arose and strolled to his own blanket-roll, spread it out, and lay down beneath the sky to sleep. Meriwether Lewis sought to follow his example, and spread open his robe and blankets close to the fire. As he leaned back, he felt something hard and crackling under his hand, and looked down.

It was his custom to carry in his blankets, for safe-keeping, his long spy-glass, a pair of dry moccasins and a buckskin tunic. These articles were here, as he expected to find them. Yet here among them was a folded and sealed envelope—a letter! He had not placed it here; yet here it was.

He caught it up in his hand, looked at it wonderingly, kicked the ends of the embers together so that they flamed up, bent forward to read the superscription—and paused in amazement. Well enough he

*The original journals of these two astonishing young men—one of them just thirty years old, the other thirty-four—should rank among the epic literature of the world. Battered about, scattered, separated, lost, hawked from hand to hand, handed down as unvalued heritages, "edited" first by this and then by that little man, sometimes to the extent of actual mutilation or alteration of their text—the journals of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark hold their ineffaceable clarity in spite of all. Their most curious quality is the strange blending of two large souls which they show. It was only by studying closely the individual differences of handwriting, style, and spelling, that it could be determined what was the work of Lewis, which that done by Clark.

And what a labor! After long days of toil and danger, under unvarying hardships, in conditions of extremest discomfort and inconvenience for such work, the two young leaders set down with unflagging faithfulness countless thousands of details, all in such fashion as showed the keenest and most exact powers of observation. Botanists, naturalists, geographers, map-makers, builders, engineers, hunters, journalists, they brought back in their note-books a mass of information never equaled by the records of any other party of explorers.

We cannot overestimate the sum of labor which all this meant, day after day, month after month; nor should we underestimate the qualities of mind and education demanded of them, nor the varied experience of life in primitive surroundings which needed to be part of their requisite equipment. It was indeed as if the two friends were fitted by the plan of Providence for this great enterprise which they concluded in such simple, unpretending, yet minutely thorough fashion. Neither thought himself a hero, therefore each was one. The largest glory to be accorded them is that they found their ambition and their content in the day's work well done.

knew the firm, upright, characterful hand which addressed this missive to him:

TO CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS.—ON THE TRAIL IN THE WEST.

A feeling somewhat akin to awe fell upon Meriwether Lewis. He felt a cold prickling along his spine. It was for him, yes—but whence had it come? There had been no messenger from outside the camp. For one brief instant it seemed, indeed, as if this bit of paper—which of all possible gifts of the gods he would most have coveted—had dropped from the heavens themselves at his feet here in the savage wilderness. His heart had been on the point of breaking, it seemed to him—and it had come to comfort him! It was from her. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:

Greetings to you, wherever you may be when this shall find you. Are you among the Gauls, the Goths, the Visigoths, the Huns, the Vandals, or the Cimbri? Wherever you be, our hopes and faith go with you. You are, as I fancy, in a desert, a wilderness, worth no man's owning. Life passes meantime. To what end, my friend?

I fancy you in the deluge, in the hurricane, in the blaze of the sun, or in the bleak winds, alone, cheerless, perhaps athirst, perhaps knowing hunger. I know that you will meet these things like a man. But to what end—what is the purpose of all this? You have left behind you all that makes life worth while—fortune, fame, life, ambition, honor—to go away into the desert. At what time are you going to turn back and come to us once more?

Oh, if only I had the right—if only I dared—if only I were in a position to lay some command on you to bring you back! Methinks then I would. You could do so much for us all—so much for me. It would mean so much to my own happiness if you were here.

Meriwether Lewis, come back! You have gone far enough. On ahead are only cruel hardship and continual failure. Here are fortune, fame, wealth, ambition, honor—and more. I told you one time I would lay my hand upon your shoulder out yonder, no matter where you were. I said that you should look into my face, yonder when you sat alone beside your fire under the stars. You said that it would be torment. I said that none the less I would not let you go. I said my face still should stay with you, until you were willing to turn back.

Turn back *now*, Meriwether Lewis! Come back!

The letter was not signed, and needed not to be. Meriwether Lewis sat staring at the paper clutched in his hand.

Her face! Ah, did he not see it now? Was it not true what she had said? He saw her face now—but not smiling, happy, contented, as it once had been. No, he saw it pale and in distress. He saw tears in her eyes. And she had written him:

Oh, if only I had the right to lay some command on you!

Was not he, who had forgotten honor, subject now to any command that she might give him?

"Will, Will!" exclaimed Meriwether Lewis sharply, imperatively, to his friend, whom he could see dimly at a little distance as he lay.

The long figure in its robes straightened quickly, for by day or night William Clark was instantly ready for any sudden alarm. He started up on his robe, with his hand on his rifle.

"Who calls there? Who goes?" he cried, half awake.

"It is I, Will," said Meriwether Lewis, advancing toward him. "Listen—tell me, Will, why did you do this?"

"Why did I do what? Merne, what is wrong?"

Clark was now on his feet, and Lewis held out the letter to him. He took it in his hand, looked at it wonderingly.

"This letter—" began Meriwether Lewis. "Certainly you carried it for me—why did you not bring it to me long ago?"

"What letter? Whose letter is it, Merne? I never saw it before. What is it you are saying? Are you mad?"

"I think so," said Lewis. "I think I must be. Here is a letter—I found it but now in my bed. I thought perhaps you had had it for me a long time, and placed it there as a surprise."

"Who sends it, Merne? What does it say?"

"It is from the woman whose face I have seen at night, Will. She asks me to come back!"

"Burn it—throw it in the fire!" said William Clark sharply. "Go back? What, forsake Mr. Jefferson—leave me?"

"God forgive me, Will, but you search my very heart! For one moment I was on the point of declaring myself too ill to finish this journey—on the point of letting you have all the honor of it. I was going to surrender my place to you."

"You cannot desert us, Merne! You shall not! Go back to bed! Give me the

letter! Bah, it is some counterfeit, some trick of one of the men!"

"It would be worth any man's life to try a jest like that," said Meriwether Lewis. "It is no counterfeit. I know it too well. This letter was written before we left St. Louis. How it came here I know not, but I know who wrote it."

"She had no right—"

"Ah, but that is the cruelty of it—she *did* have the right!"

"There are some things which a man must work out for himself," said William Clark slowly, after a time. "I don't think I'll ask any questions. If there is any place where I can take half your burden, you know what I will do. We've worked share and share alike, but perhaps some things cannot be shared, even by you and me. It is for you to tell me if I can help you now. If not, then you must decide."

Even as he spoke, his friend Lewis was turning away from him. Meriwether Lewis walked out alone into the night. Stumbling, he passed on out among the shadows, under the starlight. Without much plan, he found himself on a little eminence of the bluff near by.

He sat down, his blanket drawn over his head, like an Indian, motionless, thinking, fighting out his own fight, as sometimes a man must, alone. He did not know that William Clark, most faithful of friends, himself silent as a Sioux, had followed, and sat a little distance apart, his eyes fixed on the motionless figure outlined against the sky.

The dawn came at last and kindled a red band along the east. The gray light at length grew more clear. A coyote on the bluff raised a long and quavering cry, like some soul in torture. As if it were his own voice, Meriwether Lewis stirred, rose, drew back the blanket from his shoulders, and turned down the hill.

He saw his friend rising and advancing to him. Once more their hands gripped, as they had when the two first met on the Ohio, almost a year ago, at the beginning of their journey.

Lewis frowned heavily. He could not speak for a time.

"Give the orders to the men to roll out, Captain Clark," said he at length.

"Which way, Captain Lewis—up-stream or down?"

"The expedition will go forward, Captain Clark."

"God bless you, Merne," said the red-headed one.

CHAPTER III

THE DAY'S WORK

"ROLL out, men, roll out!"

The sleeping men stirred under their robes and blankets and turned out, quickly awake, after the fashion of the wilderness. The sentinel came in, his moccasins wet, his tunic girded tight against the cool of the morning, which even at that season was chill upon the high plains. Soon the fires were alight and the odors of roasting meat arose. The hour was scarce yet dawn.

"Ordway! Gass! Pryor!" Lewis called in the sergeants in charge of the three messes. "The boy Shannon has not returned. Which of your men, Ordway, will best serve to find Shannon and meet us up the river?"

"Myself, sir," said Ordway, "if you please."

"No, 'tis meself, sor," interrupted Patrick Gass.

Pryor, with hand outstretched, also claimed the honor of the difficult undertaking.

"You three are needed in the boats," said the leader. "No, I think it will be better to send Drouillard and the two Fields boys. But tell me, Sergeant Ordway—"

"Yes, sir!"

"Has any boat passed up the river within the last day—for instance, while we were away at the hunt?"

"I think not, sir. Surely any one coming up the river would have turned in at our camp."

Lewis turned to Gass, to Pryor; but both agreed that no boat could have gone by unnoticed.

"And no man has come into the camp from below—no horseman?"

They all shook their heads. Their leader looked from one to the other keenly, trying to see if anything was concealed from him; but the honest faces of his men showed no suspicion of his own doubts.

He dismissed them, feeling it beneath his dignity to make inquiry as to the bearer of the mysterious letter; nor did he mention it again to William Clark. He knew only that some one of his men had a secret from his commander.

"The men will find Shannon and bring

him in ahead—we can't afford to wait here for them. The water is falling now," said Clark. "We are doing our twenty miles daily. The men laugh on the line, for the bars are exposed, and they can track along-shore easily. Suppose Shannon were out three days—that would make it sixty miles up-stream—or less, for him, for he could cut the bends. I make no doubt that when he found himself out for the night he started up the river, even before this time. *En avant, Cruzatte!*" he called. "You shall lead the line for the first draw. Make it lively for an hour! Sing some song, Cruzatte, if you can—some song of old Kas-kaskia."

"Sure, the Frenchmans, she'll lead the line this morning, *capitaine!* I'll put nine, seven Frenchmans on the line, and she'll ron on the bank on her bare feet two hour—one hour. This buffalo meat, she make Frenchmans strong like nothing!"

"Go on, Frenchy!" said Patrick Gass, Cruzatte's sergeant, who stood near by. "Wait until time comes for my squad on the line—'tis thin we'll make the elkhide hum! There's a few of the Irish along."

"Ho!" said Ordway, usually silent. "Wait rather for us Yankees—we'll show you what old Vermont can do!"

"As to that," said Pryor, "belike the Ohio and Kentucky men could serve a turn as well as the Irish or the French. Old Kaintuck has to help out the others, the way she did in the French and Indian War!"

"Well," broke in Peter Weiser, joining them as they argued, "I am from Pennsylvania; but I am half Virginian, and there are some others from the Old Dominion. When you are all done, call on us—ole Virinny never tires!"

The contagion of their light-heartedness, their loyalty and devotion, came as solace to the heart of Meriwether Lewis. He smiled in spite of himself, his eye kindling with confidence and admiration as he looked over his men.

They were stripping for their day's work, ready for mud or water or sun, as the case might be. Amidships, on the highest locker on the barge, one of the Kentuckians was flapping his arms lustily and giving the cock-crow, the river challenge of frontier days. Others seated themselves at the long sweeps of the barge, while yet others were manning the pirogues.

A few moments later, with joyous shouts,

they were on their way once more—and not setting their faces toward home. In an hour they were above the first long bend. The wilderness had closed behind them. No trace of the Indian village was left, no sight of the lingering smoke of their last camp-fires.

Faithfully, patiently, day by day, they held their way, sustained by the renewed fascination of adventure, hardened and insured to risk and toil alike. The distance behind them lengthened so enormously that they began to figure upon the unknown rather than the known.

"We surely must be almost across now!" said some of the men.

All of them were sore distressed over the loss of Shannon. Two weeks had passed since they left the Yankton Sioux, and four times the faithful trailers had come back to the boats with no trace of the missing one.

"It certainly is in the off chance now," assented William Clark seriously, one day as they lay in the noon encampment. "But perhaps he may be among the natives somewhere, and we may hear of him when we come back—if ever we do."

"If he got by the Teton Sioux, and kept on up the river, in time he would find us somewhere among the Mandans," said Meriwether Lewis. "But we will try once more before we give him up. Send a man to the top of the bluff with my spy-glass."

Busy in their labors over their maps, and in the recording of their compass bearings, for half an hour they forgot their messenger, until a shout called their attention. He was waving his hands, wildly beckoning. Yonder, alone in the plains, bewildered, hopeless, wandering, was the lost man, who did not even know that the river was close at hand! Shannon's escape from a miserable fate was but one more instance of the almost miraculous good fortune which seemed to attend the expedition.

"And she was lucky man, too!" said Drouillard, a half-hour later, nodding toward the opposite shore. "Suppose he is on that side, she'll not get in to-day!"

They looked where he pointed. Red men, mounted, were visible, a dozen of them, motionless, on the rim of the farther bank, watching the explorers as they began to make ready for their journey. Lewis turned his great field-glass in that direction.

"Sioux!" said he. "They are painted, too. I fancy," he added, as he turned toward his associates, "that this must be

Black Buffalo's band of Tetons you've told us about, Drouillard."

"*Oui, oui, the Teton!*" exclaimed Drouillard. "I'll not spoke his language, me; but she'll be bad Sioux. *Prenez garde, capitaine, prenez garde pour ces sauvages, les Sioux!*"

And indeed this warning proved well founded. More Indians gathered in toward the shore that afternoon, riding along, parallel with the course of the boats, whooping, shouting to the boatmen. At nightfall there were a hundred of them assembled—painted warriors, decked in all their savage finery, bold men, showing no fear of the newcomers.

The white men went about their camp duties in a mingling of figures, white and red. Lewis lined up his men, beat his drums, fired the great swivel piece to impress the savages.

"Bring out the flag, Will," said he. "Put up our council awning. I'll have a parley with their head man. Can you make him out, Drouillard?"

"He'll said he was Black Buffalo," replied the Frenchman. "I don't understand him very good."

"Take him these things, Drouillard," said Lewis. "Give him a lace coat and hat, a red feather, some tobacco, and this medal. Tell him that when we get ready we'll make a talk with him."

But Black Buffalo and his men were not in the mood to wait for their parley. They crowded down to the bank angrily, excitedly, even after they had received the presents sent them. Lewis, busy about the barge, which had not yet found a good landing-place, turned at the sound of his friend's voice, to see Clark struggling in the grasp of two or three of the Sioux, among them the Teton chief. A savage had his hand flung about the mast of the pirogue, others laid hold upon the painter. Clark, flushed and angry at the touch of another man's hand, whipped out his sword, and the Indians were drawing their bows from their cases.

At that moment Lewis gave a loud order, which arrested them all. The Sioux turned toward the barge, to see the black mouth of the great swivel-gun pointing at them—the gun whose thunder voice they had heard.

"Big medicine!" called out Black Buffalo in terror, and ordered his men back.

Clark offered his hand to Black Buffalo,

but it was refused. Angry, he sprang into the pirogue and pushed off for the barge. Three of the Indians stepped into the pirogue with him, jabbering excitedly, and, with Clark, went aboard the barge, where they made themselves very much at home.

"*Croyez moi!*" ejaculated Drouillard. "These Hinjun, she'll think he own this country!"

Here, then, they were, in the Teton country. No sleep that night for either of the leaders, nor for any of the men. They pulled the pirogues alongside the barge and sat, barricaded behind their goods, rifle in hand.

They kept their visitors prisoners all that night, and whatever might have been the construction the Tetons placed on their act, they themselves by dawn were far more placable. Continually they motioned that the whites should come ashore, that they must stop, that they must not go on further up the river. But when all was prepared for the start on the following morning, Lewis ordered the great cable of the barge cast off.

Black Buffalo in turn ordered his men to lay hold upon it and retain the boat. Once more the Indians began to draw their bows. Once more Lewis turned upon them the muzzle of his cannon. His men shook the priming into their pieces, and made ready to fire. An instant, and much blood might have been shed.

"Black Buffalo," said Lewis, as best he might through his interpreter, "I heard you were a chief. You are not Black Buffalo, but some squaw! We are going to see if we can find Black Buffalo, the real chief. If he were here, he would accept our tobacco. The geese are flying down the river. Soon the snow will come. We cannot wait. See, I give you this tobacco on the prairie. Go and see if you can find Black Buffalo, the real chief!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Teton leader, his dignity outraged. "You say I am not Black Buffalo—that I am not a chief. I will show you!"

He caught the twists of good black Virginia tobacco tossed to him, and cast the rope far from him upon the tawny flood of the Missouri. An instant later the oars had caught the water and Cruzatte had spread the bowsail of the barge. So they won through one more of the most dangerous of the tribes against whom they had been warned.

"A near thing, Merne!" said Will Clark after a time. "There is some mighty hand that seems to guide us—is it not the truth?"

CHAPTER IV

THE CROSSROADS OF THE WEST

THE geese were now indeed flying down the river, coming in long, dark lines out of the icy north. Sometimes the sky was overcast hours at a stretch. A new note came into the voice of the wind. The nights grew colder.

Autumn was at hand. Soon it would be winter—winter on the plains. It was late in October, more than five months out from St. Louis, when Mr. Jefferson's "Volunteers for the Discovery of the West" arrived in the Mandan country.

Long ago war and disease wiped out the gentle Mandan people. To-day two cities stand where their green fields once showed the first broken soil north of the Platte River. But a century ago that region, although little known to our government at Washington, was not unknown to others. The Mandan villages lay at a great wilderness crossroads, or rather at the apex of a triangle, beyond which none had gone.

Hereabout the *Sieur de la Verandrye* had crossed on his own journey of exploration two generations earlier. More lately the emissaries of the great British companies, although privately warring with one another, had pushed west over the Assiniboine. Traders had been among the Mandans now for a decade. Thus far came the Western trail from Canada, and halted.

The path of the Missouri also led thus far, but here, at the intersection, ended all the trails of trading or traveling white men. Therefore, Lewis and Clark found white men located here before them—McCracken, an Irishman; Jussaume, a Frenchman; Henderson, an Englishman; La Roque, another Frenchman—all over from the Assiniboine country; and all, it hardly need be said, excited and anxious over this wholly unexpected arrival of white strangers in their own trading-limits.

Big White, chief of the Mandans, welcomed the new party as friends, for he was quick to grasp the advantage the white men's goods gave his people over the neighboring tribes, and also quick to understand the virtue of competition.

"Brothers," said he, "you have come for our beaver and our robes. As for us, we want powder and ball and more iron hatchets and knives. We have traded with the Assiniboines, who are foolish people, and have taken all their goods away from them. We have killed the Rees until we are tired of killing them. The Sioux will not trouble us if we have plenty of powder and ball. We know that you have come to trade with us. See, the snow is here. Light your lodge-fires with the Mandans. Stay here until the grass comes once more!"

"We open our ears to what Big White has said," replied Lewis—speaking through Jussaume, the Frenchman, who soon was added as interpreter to the party. "We are the children of a Great Father in the East, who gives you this medal with his picture on it. He sends you this coat, this hat of a chief. He gives you this hatchet, this case of tobacco. There are other hatchets and more tobacco for your people."

"What Great Father is that?" demanded Big White. "It seems there are many Great Fathers in these days! Who are you strangers, who come from so far?"

"You yourself shall judge, Big White. When the geese fly up the river and the grass is green, our great boat here is going back down the river. The Great Father is curious to know his children, the Mandans. If you, Big White, wish to go to see him when the grass is green, you shall sit yonder in that boat and go all the way with some of my men. You shall shake his hand. When you come back, you can tell the story to your own people. Then all the tribes will cease to wage war. Your women once more may take off their moccasins at night when they sleep."

"It is good," said the Mandan. "*Ahaie!* Come and stay with us until the grass is green, and I will make medicine over what you say. We will open our lodges to you, and will not harm you. Our young women will carry you corn which they have saved for the winter. Our squaws will feed your horses. Go no farther, for the snow and ice are coming fast. Even the buffalo will be thin, and the elk will grow so lean that they will not be good to eat. This is as far as the white men ever come when the grass is green. Beyond this, no man knows the trails."

"When the grass is green," said Lewis, "I shall lead my young men toward the setting sun. We shall make new trails."

Jussaume, McCracken, and all the others held their own council with the leaders of the expedition.

"What are you doing here?" they demanded. "The Missouri has always belonged to the British traders."

The face of Meriwether Lewis flushed with anger.

"We are about the business of our government," he said. "It is our purpose to discover the West beyond here, all of it. It is our own country that we are discovering. We have bought it and paid for it, and will hold it. We carry the news of the great purchase to the natives."

"Purchase? What purchase?" demanded McCracken.

And then the face of Lewis lightened, for he knew that they had outrun all the news of the world!

"The Louisiana Purchase—the purchase of all this Western country from the Mississippi to the Pacific, across the Stony Mountains. We bought it from Napoleon, who had it from Spain. We are the wedge to split the British from the South—the Missouri is our own pathway into our own country. That is our business here!"

"You must go back!" said the hot-headed Irishman. "I shall tell my factor, Chaboillez, at Fort Assiniboine. We want no more traders here. This is our country!"

"We do not come to trade," said Meriwether Lewis. "We play a larger game. I know that the men of the Northwest Company have found the Arctic Ocean—you are welcome to it until we want it—we do not want it now. I know you have found the Pacific somewhere above the Columbia—we do not want what we have not bought or found for ourselves, and you are welcome to that. But when you ask us to turn back on our own trail, it is a different matter. We are on our own soil now, and we will not turn for any order in the world but that of the President of the United States!"

McCracken, irritated, turned away from the talk.

"It is a fine fairy tale they tell us!" said he to his fellows.

Drouillard came a moment later to his chief.

"Those men she'll take her dog-team for Assiniboine now—maybe so one hundred and fifty miles that way. He'll told his factor now, on the Assiniboine post."

Lewis smiled.

"Tell him to take this letter to his fac-

tor, Drouillard," said he. "It is a passport given me by Mr. Thompson, representing Mr. Merry, of the British Legation at Washington. I have fifty other passports, better ones, each good at a hundred yards. If Mr. Chaboillez wishes to find us, he can do so. If we have gone, let him come after us in the spring."

"My faith," said Jussaume, the Frenchman, "you come a long way! Why you want to go more farther West? But, listen, *monsieur capitaine*—the Englishman, he'll go to make trouble for you. He is going to send word to Rocheblave, the most boss trader on Lake Superior, at Fort William. They are going for send a man to beat you over the mountains—I know!"

"'Tis a long road from here to the middle of Lake Superior's north shore," said Meriwether Lewis. "It will be a long way back from there in the spring. While they are planning to start, already we shall be on our way."

"I know the man they'll send," went on Jussaume. "Simon Fraser—I know him. Long time he'll want to go up the Saskatchewan and over the mountain on the ocean."

"We" race Mr. Fraser to the ocean," said Meriwether Lewis; "him or any other man. While he plans, we shall be on our way!"

Well enough the Northern traders knew the meaning of this American expedition into the West. If it went on, all the lower trade was lost to Great Britain forever. The British minister, Merry, had known it. Aaron Burr had known it. This expedition must be stopped! That was the word which must go back to Montreal, back to London, along the trail which ended here at the crossroads of the Missouri.

"The red-headed young man is not so bad," said one of the white news-bearers at the Assiniboine post. "He is willing to parley, and he seems disposed to be amiable. But the other, the one named Lewis—I can do nothing with him. For some reason he seems to be hostile to the British interests. He speaks well, and is a man of presence and education, but he is bitter against us, and I cannot handle him. We must use force to stop that man!"

"Agreed, then!" said his master, laughing lustily, for, safe in his own sanctuary, he had not seen these men himself. "We shall use force, as we have before. We will excite the savages against them this

winter. If they will listen to us, and turn back in the spring—all of them, not part of them—very well. If they will not listen to reason, then we shall use such means as we need to stop them."

Of this conversation the two young American officers, one of Virginia, the other of Kentucky, knew nothing at all. But they held council of their own, as was their fashion—a council of two, sitting by their camp-fire; and while others talked, they acted.

Before November was a week old, the axes were ringing among the cottonwoods. The men were carrying big logs toward the cleared space shown to them, and while Meriwether Lewis worked at his journal and his scientific records, William Clark, born soldier and born engineer, was going forward with his little fortress.

Trenches were cut, the logs were ended up—taller pickets than any one of that country ever had seen before. A double row of cabins was built inside the stockade. A great gate was furnished, proof against assault. A bastion was erected in one corner, mounting the swivel piece so that it might be fired above the top of the wall. A little more work of chinking the walls, of flooring the cabins, of making chimneys of wattle and clay—and *presto*, before the winter had well settled down, the white explorers were housed and fortified and ready for what might come.

The Mandans sat and watched them in wonder. Jussaume, the French trader, shook his head. In all his experience on the trail he had seen nothing savoring quite so much of preparedness and celerity.

Among all the posts to the northward and eastward the word went out, carried by dog runners.

"They have built a great house of tall logs," said the Indians. "They have put the thing that thunders on top of the wall. They never sleep. Each day they exercise with their rifles under their arms. They have long knives on their belts. They carry hatchets that are sharp enough to shave bark. Their medicine is strong!"

"They write down the words of the Mandans and the Minnetarees in their books. They are taking skins of the antelope and the bighorn and the deer, even skins of the prairie-grouse and the badger and the prairie-dog—everything they can get. They dry these, to make some sort of medicine of them. They cut off pieces of wood and

bark. They put the dirt which burns in little sacks. They make pictures and make the talking papers—all the time they work at something, the two chiefs. They have a black man with them who cannot be washed white—they have stained him with some medicine of their own. He makes sounds like a buffalo, and he says that the white man made him as he is and will do us that way. We would like to kill them, but they have made their house too strong!"

"They never sleep. In the daytime and in the night-time, no matter how cold it is, one man, two men, walk up and down inside the wall. They have carried their boats up out of the water—two boats, a great one and two small. All through the woods they are cutting down the largest trees, and out of the straight logs they are making more boats, more boats, as many as there are fingers on one hand. They have axes that cast much larger chips than any we ever saw. We fear these men, because they do not fear us. We do not know what to think. They are men who never sleep. Before the sun is up we find them writing or making large chips with their axes, or hunting in the woods—not a day goes by that their hunters do not bring in elk and deer and buffalo. They do not fear us.

"We have seen no men like these. They are chiefs, and their medicine is strong!"

CHAPTER V

THE APPEAL

"WELL done, Will Clark!" said Meriwether Lewis, when, at length, one cold winter morning, they stood within the walls of the completed fortress. "Now we can have our own fireplace and go on with our work in comfort. The collection is growing splendidly!"

"Yes, Mr. Jefferson will find that we have been busy," rejoined Clark. "The barge will go down well loaded in the spring. They'll have the best of it—down-hill, and over country they have crossed."

"True," mused Lewis. "We are at a blank wall here. We lack a guide now, that is sure. Two interpreters we have, who may or may not be of use, but no one knows the country. But now—you know our other new interpreter, the sullen chap, Charbonneau—that polygamous scamp with two or three Indian wives?"

"Yes, and a surly brute he is!"

"Well, it seems that last summer Char-bonneau married still another wife—a girl not over sixteen years of age, I should judge. He bought her—she was a slave, a captive brought down from somewhere up the river by a war-party. She is a pleasant girl, and always smiles. She seems friendly to us—see the moccasins she made for me but now. And I only had to knock her husband down once for beating her!"

"Lucky man!" grinned William Clark. "I have knocked him down half a dozen times, and she has made me no moccasins at all. But what then?"

"So far as I can learn, that Indian girl is the only human being here who has ever seen the Stony Mountains. The girl says that she was taken captive years ago somewhere near the summit of the Stony Mountains. Above here a great river comes in, which they call the Yellow Rock River—the 'Ro'jaune,' Jussaume calls it. Very well. Many days' or weeks' journey toward the west, this river comes again within a half-day's march of the Missouri. That is near the summit of the mountains, and this girl's people live there."

"By the Lord, Merne, you've a genius for getting over new country!"

"Wait. I find the child very bright—very clear of mind. And listen, Will—the mind of a woman is better for small things than that of a man. They pick up trifles and hang on to them. I'd as soon trust that girl for a guide out yonder as any horse-stealing warrior in a hurry to get into a country and in a hurry to get out of it again. Raiding parties cling to the river-courses, which they know; but she and her people must have been far to the west of any place these adventurers of the Minnetarees ever saw. Sacajawea she calls herself—the 'Bird Woman.' I swear I look upon that name itself as a good omen! She has come back like a dove to the ark, this Bird Woman. William Clark, we shall reach the sea—or, at least, you will do so, Will," he concluded.

"What do you mean, Merne? Surely, if I do, you will also!"

"I cannot be sure."

The florid face of William Clark showed a frown of displeasure.

"You are not as well as you should be—you work too much. That is not just to Mr. Jefferson, Merne, nor to our men, nor to me."

"It was for that reason I took you on. Doesn't a man have two lungs, two arms, two limbs, two eyes? We are those for Mr. Jefferson—even crippled, the expedition will live. You are as my own other hand. I exult to see you every morning smiling out of your blankets, hopeful and hungry!"

Meriwether Lewis turned to his colleague with the sweet smile which sometimes his friends saw.

"You see, I am a fatalist," he went on.

"Ah, you laugh at me! My people must have been owners of the second sight, I have often told you. Humor me, Will, bear with me. Don't question me too deep. Your flag, Will, I know will be planted on the last parapet of life—you were born to succeed. For myself, I still must remember what my mother told me—something about the burden which would be too heavy, the trail which would be long. At times I doubt."

"Confound it, Merne, you have not been yourself since you got that accursed letter in the night last summer!"

"It was unsettling, I don't deny."

"I pray Heaven you'll never get another!" said William Clark. "From a married woman, too! Thank God I've no such affair on my mind!"

"It is taboo, Will—that one thing!"

And Clark, growling anathemas on all women, stalked away to find his axmen.

The snows had come soft and deep, blown on the icy winds. The horses of the Mandans were housed in the lodges, and lived on cottonwood instead of grass. When the vast herds of buffalo came down from the broken hills into the shelter of the flats, the men returned frost-bitten with their loads of meat. The sky was dark. The days were short.

To improve the morale of their men, the leaders now planned certain festivities for them. On Christmas Eve each man had his stocking well stuffed with such delicacies as the company stores afforded—pepper, salt, dried fruits long cherished in the commissary, such other knickknacks as might be spared.

On Christmas Day Drouillard brought out a fiddle. A dance was ordered, and went on all day long on the puncheon floor of the main cabin. In moccasins and leggings, with hair long and tunics belted close to their lean waists, the white men danced to the tunes of their own land—the reels and hoe-downs of old Virginia and Kentucky.

The sounds of revelry were heard by the Mandans who came up to the gate.

"White men make a medicine dance," they said, and knocked for entrance.

Two women only were present—the wife of Jussaume, the squaw-man, and Sacajawea, the girl wife of Charbonneau, the interpreter of the Mandans. These two had many presents.

The face of Sacajawea was wreathed in smiles. Always her eyes followed the tall form of Meriwether Lewis wherever he went. Her own husband was but her husband, and already she had elected Meriwether Lewis as her deity. When her husband thrashed her, always he thrashed her husband.

In her simple child's soul she consecrated herself to the task which he had assigned her. Yes, when the grass came she would take these white men to her own people. If they wanted to see the salt waters far to the west—her people had heard of that—then they should go there also. The Bird Woman was very happy that Christmas Day. The chief had thrashed Charbonneau and had given her wonderful presents!

All the men danced but one—the youth Shannon, who once more had met misfortune. While hewing with the broadax at one of the canoes, he had had the misfortune to slash his foot, so must lie in his bunk and watch the others.

"Keep the men going, Will," said Meriwether Lewis. "I'll go to my room and get forward some letters which I want to write—to my mother and to Mr. Jefferson. At least I can date them Christmas Day, although Providence alone knows when they may be despatched or received!"

He returned to his own quarters, where he had erected a little desk at which he sometimes worked, and sat down. For a moment he remained in thought, as the sound of the dancing still came to him, glad to find his men so happy. At length he spread open the backs of his little leather writing-case, unscrewed his inkhorn and set it safe, drew his keen hunting-knife, and put a point upon a goose-quill pen. Then he put away the many written pages which still lay in the portfolio, the product of his daily labors.

Searching for fair white paper, his eye caught sight of a sealed and folded letter, apparently long unnoticed here among the written and unwritten sheets. In a flash

he knew what it was! Once more the blood in his veins seemed to stop short.

TO CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS, IN CHARGE OF THE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF THE WEST.—ON THE TRAIL.

He knew what hand had written the words. For one short instant he had a mad impulse to cast the letter into the fire. Then there came over him once more the feeling which oppressed him all his life—that he was a helpless instrument in the hands of fate. He broke the seal—not noticing as he did so that it had a number scratched into the wax—and read the letter, which ran thus:

SIR AND FRIEND:

I know not where these presents may find you, or in what case. Once more I keep my promise not to let you go. Once more you shall see my face—see, it is looking up at you from the page! Tell me, do you see me now before you?

Are other faces of women in your mind? Have they lost themselves as women's faces so often—so soon—are lost from a man's mind? Can you see me, Meriwether Lewis, your childhood friend?

Do you remember the time you saved me from the cows in the lane at your father's farm, when I was but a child, on my first visit to far-off Virginia? You kissed me then, to dry my tears. You were a boy; I was a child yet younger. Can you forget that time—can you forget what you said?

"I will always be there, Theodosia," you said, "when you are in trouble!"

You said it stoutly, and I believed it, as a child.

I believed you then—I believe you now. I still have the same child's faith in you. My mother died while I was young; my father has always been so busy—I scarcely have been a girl, as you say you never were a boy. You know my husband—he has his own affairs. But you always were my friend, in so many ways!

It is true that I am laying a secret on your heart—one which you must observe all your life. My letter is for you, and for no other eyes. But now I come once more to you to hold you to your promise.

Meriwether Lewis, come back to us! By this time the trail surely is long enough! We are counting absolutely on your return. I heard Mr. Merry tell my father—and I may tell it to you—that on your recall rested all hope of the success of our own cause on the lower Mississippi—for ourselves and for you. If you do not come back to us, as early as you can, you condemn us to failure—myself—my life—that of my father—yourself also.

Perhaps your delay may mean even more, Meriwether Lewis. I have to tell you that times are threatening for this republic. Relations

between our country and Great Britain are strained to the breaking-point. Mr. Merry says that if our cause on the lower Mississippi shall not prevail, his own country, as soon as it can finish with Napoleon, will come against this republic once more—both on the Great Lakes and at the mouth of the Mississippi. He says that your expedition into the West will split the country, if it goes on. It must be withdrawn, or the gap must be mended by war. You see, then, one of the sure results of this mad folly of Thomas Jefferson.

Go on, therefore, if you would ruin me, my father—your own future; but will you go on if you face possible ruin for your own country by so doing? This I leave for you to say.

Surely by now the main object of your expedition will have been accomplished—surely you may return with all practical results of your labors in your hands. Were that not a wiser thing? Does not your duty lie toward the east, and not further toward the west? There is a limit beyond which not even a forlorn hope is asked to go when it assails a citadel. Not every general is dishonored, though he does not complete the campaign laid out for him. Expeditions have failed, and will fail, with honor. Leaders of men have failed, will fail, with honor. I do not call it failure for you to return to us and let the expedition go on. There is a limit to what may be asked of a man. There are two of you for Mr. Jefferson; but for us there is only one—it is Captain Lewis. And—how shall I say it and not be misunderstood?—there is but one for her whose face you see, I hope, on this page.

What limit is there to the generosity of a man like you—what limit to his desire to pay each duty, to keep each promise that he has made in all his life? Will such a man forget his promise always to kiss away the tears of that companion to whom he has come in rescue? I am in trouble. Tears are in my eyes as I write. Do you forget that promise? Do you wish to make yet happier the woman whom you have so many times made happy—who has cherished so much ambition for you?

Meriwether Lewis, my friend—you who would have been my lover—for whom there is no hope, since fate has been so unkind—come back to us in your generosity! Come back to me, even in your hopelessness! Will you always see me with tears in my eyes? Do you see me now? I swear tears fall even as I write. And you promised always to kiss my tears away!

Farewell until I see you again. May good fortune attend you always, wherever you go—in whatever direction you may travel—from us or toward us—from me or with me!

Meriwether Lewis sat, his face between his hands, staring down at what he saw. Should he go on, or should he hand over all to William Clark and return—return to keep his promise—return to comfort, as best he might, with the gift of all his life,

that face which indeed he had left in tears by an unpardonable act of his own?

He owed her everything she could ask of him. What must she think of him now—that he was not only a dishonorable man, but also a coward running away from the responsibility of what he had done? No blow from the hands of fate could have given him more exquisite agony than this.

For a long time—he never knew how long—he sat thus, staring, pondering, but at length with sudden energy he rose and flung open the door of the dancing-room.

"Will!" he called to his companion.

When William Clark joined his friend in the outer air, he saw the open letter in Lewis's hand—saw also the distress upon his countenance.

"Merne, it's another letter from that woman! I wish I had her here, that I might wring her neck!" said William Clark viciously. "Who brought it?"

"I don't know."

Meriwether Lewis was folding up the letter. He placed it in the pocket of his coat with its fellow, received months ago.

"Will," said he at length, "don't you recall what I was telling you this very morning? I felt something coming—I felt that fate had something more for me. You know I spoke in doubt."

"Listen, Merne!" replied William Clark. "There is no woman in the world worth the misery this one has put on you. It is a thing execrable, unspeakable!"

His friend looked him steadily in the eyes.

"Rebuke not her, but me!" he said. "This letter asks me to come back to kiss away a woman's tears. Will, I was the cause of those tears. I can tell you no more. What I did was a thing execrable, unspeakable—I, your friend, did that!"

William Clark, more genuinely troubled than ever in his life before, was dumb.

"My future is forfeited, Will," went on the same even, dull voice, which Clark could scarcely recognize; "but I have decided to go on through with you."

CHAPTER VI

WHICH WAY?

"WHICH way, Will?" asked Meriwether Lewis. "Which is the river? If we miss many guesses, the British will beat us through. Which is our river here?"

They stood at the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri, and faced one of the first of their great problems. It was spring once more. The geese were flying northward again; the grass was green. Three weeks ago the ice had run clear, and they had left their winter quarters among the Mandans.

Five months they had spent at the Mandan village; for five months they had labored to reach that place; for five months, or more, they had lain at St. Louis. Time was passing. As Meriwether Lewis said, few wrong guesses could be afforded.

Early in April the great barge, manned by ten men, had set out down-stream, carrying with it the proof of the success of the expedition. It bore many new things, precious things, things unknown to civilization. Among these were sixty specimens of plants, as many of minerals and earths, weapons of the Indians, examples of their clothing, specimens of the corn and other vegetables which they raised, horns of the bighorn and the antelope—both animals then new to science—antlers of the deer and elk, stuffed specimens, dried skins, herbs, fruits, flowers; and with all these the broken story of a new geography—the greatest story ever sent out for publication by any man or men, and all done in Homeric simplicity.

As the great barge had started down the river, the two pirogues which had come so far, joined by the cottonwood dugouts laboriously fabricated during the winter months, had started up the river, manned by thirty-one men.

With the pick of the original party, there had come but one woman, the girl Sacajawea, with her little baby, born that winter at the Mandan fortress. Sacajawea now had her place in the camp; she and her infant were the pets of all. She sat in the sunlight, her baby in her lap, by her side an Indian dog, a waif which Lewis had found abandoned in an Indian encampment, and which had attached itself to him.

Sacajawea smiled as the tall form of the captain came toward her. She had already learned some of the words of his tongue, he some of hers.

"Which way, Sacajawea?" asked Meriwether Lewis. "What river is this which goes on to the left?"

"Him Ro'shone," replied the girl. "My man call him that. No good! Him—big river"; and she pointed toward the right-hand stream.

"As I thought, Will," said Lewis, nodding; and again, to the Indian girl: "Do you remember this place?"

She nodded her head vigorously and smiled.

"See!"

With a pointed stick she began to sketch a map on the sand of the river bar, showing how the Yellowstone flowed from the south—how, far on ahead, its upper course bent toward the Missouri, with a march of not more than a day between the two. The maps of this new world that first came back to civilization were copies of Indians' drawings made with a pointed stick upon the earth, or with a coal on a whitened hide.

"She knows, Will!" said Lewis. "See, this place she marks near the mountain summit, where the two streams are close—some time we must explore that crossing!"

"I'm sure I'd rather trust her map than this one, here, of old Jonathan Carver," answered Clark, the map-maker. "His idea of this country is that four great rivers head about where we are now. He marks the river Bourbon—which I never heard of—as running north to Hudson Bay, but he has the St. Lawrence rising near here, too—and it must be fifteen hundred or two thousand miles off to the east! The Mississippi, too, he thinks heads about here, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and yonder runs the Oregon River, which I presume is the Columbia. 'Tis all very simple, on Carver's maps, but perhaps not quite so easy, if we follow that of Sacajawea. This country is wider than any of us ever dreamed."

"And greater, and more beautiful in every way," assented his companion.

They stood and gazed about them at the scene of wild beauty. The river ran in long curves between bold and sculptured bluffs, among groves of native trees, now softly green. Above, on the prairies, lay a carpet of the shy wild rose, most beautiful of the prairie blossoms. All about were shrubs and flowers, now putting forth their claims in the renewed life of spring.

On the plains fed the buffalo, far as the eye could reach. Antelope, deer, the shy bighorn, all these might be seen, and the footprints of the giant bears along the beaches. It was the wilderness, and it was theirs—they owned it all!

Thus far they had seen no sign of any human occupancy. They did not meet a single human being, red or white, all that summer. A vast, silent, unclaimed land,

beautiful and abounding, lay waiting for occupancy. There was no map of it—none save that written on the soil now and then by an Indian girl sixteen years of age.

They plodded on now, taking the right-hand stream, with full confidence in their guidance, forging onward a little every day, between the high banks of the swift river that came down from the great mountains. April passed, and May.

"Soon we see the mountains!" insisted Sacajawea.

And at last, two months out from the Mandans, Lewis looked westward from a little eminence and saw a low, broken line, white in spots, not to be confused with the lesser eminences of the near-by landscape.

"It is the mountains!" he exclaimed. "There lie the Stonies. They do exist! We shall surely reach them! We have won!"

Not yet had they won. These shining mountains lay a long distance to the westward; and yet other questions were to be settled ere they might be reached.

Within a week they came to yet another forking of the stream. A strong river came boiling down from the north, of color and depth much similar to that of the Missouri they had known. On the left ran a less turbulent and clearer stream. Which was the way?

"The north wan, she'll be the right wan, *capitaine*," said Cruzatte, himself a good voyageur.

Most of the men agreed with him. The leaders recalled that the Mandans had said that the Missouri after a time grew clear in color, and that it would lead to the mountains. Which, now, was the Missouri?

They found the moccasin of an Indian not far from here.

"Blackfoot!" said Sacajawea, and pointed to the north, shaking her head.

She insisted that the left-hand river was the right one; but, unwilling as yet to rely on her fully, the leaders called a council of the men, and listened to their arguments.

They knew well enough that a wrong choice here might mean the failure of their expedition. Cruzatte had many adherents. The men began to mutter.

"If we go up that left-hand stream we shall be lost among the mountains," one said. "We shall perish when the winter comes!"

"We will go both ways," said Meriwether Lewis at length. "Captain Clark will explore the lower fork, while I go up the right-

hand stream. We will meet here when we know the truth."

So Lewis traveled two days' journey up the right-hand fork before he turned back, thoughtful.

"I have decided," said he to the men who accompanied him. "This stream will lead us far to the north, into the British country. It cannot be the true Missouri. I shall call this Maria's River, after my cousin in Virginia, Maria Woods. I shall not call it the Missouri."

He met Clark at the fork of the river, and again they held a council. The men were still dissatisfied. Clark had advanced some distance up the left-hand stream.

"We must prove it yet further," said Meriwether Lewis. "Captain Clark, do you remain here, while I go on ahead far enough to know absolutely whether we are right or wrong. If we are not right in our choice, it is as the men say—we shall fail! But where is Sacajawea?" he added. "I will ask her once more."

Sacajawea was ill; she was in a fever. She could not talk to her husband; but to Lewis she talked, and always she said, "That way! By and by, big falls—um-m-m, um-m-m!"

"Guard her well," said Lewis anxiously. "Much depends on her. I must go on ahead."

He took the French interpreter, Drouillard, and three of the Kentuckians, and started on up the left-hand stream with one boat. The current of the river seemed to stiffen. It cost continually increasing toil to get the boat up-stream. They were gone for several days, and no word came back from them.

Meantime, at the river forks, William Clark was busy. It was obvious that the explorers must lighten the loads of their boats. They began to cache all the heavy goods with which they could dispense—their tools, the extra lead and powder-tins, some of the flour, all the heavy stuff which would encumber them most seriously. Here, too, was the end of the journey of the red pirogue from St. Louis—they hid it in the willows of an island near the mouth of Maria's River.

Lewis himself, weak from toil, fell ill on the way, but still he would not stop. He came to a point from which he could see the mountains plainly on ahead. The river was narrow, flowing through a cañon.

The next day they came to the foot of

the Great Falls of the Missouri, alone, majestic here in the wilderness, soundless save for their own dashing—those wonderful cascades, now so well known in industry, so nearly forgotten in history.

"The girl was right—this is the river," said Lewis to his men. "It comes from the mountains. We are right!"

Cascade after cascade, rapid after rapid, he pushed on to the head of the great drop of the Missouri, where it plunges down from its upper valley for its long journey through the vast plains.

Now word went down to the mouth of Maria's River; but the messenger met Clark already toiling upward with his boats, for he had guessed the cause of delay, and at last believed Sacajawea.

"Make some boat-trucks, Will," said Lewis, when at last they were all encamped at the foot of the falls. "We shall have to portage twenty miles of falls and rapids."

And William Clark, the ever-ready engineer, who always had a solution for any problem in mechanics or in geography, went to work upon the hardest task in transportation they yet had had.

"We must leave more plunder here, Merne," said he. "We can't get into the mountains with all this."

So again they cached some of their stores. They buried here the great swivel piece which had "made the thunder" among so many savage tribes. Also there were stored here the spring's collection of animals and minerals, certain books and maps not needed, and the great grindstone which had come all the way from Harper's Ferry. They were stripping for their race.

It took the party a full month to make the portage. They were worn to the bone by the hard labor, scorched by the sun, and frozen by the winds.

"We must go on!" was always the cry.

All felt that the summer was going; none knew what might be on ahead.

At the cost of greater and greater toil they pushed on up their river above the falls, until presently its course bent off to the south again. They passed through a country of such wealth as none of them had ever dreamed of, but they did not suspect the hidden treasures of gold and silver which lay so close to them on the floor of the mountain valleys. What interested them more was the excitement of Sacajawea, who from time to time pointed out traces of human occupancy.

"My people here!" said she, and pointed to camp-fires. "Plenty people come here. Heap hunt buffalo!" She pointed out the trails made by the lodge-poles.

"She knows, Will!" said Lewis, once more. "We have a guide even here. We are the luckiest of men!"

"Soon we come where three rivers," said Sacajawea one day. They had passed to the south and west through the first range of mountains—through that Gate of the Mountains near to the rich gold-fields of the future State of Montana. "By and by, three rivers—I know!"

And it was as she had said. The men, wearied to the limit by the toil of getting the boats up-stream by line and setting-pole, at last found their mountain river broken into three separate streams.

"We will camp here," said the leader. "We are tired, we have worked long and hard!"

"My people come here," said Sacajawea, "plenty time. Here the Minnetarees struck my people—five suns ago that was. They caught me and took me with them, so I find Charbonneau among the Mandans. Here my people live!"

Without hesitation she pointed out that one of the three forks of the Missouri which led off to the westward—the one that Meriwether Lewis called the Jefferson.

And now every man in the party felt that they were on the right path as they turned into that stream; but at the Beaver Head Rocks—well known to all the Indians—they went into camp once more.

"Captains make medicine now," said Sacajawea to Charbonneau, her husband.

For once more the captains hesitated. There were many passes, many valleys, many trails. Which was the way? The men grew sullen again.

They lay in camp for days, sending out parties, feeling out the way; but the explorers always came back uncertain. It was Clark who led these scouting parties now, for Lewis was well-nigh broken down in health.

One night, alone, the leader sat by his little fire, thinking, thinking, as so often he did now. The stars, unspeakably brilliant, lit up the wild scene about him. This was the wilderness! He had sought it all his life. All his life it had called to him aloud. What had it done for him, after all? Had it taught him to forget?

Two years now had passed, and still he

saw a face which would not go away. Still there arose before him the same questions whose debate had torn his soul, worn out his body, through these weary months.

"You will be cold, sir," said one of the men solicitously, as he passed on his way to guard-mount. "Shall I fetch your coat?"

Lewis thanked him, and the man brought from his tent the captain's uniform coat, which he had forgotten. Absently he sought to put it on, and felt something crinkling in the sleeve. It was a bit of paper.

He halted, the old presentiment coming to his mind.

"Is Shannon here?" he asked of the man who had handed him the coat. "He was to get my moccasins mended for me."

"No, captain, he is out with Captain Clark," replied Fields, the Kentuckian.

"Very well—that will do, Fields."

Meriwether Lewis sat down again by his little fire, his last letter in his hand. Gently he ran a finger along the seal—stooped over, kicked together the embers of the fire, and saw scratched in the wax a number. This was Number Three!

He did not open it for a time. He looked at it—no longer in dread, but in eagerness. It seemed to him, indeed, as if the letter had come in response to the outcry of his soul—that it really had dropped from the sky, manna for a hungry heart. It was the absence of this which had worn him thin, left him the shadow of the man he should have been.

Here, as he knew well, was one more summons to what seemed to him to be a duty. And off to the west, shining cold in the night under the stars, stood the mountains, beckoning. Which was the way?

He broke the seal slowly, with no haste, knowing that whatever the letter said it could mean only more unhappiness to him. Yet he was hungry for it as one who longs for a soothing drug.

He pushed together yet more closely the burning sticks of his little fire and bent over to read. It was very little that he saw written, but it spoke to him like a voice in the night:

Come back to me—ah, come back! I need you. I implore you to return!

There was no address, no date, no signature. There was no means of telling whence or how this letter had come to him, more than any of the others.

Go back to her—how could he, now? It

was more than a year since these words had been written! What avail now, if he did return? No, he had delayed, he had gone on, and he had cost her—what? Perhaps her happiness as well as his own, perhaps the success of herself and of many others, perhaps his own success in life. Against that, what could he measure?

The white mountains on ahead made no reply to him. The stars glowed cold and white above him, but they seemed like a thousand facets of pitiless light turned upon his soul.

The quavering howl of a wolf on a nearby eminence sounded like a voice to him, mocking, taunting, fiendish. Never, it seemed to him, had any man been thus unhappy. Even the wilderness had failed him!

CHAPTER VII

THE MOUNTAINS

WHEN William Clark returned from his three days' scouting-trip, his forehead was furrowed with anxiety. His men were silent as they filed into camp and cast down their knapsacks.

"It's no use, Merne," said Clark, "we are in a pocket here. The other two forks, which we called the Madison and the Gallatin, both come from the southeast, entirely out of our course. The divide seems to face around south of us and bend up again on the west. Who knows the way across? Our river valley is gone. The only sure way seems back—down-stream."

"What do you mean?" demanded Meriwether Lewis quietly.

"I scarce know. I am worn out, Merne. My men have been driven hard."

"And why not?"

His companion remained silent under the apparent rebuke.

"You don't mean that we should return?" Lewis went on.

"Why not, Merne?" said William Clark, sighing. "Our men are exhausted. There are other years than this."

Meriwether Lewis turned upon his friend with the one flash of wrath which ever was known between them.

"Good Heavens, Captain Clark," said he, "there is *not* any other year than this! There is not any other month, or week, or day but this! It is not for you or me to hesitate—within the hour I shall go on.

We'll cross over, or we'll leave the bones of every man of the expedition here—this year—now!"

Clark's florid face flushed under the sting of his comrade's words; but his response was manful and just.

"You are right," said he at length. "Forgive me if for a moment—just a moment—I seemed to question the possibility of going forward. Give me a night to sleep. As I said, I am worn out. If I ever see Mr. Jefferson again, I shall tell him that all the credit for this expedition rests with you. I shall say that once I wavered, and that I had no cause. You do not waver—yet I know what excuse you would have for it."

"You are only weary, Will. It is my turn now," said Meriwether Lewis; and he never told his friend of this last letter.

A moment later he had called one of his men.

"McNeal," said he, "get Reuben Fields, Whitehouse, and Goodrich. Make light packs. We are going into the mountains!"

The four men shortly appeared, but they were silent, morose, moody. Those who were to remain in the camp shared their silence. Sacajawea alone smiled as they departed.

"That way!" said she, pointing; and she knew that her chief would find the path.

May we not wonder, in these later days, if any of us, who reap so carelessly and so selfishly where others have plowed and sown, reflect as we should upon the first cost of what we call our own? The fifteen million dollars paid for the vast empire which these men were exploring—that was little—that was naught. But ah, the cost in blood and toil and weariness, in love and loyalty and faith, in daring and suffering and heartbreak of those who went ahead! It was a few brave leaders who furnished the stark, unflinching courage for all.

Sergeant Ordway, with Pryor and Gass, met in one of the many little ominous groups that now began to form among the men in camp. Captain Clark was sleeping, exhausted.

"It stands to reason," said Ordway, usually so silent, "that the way across the range is up one valley to the divide and down the next creek on the opposite side. That is the way we crossed the Alleghanies."

Pryor nodded his head.

"Sure," said he, "and all the game-trails break off to the south and southwest. Follow the elk!"

"Is it so?" exclaimed Patrick Gass. "You think it aisy to find a way across yonder range? And how d'ye know jist how the Alleghanies was crossed first? Did they make it the first toime they thried? Things is aisy enough after they've been done *wanst*—but it's the first toime that counts!"

"There is no other way, Pat," argued Ordway. "'Tis the rivers that make passes in any mountain range."

"Which is the right river, then?" rejoined Gass. "We're lookin' for wan that mebbe is nowhere near here. S'pose we go to the top yonder and take a creek down, and s'pose that creek don't run the right way at all, but comes out a thousand miles to the south-west—where are you then, I'd like to know? The throuble with us is we're the first wans to cross here, and not comin' along after some one else has done the thrick for us."

Pryor was willing to argue further.

"All the Injuns have said the big river was over there somewhere."

"'Somewhere'!" exclaimed Patrick Gass. "'Somewhere' is a mighty long ways when ye're lost and hungry!"

"Which is just what we are now," rejoined Pryor. "The sooner we start back the quicker we'll be out of this."

"Pryor!" The square face of the Irishman hardened at once. "Listen to me. Ye're my bunkmate and friend, but I warn ye not to say that agin! If ye said it where he could hear ye—that man ahead—do you know what he would do to you?"

"I ain't particular. 'Tis time we took this thing into our own hands."

"It's where we're takin' it *now*, Pryor!" said Gass ominously. "A coort martial has set for less than that ye've said!"

"Mebbe you couldn't call one—I don't know."

"Mebbe we couldn't, eh? I mind me of a little settlement I had with that man *wanst*—no coort martial at all—me not enlisted at the toime, and not responsible under the arthicles of war. I said to his face I was of the belief I could lick him. I said it kindly, and meant no harm, because at the time it seemed to me I could, and 'twould be a pleasure to me. But, boys, he hit me *wan* time, and when I came to I was careless whether it was the arthicles of war or not had hit me. Listen to me now, Pryor—and you, too, Ordway—a man like that is liable to have judgment in his head as well as a punch in his arm. We're safer to follow him than to follow ourselves. Moreover,

I want you to say to your men that we will not have thim foregatherin' around and talkin' any disrespect to their shuperiors. If we're in a bad place, let us fight our ways out. Let's not turn back until we are forced. I never did loike any rooster in the ring that would either squawk or run away. That man yonder on ahead naded mighty little persuadin' to fight. I'm with him!"

"Well, maybe you are right, Pat," said Ordway after a time.

The tide changed quickly when it began to set the other way. Lewis led an advance party across the range. One day, deep in the mountains, he was sweeping the country with his spy-glass, as was his custom. He gave a sudden exclamation.

"What is it, captain?" asked Hugh McNeal. "Some game?"

"No, a man—an Indian! Riding a good horse, too—that means he has more horses somewhere. Come, we will call to him!"

The wild rider, however, had nothing but suspicion for the newcomers. Staring at them, he wheeled at length and was away at top speed. Once more they were alone, and none the better off.

"His people are that way," said Lewis. "Come!"

But all that day passed, and that night, and still they found none of the natives. But they began to see signs of Indians now, fresh tracks, hoof-prints of many horses. And thus finally they came upon two Indian women and a child, whom the white men surprised before they were able to escape.

Lewis took up the child, and showed the mother that he was a friend.

"These are Shoshones," said he to his men. "I can speak with them—I have learned some of their tongue from Sacajawea. These are her people. We are safe!"

Sixty warriors met them, all mounted, all gorgeously clad. Again the great peace-pipe, again the spread blanket inviting the council. The Shoshones showed no signs of hostility—the few words of their tongue which Lewis was able to speak gave them assurance.

"McNeal," said Lewis, "go back now across the range, and tell Captain Clark to bring up the men."

William Clark, given one night's sleep, was his energetic self again, and not in mind to lie in camp. He had already ordered camp broken, more of the heavier articles cached, the canoes concealed here and there along the stream and had pushed on after Lewis. He met McNeal coming down, bearing the tidings. Sacajawea ran on ahead in glee.

"My people! My people!" she cried.

They were indeed safe now. Sacajawea found her brother, the chief of this band of Shoshones, and was made welcome. She found many friends of her girlhood, who had long mourned her as dead. The girls and younger women laughed and wept in turn as they welcomed her and her baby. She was a great person. Never had such news as this come among the Shoshones.*

*Cam-e-ah-wit was the name of Sacajawea's brother, the Shoshone chief. The country where Lewis met him is remote from any large city to-day. Pass through the Gate of the Mountains, not far from Helena, Montana, and ascend the upper valley of the Missouri, as it sweeps west of what is now the Yellowstone Park, and one may follow with a certain degree of comfort the trail of the early explorers. If one should then follow the Jefferson Fork of the great river up to its last narrowing, one would reach the country of Cam-e-ah-wit. Here is the crest of the Continental Divide, where it sweeps up from the south, after walling in, as if in a vast cup, the three main sources of the great river. Much of that valley country is in fertile farms to-day. Lewis and Clark passed within twelve miles of Alder Gulch, which wrote roaring history in the early sixties—the wild placer days of gold-mining in Montana.

As for Sacajawea, she has a monument—a very poor and inadequate one—in the city of Portland, Oregon. The crest of the Great Divide, where she met her brother, would have been a better place. It was here, in effect, that she ended that extraordinary guidance—some call it nothing less than providential—which brought the white men through in safety.

Trace this Indian girl's birth and childhood, here among the Shoshones, who had fled to the mountains to escape the guns of the Blackfeet. Recall her capture here by the Minnetarees from the Dakota country. Picture her long journey thence to the east, on foot, by horse, in bull-hide canoes, many hundreds of miles, to the Mandan villages. It is something of a journey, even now. Reverse that journey, go against the swift current of the waters, beyond the Great Falls, past Helena, west of the Yellowstone Park, and up to the Continental Divide, where she met her brother. You will find that that is still more of a journey, even to-day, with roads, and towns, and maps to guide you. Meriwether Lewis could not have made it without her.

While he was studying the courses of the stars, at Philadelphia, preparing to lead his expedition, Sacajawea was learning the story of nature also; and she was waiting to guide the white

All were now content to lie for a few days at the Shoshone village. A brisk trade in Indian horses now sprang up—they would be footmen no more.

"Which way, Sacajawea?" Meriwether Lewis once more asked the Indian girl.

But now she only shook her head.

"Not know," said she. "These my people. They say big river that way. Not know which way."

"Now, Merne," said William Clark, "it's my turn again. We have got to learn the best way out from these mountains. If there is a big river below, some of these valleys must run down to it. Their waters probably flow to the Columbia. The Indians talk of salmon and of white men—they have heard of goods which must have been made by white men. We are in touch with the Pacific here. I'll get a guide and explore off to the southwest. It looks better there."

"No good—no good!" insisted Sacajawea. "That way no good. My brother say go that way."

She pointed to the north, and insisted that the party should go in that direction.

For a hundred miles Clark scouted down the headwaters of the Salmon River, and at last turned back, to report that neither horse nor boat ever could get through. At the Shoshone village, uneasy, the men were waiting for him.

"That way!" said Sacajawea, still pointing north.

The Indian guide, who had served Clark unwillingly, at length admitted that there was a trail leading across the mountains far up to the northward.

"We will go north," said Lewis.

They cached under the ashes of their camp-fire such remaining articles as they could leave behind them. They had now a band of fifty horses. Partly mounted, mostly on foot, their half-wild horses burdened, they set out once more under the guidance of an old Shoshone, who said he knew the way.

Charbonneau wanted to remain with the Shoshones, and to keep with him Sacajawea, his wife, so recently reunited to her people.

"No!" said Sacajawea. "I no go back—

I go with the white chief to the water that tastes salt!" And it was so ordered.

Their course lay along the eastern side of the lofty Bitter Root Mountains. The going was rude enough, since no trail had ever been here; but mile after mile, day after day, they stumbled through to some point on ahead which none knew except the guide. They came on a new tribe of Indians—Flatheads, who were as amazed and curious as the Shoshones had been at the coming of these white men. They received the explorers as friends—asked them to tarry, told them how dangerous it was to go into the mountains.

But haste was the order of the day, and they left the Flatheads, rejoicing that these also told of streams to the westward up which the salmon came. They had heard of white men, too, to the west, many years before.

Down the beautiful valley of the Bitter Root River, with splendid mountains on either side, they pressed on, and on the 9th of September, 1805, they stopped at the mouth of a stream coming down from the heights to the west. Their old guide pointed up this valley.

"There is a trail," said he, "which comes across here. The Indians come to reach the buffalo. On the farther side the water runs toward the sunset."

They were at the eastern extremity of that ancient trail, later called the Lolo Trail, known immemorially to the tribes on both sides of the mountains. Laboriously, always pressing forward, they ascended the eastern slopes of the great range, crossed the summit, found the clear waters on the west side, and so came to the Kooskooskie or Clearwater River, leading to the Snake. And always the natives marveled at these white men, the first they ever had seen.

The old Indians still made maps on the sand for them, showing them how they would come to the great river where the salmon came. They were now among yet another people—the Nez Percés. With these also they smoked and counceled, and learned that it would be easy for boats to go all the way down to the great river which ran to the sea.

men when they reached the Mandan villages. Who guided her in such unbelievably strange fashion? The Indians sometimes made long journeys, their war parties traveled far, and their captives also; but in all the history of the tribes there is no record of a journey made by any Indian woman equal to that of Sacajawea. Why did she make it? What hand pointed out the way for her?

A statue to her? She should have a thousand memorials along the old trail! Her name should be known familiarly by every school child in America!

"We will leave our horses here," said Lewis. "We will take to the boats once more."

So Gass and Bratton and Shields and all the other artisans fell to fashioning dugouts from the tall pines and cedars, hewing and burning and shaping, until at length they had transports for their scanty store of goods. By the first week of October they were at the junction of their river with the Snake. An old medicine-man of the Nez Percés, Twisted Hair, a man who also could make maps, had drawn them charts on a white skin with a bit of charcoal. And on ahead, mounted runners of the Indians pushed down to inform the tribes of the coming of these strange people.

It was no longer an exploration, but a reception for them now. Bands of red men, who welcomed them, had heard of white men coming up from the sea. White men had once lived by the Tim-Tim water, on the great river of the salmon—so they had been told; but never had any living Indian heard of white men coming across the great mountains from the sunrise.

"Will," said Lewis, "it is done—we are safe now! We shall be first across to the Columbia. This—" he shook the Nez Percés' scrawled hide—"is the map of a new world!"

CHAPTER VIII

TRAIL'S END

WHERE lately had been gloom and despair there now reigned joy and confidence. With the great mountains behind them, and this new, pleasant, and gentle land all around them, the spirits of the men rose buoyantly.

They could float easily down the strong current of the great Snake River, laboring but little, if at all. They made long hours every day, and by the middle of autumn they saw ahead of them a yet grander flood than that of the noble river which was bearing them. At last they had found the Columbia! They had found what Mackenzie never found, what Fraser was not to find—that great river, now to be taken over with every right of double discovery by these messengers of the young republic.

The men had grown reckless now. Cruzatte, Labiche, Drouillard—all the adventurers—sang as they traveled, gayer and more gay from day to day.

Always the landscape had fascinating interest for them in its repeated changes. They were in a different world. No one had seen the mountains which they saw. The Rockies, the Bitter Roots—these they had passed; and now they must yet pass through another range, this time not by the toilsome process of foot or horse travel, but on the strong flood of the river. The Columbia had made a trail for them through the Cascades.

Down the stormy rapids they plunged exulting. Mount Hood, St. Helen's, Rainier, Adams—all the lofty peaks of the great Cascades, so named at a later date, appeared before them, around them, behind them, as they swung into the last lap of their wild journey and headed down toward the sea. Cruzatte, Labiche, Drouillard—all you others—time now, indeed, for you to raise the song of the old voyageurs! None have come so far as you—your paddles are wrinkling new waters. You are brave men, every one, and yours is the reward of the brave!

Soon, so said the Indians, they would come to ships—canoes with trees standing in them, on which teepees were hung.

"Me," said Cruzatte, "I never in my whole life was seen a sheep! I will be glad for see wan now."

But they found no ship anywhere in the lower Columbia. All the shores were silent, deserted; no vessel lay at anchor. Before them lay the empty river, wide as a sea, and told no tales of what had been. They were alone, in the third year out from home. Thousands of leagues they had traveled, and must travel back again.

Here they saw many gulls. As to Columbus these birds had meant land, to our discoverers they meant the sea. Forty miles below the last village they saw it—rolling in solemn, white-topped waves beyond the bar.

Every paddle ceased at its work, and the boats lay tossing on the incoming waves. There was the end of the great trail. Yonder lay the Pacific!

Meriwether Lewis turned and looked into the eyes of William Clark, who sat at the bow of the next canoe. Each friend nodded to the other. Neither spoke. The lips of both were tight.

"The big flag, Sergeant Gass!" said Lewis.

They turned ashore. There had been four mess-fires at each encampment thus

far—those of the three sergeants and that of the officers; but now, as they huddled on the wet beach on which they disembarked, the officers ordered the men to build but one fire, and that a large one. Grouped about this they all stood, ragged, soaked, gaunt, unkempt, yet the happiest company of adventurers that ever followed a long trail to its end.

"Men," said Meriwether Lewis at length, "we have now arrived at the end of our journey. In my belief there has never been a party more loyal to the purpose on which it has been engaged. Without your strength and courage we could not have reached the sea. It is my wish to thank you for Mr. Jefferson, the President of the United States, who sent us here. If at any time one of you has been disposed to doubt, or to resent conditions which necessarily were imposed, let all that be forgotten. We have done our work. Here we must pass the winter. In the spring we will make quick time homeward."

They gave him three cheers, and three for Captain Clark. York gave expression to his own emotions by walking about the beach on his hands.

"And the confounded ships are all gone back to sea!" grumbled Patrick Gass. "I've been achin' for days to git here, in the hope of foindin' some sailor man I'd loike to thrash—and here is no one at all, at all!"

"Will," said Meriwether Lewis after a time, pulling out the inevitable map, "I wonder where it was that Alexander Mackenzie struck the Pacific twelve years ago! It must have been far north of here. We have come around forty-seven degrees of longitude west from Washington, and something like nine degrees north in latitude, as I figure it. This is south of any known exploration by land. We have driven the wedge home! Never again can Great Britain on the north unite with France or Spain on the south to threaten our western frontier. If they dispute the title we purchased from Napoleon, they can never deny our claim by right of discovery. This, I say, solidifies our republic!"

"Yes," grinned William Clark, standing on one leg and warming his wet moccasin sole at the fire; "and I wonder where that other gentleman, Mr. Simon Fraser, is just now!"

They could not know that Fraser, the trader who was their rival in the great race to the Pacific, was at that time snow-bound

in the Rockies more than one thousand miles north of them.

Three years after the time when this little band of adventurers stood in the rain at the mouth of the Columbia, Fraser, at the mouth of the river named after him, heard of white men who had come to the ocean somewhere far to the south. Word had passed up the coast, among the native tribes, of men who had white skins, and who had with them a black man with curly hair.

"That's Lewis and Clark!" said Simon Fraser. "They were at the Mandan villages. We are beaten!"

So now the largest flag left to Lewis and Clark floated by the side of a single fire on the wet beach on the north shore of the Columbia. Here a rude bivouac was pitched, while the leaders finished a hasty investigation along the beach.

"There is little to attract us here," said William Clark. "On the south shore there is better shelter for our winter camp."

So they headed their little boats across the wide flood of the Columbia.

It was now December of the year 1805. Fort Clatsop, as they called their new stockade, was soon in process of erection—seven splendid cabins, built of the best-working wood these men ever had seen; a tall stockade with a gate, such as their forefathers had always built in any hostile country.

While some worked, others hunted, finding the elk abundant. More than one hundred elk and many deer were killed. And having nothing better, they now set to work to tan the hides of elk and deer, and to make new clothing. As to civilized equipment they had little left. About four hundred pairs of moccasins they made that winter, Sacajawea presiding over the moccasin-boards, and teaching the men to sew.

Clark, the indefatigable, a natural geographer, completed the remarkable series of maps which so fully established the accuracy of their observations and the usefulness of the voyage across the continent. Lewis kept up his records and extended his journals. All were busy, all happier than they had been since their departure from the East.

Christmas was once more celebrated to the tune of the Frenchman's fiddle. Came New Year's Day also; and by that time the stockade was finished, the gate was up, the men were ready for any fortune which might occur.

"Pretty soon, by and by," said the voyageurs, "we will run on the river for home once more!"

Even Sacajawea, having fulfilled her great ambition of looking out over the sea which tasted of salt, said that she, too, would be content to go back to her people.

"We must leave a record, Will," said Lewis one day, looking up from his papers. "We must take no chances of the results of our exploration not reaching Washington. Should we be lost among the tribes east of here, perhaps some ship may take that word to Mr. Jefferson."

So now, between them, they formulated that famous announcement to the world, which, one year after their safe arrival home overland, the ships brought around by Cape Horn, to advise the world that a transcontinental path had been blazed:

The object of this list is that through the medium of some civilized person who may see the same, it may be made known to the world that the party consisting of the persons whose names are hereunto annexed, and who were sent out by the government of the United States to explore the interior of the continent of North America, did penetrate the same by the way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, to the discharge of the latter into the Pacific Ocean, where they arrived on the 14th day of November, 1805, and departed the 23rd day of March, 1806, on their return trip to the United States by the same route by which they had come out.

This, so soon as they knew their starting date, they signed, each of them, and copies were made for posting here and there in such places as naturally would be discovered by any mariners coming in. And today we—who can glibly list the names of the multimillionaires of America—cannot tell the names of more than two of those thirty-one men, each of whom should be an immortal.

"Boats now, Will!" said Meriwether Lewis. "We must have boats against our start in the spring. These canoes which brought us down from the Kooskooskie were well enough in their way, but will not serve for the up-stream journey. Again we must lift up the entire party against the current of a great river. Get some of the Indians' seagoing canoes, Will—their lines are easier than those of our dugouts."

Need was for skilful trading now on the part of William Clark, for, eager as the natives were for the white men's goods, scant store of them remained. All the fish-hooks

were gone, most of the beads, practically all the hats and coats which once had served so well. When at length Clark announced that he had secured a fine Chinook canoe, there remained for all the return voyage, thousands of miles among the Indians, only a half-dozen blankets, a few little trinkets, a hat, and a uniform coat.

"You could tie up all the rest in a couple of handkerchiefs," said William Clark, laughing. "But such as it is, it must last us back to St. Louis—or at least to our caches on the Missouri."

"How is your salt, Will?" asked Lewis. "And your powder?"

"In fine shape," was the reply. "We have put the new-made salt in some of the empty canisters. There is plenty of powder and lead left, and we can pick up more as we reach our caches going eastward. With what dried meat we can lay up from the elk here, we ought to make a good start."

Thus they planned, these two extraordinary young men, facing a transcontinental journey of four thousand miles, with no better equipment than the rifles which had served them on their way out. As for their followers, all the discontent and doubt had given way to an implicit faith. All seemed well fed and content, save one—the man on whose shoulders had rested the gravest responsibility, the man in whose soul had been born the vision of this very scene.

"What is the matter with you, Merne?" grumbled his more buoyant companion. "Are you still carrying all the weight of the entire world?"

Lewis turned upon his friend with the same patient smile. Both were conscious that between them there was growing a thin, impermeable veil—something mysterious, the only barrier which ever had separated these two loyal souls.

Sacajawea, the Indian girl, was as keen-eyed as the red-headed chief. In the new boldness that she had learned in her position as general pet of the expedition, she would sometimes talk to the chief reproachfully.

"Captin," she said one day, "what for you no laff? What for you no eat? What for you all time think, think, think? See," she extended a hand—"I make you some more moccasin. I got picture your foot—these fit plenty good."

"Thank you, Bird Woman," said Lewis, rousing himself. "Without you we would

not be here to-day. What can I give you in return for all that—in return for these?"

He took the pair of handsomely stitched moccasins, dangling them by the strings over one finger; but even as he did so, the old brooding melancholy fell upon him once more. He sat, forgetful of the girl's presence, staring moodily at the fire. Sacajawea, grieving like a little child, stole silently away.

Why did Meriwether Lewis never laugh? Why did he always think, think, think? Why had there grown between him and his friend that thin, indefinable reserve?

He was hungry—hungry for another message out of the sky—another gift of manna in the wilderness. Who had brought those mysterious letters? Whoever he was, why did he not bring another? Were they all done—should he never hear from her again?

CHAPTER IX

THE SUMMONS

THE winter was wearing away. The wild fowl were passing northward, landward. The game had changed its haunts. March was coming, the month between the seasons for the tribes, the time of want, the leanest period of the year.

Meriwether Lewis, alone one morning in the comfortable cabin which served as a house for himself and his friend, sat pondering on these things, as was his wont. His little Indian dog, always his steady companion, had taken its place on the top of the flatted stump which served as a desk, near the maps and papers which Lewis had pushed away. Here the small creature sat, motionless, mute, its eyes fixed adoringly upon its master.

The captain did not notice it. He did not at first hear the rap on the door, nor the footfall of the man who entered inquiringly.

"Yes, Sergeant Ordway?" said he presently, looking up.

Ordway saluted.

"Something for you, sir. It seems to be a letter."

"A letter! How could that be?"

"That is the puzzle, sir," said Ordway, extending a folded and sealed bit of paper. "We do not know how it came. Charbonneau's wife, the Indian woman, found it in the baby's hammock just now. She brought

it to me, and I saw it was addressed to you. It must have been overlooked by you some time."

"Possibly—possibly," said Lewis. His face was growing pale. "That is all, I think, sergeant," he added.

Now alone, he turned toward the letter, which lay upon the table. His face lighted with a wondrous smile, though none might see it save the little dog which watched his every movement. For Meriwether Lewis had received once more the thing for which every fiber of his being clamored!

He knew, without one look, that the number scratched in the wax of the seal would be the figure "4." He opened the letter slowly. There fell from it a square of stiff, white paper—all white, he thought, until he turned it over. Then he saw it looking up at him—her face indeed!

It was a little silhouette in black, done in that day before the camera, when small portraits were otherwise well-nigh impossible. The artist, skilled as were many in this curious form of portraiture, had done his work well. Lewis gazed with a sudden leap of his pulses upon the features outlined before him—the profile so cleanly cut and lofty—the hair low over the forehead, the chin round and firm, yet delicate and womanly withal. Here even the long lashes of her eyes were visible, just as in life. Yes, it was her face!

And now he read the letter, which covered two closely written sheets:

Meriwether Lewis, I said to you that my face should come to you, wherever you might be. This time it has been long—I cannot tell how long. That is for my messenger to determine, not for you or me. But that it has been long I shall know, else long since there would have been no need of my adding this letter to the others.

Not one of them has served to bring you back! Since you now have this one, let it advise you that she who wrote it is grieved that you gaze upon this little portrait, and not upon the face of her whom it represents. 'Tis a monstrous good likeness, they tell me; but would you not rather it were myself?

Where are you? I cannot tell. What adversities have been yours? I cannot tell that. You cannot know what grief you have caused by your long absence. You cannot know how many hearts you have made sad. You cannot know how you have delayed—destroyed—plans made for you. We are in ignorance, each of the other, now. I do not know where you are—you do not know where I may be. A great wall arises between us. A great gulf is fixed. We cannot touch hands across it.

As I know, this will not move you; but I cannot help this reproach. I cannot help telling you that you have made me suffer by your silence, by your absence. Do I make you suffer by looking at you with reproach in my eyes—as I do now?

You have forgotten your childhood friend! I may be dead as you read—would you care? I have been in need—yet you have not come to comfort me and to dry my tears.

Figure to yourself what has happened to all my plans and dreams for you. Even I cannot tell of that, because, as I write, it all lies in the future—that future which is the present for you as you sit reading this. All I know is that as you read it my appeal has failed.

I can but guess how or where these presents may find you; for how shall I know how wise or how faithful my messenger has been? Are you on the prairie still, Meriwether Lewis? Is it winter? Does the snow lie deep? Are the winds keen and biting? Are you well fed? Are you warm? Have you bodily comforts? Have you physical well-being?

How can I answer all these questions? Yet they come to my mind as I write.

Are you in the mountains? Were there, after all, those great Stony Mountains of which men told fables? Have you found the great unicorn or the mammoth or the mastadon which Mr. Jefferson said you were likely to meet? Have you found the dinosaur or the dragon or the great serpents of a foregone day? Suppose you have. What do they weigh with me—with you? Are they so much to you as you thought they would be? Is the taste of all your triumphs so sweet as you have dreamed, Meriwether Lewis?

Have you grown savage, my friend—have you come to be just a man like the others? Tell me—no, I will not ask you! If I thought you could descend to the lawless standard of the wilderness—but no, I cannot think of that! In any case, 'tis too late now. You have not come back to me.

You see, I am writing not so much to implore you to return as to reproach you for not returning. By the time this reaches you, it will be too late in our plans. We could not afford to wait months—three months, four, six—has it been so long as that since you left us? If so, it is too late now. If we have failed, why did we fail?

They told me—my father and his friends—and I told you plainly, that if your expedition went on, then our plan must fail. But now I must presume that you have succeeded, or by this time are beyond the feeling of either success or failure. If you have failed, it is too late for us to succeed. If you have succeeded, then certainly we have failed. As you read this, you may be doing so with hope. I, who wrote it, will be sitting in despair.

Meriwether Lewis, come back to me, even so! It will be too late for you to aid me. You will have ruined all our hopes. But yours still will be the task—the duty—to look me in the face and say whether you owe aught to me. Can I forgive you? Why, yes, I could never do aught else

than forgive. No matter what you did, I fear I should forgive you. Because, after all, my own wish in all this—

Ah! let me write slowly here, and think very carefully!

My greatest wish in this, greater than any ambition I had for myself or my family—*has been for you!* See, I am writing those words—would I dare tell them to any other man in all the world? Nay, surely not. But that I trust you, the very writing itself is proof. And I write this to you, who never can be to me what man must be to woman if either is to be happy—the man to whom I can never be what woman must be if she is to mean all to any man. Apart forever! We are estranged by circumstance, sundered by that, if you please, weak as those words seem. And yet something takes your soul to mine. Does something take mine to you, across all the wilderness, across all the miles, across all the long and bitter months?

I say to you once more that in all this my demand upon you has not been for myself, nor wholly for my father. Let me be careful here.

This impassable gulf is fixed between us for all our lives. Neither of us may cross it. But I have been desirous to see you stand among men, where you belong. Do not ask me why I wished that—you must never ask me. I am Mrs. Alston, even as I write.

And as for you? Are you in rags as you read this? Are you cold and hungry? Are you alone, aloof, deserted, perhaps suffering, with none to comfort you? I cannot aid you. Nay, I shall punish you once more, and say that it was your desire—that you brought this on yourself—that you would have it thus, in spite of all my intervention for you.

Moreover, you shall say to yourself always:

"She asked and I refused her!"

Nay, nay! I shall not be so cruel. I shall not say that at all. Let me mark that out! Because, if I write that, you will think I wish to hurt you. And, my friend, let me admit the truth—the truth I ought not to lay upon you as any secret—I *could never wish to hurt you.*

They say that men far away in the wilderness sometimes long for the sight of the face of a woman. See, now you have that! I look up at you! What is your impulse? I am alone with you—I am in your hands—treat me, therefore, with honor, I pray you!

You must not raise my face to yours, must not bend yours to mine. See now, measure my trust in you, Meriwether Lewis! Estimate the great confidence I hold in you as a gentleman. Because—do you not see?—a gentleman does not kiss the woman whom he has at a disadvantage—the woman who can never be his, who is another's. Is it not true?

Happiness is not for us. We are so far apart. I am sad. Good night, Meriwether Lewis! I, too, have your picture by me—the one you gave me years ago when I was in Virginia. And it—good night, Mr. Meriwether Lewis!

Place me apart—far from you in the room. Let my face not look at you direct. But in your heart—your hard heart of a man, intent on dreams, forgetful of all else—please, please let there linger some small memory of her who dares to write these lines—and who hopes that you never may see them!

CHAPTER X

THE ABYSS

THE little Indian dog sat on the table, silent, motionless, looking at its master, whose head was bowed upon his arms. Now and then it had stooped as if it would have looked in his face, but dared not, if for very excess of love. It turned an inquiring eye to the door, which, after a time, opened.

William Clark, silent, stood once more at the side of his friend. He looked on the sad and haggard face which was turned toward him, and fell back. His eye caught sight of the folded paper crushed between Lewis's fingers. He asked no questions, but he knew.

"Enough!" broke out Meriwether Lewis hoarsely. "No more of this—we must be gone! Are the men ready? Why do we delay? Why are we not away for the journey home?"

So impatient, so incoherent, did his speech seem that for a time Clark almost feared lest his friend's reason might have been affected. But he only stood looking at Lewis, ready to be of such aid as might be.

"In two hours, Merne," said he, "we will be on our way."

It was now near the end of March. They dated and posted up their bulletins. They had done their task. They had found the great river, they had found the sea, and mapped the way across the continent.

Such was their joy at starting home again, the boatmen disregarded the downcoming current of the great waters—they sang at the paddles, jested. Only their leader was silent and unsmiling, and he drove them hard. Short commons they knew often enough before they reached the mouth of the Walla Walla, where they found friendly Indians who gave them horse-meat—which seemed exceedingly good food.

The Nez Percés, whose country was reached next beyond the Walla Wallas, offered guides across the Bitter Roots, but

now the snow lay deep, the horses could not travel. For weeks they lay in camp on the Kooskooskie, eating horse-meat as the Indians then were doing, waiting, fretting.

It was the middle of June before they made the effort to pass the Bitter Roots. Sixty horses they had now, with abundance of jerked horse-meat, and a half-dozen Nez Percés guides. By the third of July—just three years from the date of the Louisiana Purchase as it was made known at Mr. Jefferson's simplicity dinner—they were across the Bitter Roots once more, in the pleasant valleys of the eastern slope.

"That way," said Sacajawea, pointing, "big falls!"

She meant the short cut across the string of the bow, which would lead over the Continental Divide direct to the Great Falls of the Missouri. Both the leaders had pondered over this short cut, which the Nez Percés knew well.

"We must part, Will," said Meriwether Lewis. "It is our duty to learn all we can of this wonderful country. I will take the Indian trail straight across. Do you go on down the way we came. Pick up our caches above the three forks of the Missouri, and then cross over the mountains to the Yellowstone. Make boats there, and come on down to the mouth of that river. You should precede me there, perhaps, by some days. Wait then until I come."

With little more ado these self-reliant men parted in the middle of the vast mountain wilderness. They planned a later junction of their two parties at the mouth of a river which then was less known than the Columbia had been, through a pass which none of them had ever seen.

Lewis had with him nine men, among them Sergeant Gass, the two Fields boys, Drouillard and Cruzatte, the voyageurs. Sacajawea, in spite of her protest, remained with the Clark party, where her wonderful knowledge of the country again proved invaluable. This party advanced directly to the southward by easy and pleasant daily stages.

"That way short path over mountains," said Sacajawea at length, at one point of their journey.

She pointed out the Big Hole Trail and what was later known as Clark's Pass over the Continental Divide. They came to a new country, a beautiful valley where the grass was good; but Sacajawea still pointed onward.

"That way," said she, "find boat, find cache!"

She showed them another gap in the hills, as yet unknown; and so led them out by a short cut directly to the caches on the Jefferson!

But they could not tarry long. Boots and saddles again, pole and paddle also, for now some of the men must take to the boats while others brought on the horses. At the Three Forks rendezvous they made yet other changes, for here the boats must be left. Captain Clark must cross the mountain range to the eastward to find the Yellowstone, of which the Indian girl had told him. Yonder, she said, not quite a full day's march through a notch in the lofty mountains, they would come to the river which ran off to the east.

Not one of them had ever heard of that gap in the hills; there was no one to guide them through it except the Indian girl, whose memory had hitherto been so positive and so trustworthy. They trusted her implicitly.

"That way!" she said.

Always she pointed on ahead confidently; and always she was right. She was laying out the course of a railroad which one day should come up the Yellowstone and cross here to the Missouri.

They found it to be no more than eighteen or twenty miles, Sacajawea's extraordinary short cut between the Missouri and the Yellowstone. They struck the latter river below the mouth of its great cañon, found good timber, and soon were busy felling great cottonwoods to make dugout canoes. Two of these, some thirty feet in length, when lashed side by side, served to carry all their goods and some of their party. The rest—Pryor, Shannon, Hall and one or two others—were to come on down with the horses.

The mounted men did well enough until one night the Crows stole all their horses, and left them on foot in the middle of the wilderness. Not daunted, they built themselves boats of bull hide, as they had seen Indians do, and soon they followed on down the river, they could not tell how far to the rear of the main boat party. With the marvelous good fortune which attended the entire expedition, they had no accident; and in time they met the other explorers at the mouth of the Yellowstone, after traveling nine hundred miles on a separate voyage of original discovery!

It was on the 8th of August that the last of Clark's boats arrived at the Yellowstone rendezvous. His men felt now as if they were almost at home. The Mandan villagers were not far below. As soon as Captain Lewis should come, they would be on their way, rejoicing. Patient, hardy, uncomplaining, they did not know that they were heroes.

What of Lewis, then gone so long? He and his men were engaged in the yet more dangerous undertaking of exploring the country of the dreaded Blackfeet, known to bear arms obtained from the northern traders. They reached the portage of the Great Falls without difficulty, and eagerly examined the caches which they had left there. Now they were to divide their party.

"Sergeant Gass," said Captain Lewis, "I am going to leave you here. You will get the baggage and the boats below the falls, and take passage on down the river. Six of you can attend to that. I shall take Drouillard and the Fields boys with me, and strike off toward the north and east, where I fancy I shall find the upper portion of Maria's River. When you come to the mouth of that river—which you will remember some of you held to be the real Missouri—you will go into camp and wait for us. You will remain there until the first day of September. If by that time we have not returned, you will pass on down the Missouri to Captain Clark's camp, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and go home with him. By that time it will have become evident that we shall not return. I plan to meet you at the mouth of Maria's River somewhere about the beginning of August."

They parted, and it was almost by a miracle that they ever met again; for now the perils of the wilderness asserted themselves even against the marvelous good fortune which had thus far attended them.

Hitherto, practically all the tribes met had been friendly, but now they were in the country of the dreaded Blackfeet, who by instinct and training were hostile to all whites coming in from the south and east. A party of these warriors was met on the second day of their north-bound journey from the Missouri River. Lewis gave the Indians such presents as he could, and, as was his custom, told them of his purpose in traveling through the country. He showed no fear of them, although he saw his own men outnumbered ten to one. The

two parties, the little band of white men and the far more numerous band of the Blackfeet, lay down to sleep that night in company.

But the Blackfeet were unable to resist the temptation to attain sudden wealth by seizing the horses and guns of these strangers. Toward dawn Lewis himself, confident in the integrity of his guests, and dozing for a time, felt the corner of his robe pulled, felt something spring on his face, heard a noise. His little dog was barking loudly, excitedly.

He was more fully awakened by the sound of a shout, and then by a shot. Springing from his robes, he saw Drouillard and both of the Fields boys on their feet, struggling with the savages, who were trying to wrench their rifles from them.

"Curse you, turn loose of me!" cried Reuben Fields.

He fought for a time longer with his brawny antagonist, till he saw others coming. Then his hand went to the long knife at his belt, and the next instant the Blackfoot lay dead at his feet.

Drouillard wrenched his rifle free and stood off his man for a moment, shouting all the time to his leader that the Indians were trying to get the horses. Lewis saw the thieves tugging at the picket-ropes, and hastened into the fray, cursing himself for his own credulity. A giant Blackfoot engaged him, bull-hide shield advanced, battle-ax whirling; but wresting himself free, Lewis fired pointblank into his body, and another Indian fell dead.

The Blackfeet found they had met their match. They dropped the picket-ropes and ran as fast as they could, jumped into the river, swam across, and so escaped, leaving the little party of whites unhurt, but much disturbed.

"Mount, men! Hurry!" Lewis ordered.

As quickly as they could master the frightened horses, his men obeyed. With all thought of further exploration ended, they set out at top speed, and rode all that day and night as fast as the horses could travel. They had made probably one hundred and twenty miles when at length they came to the mouth of the Maria's River, escaped from the most perilous adventure any of them had had.

Here again, by that strange good fortune which seemed to guide them, they arrived just in time to see the canoes of Gass and his men coming down the Missouri. These

latter had made the grand portage at the falls, had taken up all the caches, and had brought the contents with them.

There was no time to wait. The Blackfeet would be coming soon. Lewis abandoned his horses here. The entire party took to the boats, and hurried down the river as fast as they could, paddling in relays, day and night. Gaunt, eager, restless, moody, silent, their leader neither urged his men nor chided them, nor did he refer to the encounter with the Blackfeet—nor did he need to, with Drouillard to describe it to them all a dozen times.

At times it was necessary for the boats to stop for meat, usually a short errand in a country alive with game; and as was his custom, Lewis stepped ashore one evening to try for a shot at some near-by game—elk, buffalo, antelope, whatever offered. He had with him Cruzatte, the one-eyed Frenchman.

The two had not been gone more than a few minutes when the men remaining at the boat heard a shot—then a cry, and more shouting. Cruzatte came running back to them through the bushes, calling out at the top of his voice:

"The captain! I've keeled him—I've keeled the captain—I've shot him!"

"What is that you're saying?" demanded Patrick Gass. "If you've done that, you would be better dead yourself!"

He reached out, caught Cruzatte's rifle, and flung it away from him.

"Where is he?" he demanded.

Cruzatte led the way back.

"I see something move on the bushes," said he, "and I shoot. It was not elk—it was the captain. *Mon dieu*, what shall we do?"

They found Captain Lewis sitting up, propped against a clump of willows, his legging stripped to the thigh. He was critically examining the path of the bullet, which had passed through the limb. At seeing him still alive, his men gave a shout of joy, and Cruzatte received a parting kick from his sergeant.

There were actual tears in the eyes of some of the men as they gathered around their commander—tears which touched Meriwether Lewis deeply.

"It is all right, men!" said he. "Do not be alarmed. Do not reprove the man too much. The sight of a little blood should not trouble you. We are all soldiers. This is only an accident of the trail, and in a

short time it will be mended. See, the bone is not broken!"

They aided him back to the boats and made a bed upon which he might lie, his head propped up so that he could see what lay ahead. Other men completed the evening hunt, and the boats hurried on down the river. The next day found them fifty miles below the scene of the accident.

"Sergeant," said Meriwether Lewis, "the natural fever of my wound is coming on. Give me my little war-sack yonder—I must see if I can find some medicine."

Gass handed him his bag of leather, and Lewis sought in it for a moment. His hand encountered something that crinkled in the touch—crinkled familiarly! For one instant he stopped, his lips compressed as if in bodily pain.

It was another of the mysterious letters!

Before he opened it, he looked at it, frowning, wondering. Whence came these messages, and how, by whose hand? All of them must have been written before he left St. Louis in May of 1804. Now it was August of 1806. There was no human agency outside his own party that could have carried them. How had they reached him? What messenger had brought them? He forgot the fever of his wound in another and greater fever which arose in his blood.

He was with his men now, their eyes were on him all the time. What should he do—cast this letter from him into the river? If he did so, he felt that it would follow him mysteriously, pointing to the *corpus delicti* of his crime, still insistent on coming to the eye!

His men, therefore, saw their leader casually open a bit of paper. They had seen him do such things a thousand times, since journals and maps were a part of the daily business of so many of them. What he did, therefore, attracted no attention.

Captain Lewis would have felt relieved had it attracted more. Before he read any of the words that lay before him, in this same delicate handwriting that he knew so well, he cast a slow and searching gaze upon the face of every man that was turned toward him. In fact, he held the letter up to view rather ostentatiously, hoping that it would evoke some sign; but he saw none.

He had not been in touch with the main party for more than a month. He had with him nine men. Which of these had

secretly carried the letter? Was it Gass, Cruzatte, Drouillard, Reuben Fields, or McNeal?

He studied their faces alternately. Not an eyelash flickered. The men who looked at him were anxious only for his comfort. There was no trace of guilty knowledge on any of these honest countenances before him, and he who sought such admitted his own failure. Meriwether Lewis lay back on his couch in the boat, as far as ever from his solution of the mystery.

After all, mere curiosity as to the nature of that mystery was a small matter. It seemed of more worth to feel, as he did, that the woman who had planned this system of surprises for him was one of no ordinary mind. And it was no ordinary woman who had written the words that he now read:

SIR AND MY FRIEND:

Almost I am in despair. This is my fifth letter; you receive it, perhaps, some months after your start. I think you would have come back before now, if that had been possible. I had no news of you, and now I dread news. Should you still be gone a year from the time I write this, then I shall know that you were dead. Dead? Yes, I have written that word!

The swift thought comes to me that you will never see this at all—that it may, it must, arrive too late. Yet I must send it, even under that chance. I must write it, though it ruin all my happiness. Shall it come to you too late, others will take it to my husband. Then this secret—the one secret of my life—will be known. Ah, I hope this may come to your eyes, your living eyes; but should it not, *none the less I must write it.*

What matter? If it should be read by any after your death, that would be too late to make difference with you, or any difference for me. After that I should not care for anything—not even that then others would know what I would none might ever know save you and my Creator, so long as we both still lived.

This wilderness which you love, the wilderness to which you fled for your comfort—what has it done for you? Have you found that lonely grave which is sometimes the reward of the adventurer thither? If so, do you sleep well? I shall envy you, if that is true. I swear I often would let that thought come to me—of the vast comfort of the plains, of the mountains—the sweep of the untiring winds, sweet in the trees and grasses—or the perpetual sound of water passing by, washing out, to the voice of its unending murmurs, all memory of our trials, of our sins.

What need now to ask you to come back? What need to reproach you any further? How could I—how can I—with this terrible thought in

my soul that I am writing to a man whose eyes cannot see, whose ears cannot hear?

Still, what difference, whether or not you be living? Have not your eyes thus far been blind to me? Have not your ears been deaf to me, even when I spoke to you direct? It was the call of your country as against my call. Was ever thinking woman who could doubt what a strong man would do? I suppose I ought to have known. But oh, the longing of a woman to feel that she is something greater in a man's life even than his deeds and his ambitions—even his labors—even than his patriotism!

It is hard for us to feel that we are but puppets in the great game of life, or small worth to any man. How can we women read their hearts—what do we know of men? I cannot say, though I am a married woman. My husband married me. We had our honeymoon—and he went away about the business of his plantations. Does every girl dream of a continuous courtship and find a dull answer in the facts? I do not know.

How freely I write to you, seeing that you are blind and deaf, of that wish of a woman to be the one grand passion of a strong man's life—above all—before even his country! What may once have been my own dream of my capacity to evoke such emotions in the soul of any man I have flung into the scrap-heap of my life. The man, the one man—no! What was I saying, Meriwether Lewis, to you but now, even though you were blind and deaf? I must not—I *must* not!

Nay, let me dream no more! It is too late now. Living or dead, you are deaf and blind to all that I could ever do for you. But if you be still living, if this shall meet your living eyes, however cold and clear they may be, please, please remember it was not for myself alone that I took on the large ambitions of which I have spoken to you, the large risks engaged with them. Nay, do not reproach me; leave me my woman's right to make all the reproaches. I only wanted to do something for you.

I have not written so freely to any man in all my life. I could not do so now did I not feel in some strange way that by this time—perhaps at this very time—you are either dead or in some extreme of peril. If I *knew* that you would see this, I could not write it. As it is, it gives me some relief—it is my confessional. How often does a woman ever confess her own, her inner and real heart? Never, I think, to any man—certainly not to any living, present man.

I married; yes. It seemed the ordinary and natural thing to do, a useful, necessary, desirable thing to do. I should not complain—I did that with my eyes well opened and with the counsel of my father. My eyes well opened, but my heart well closed! I took on my duties as one of the species human, my duties as wife, as head of a household, as lady of a certain rank. I did all that, for it is what most women would do. It is the system of society. My husband is content.

What am I writing now? Arguing, justifying, defending? Ah, were it possible that you would

read this and come back to me, never, never, though it killed me, would I open my heart to you! I write only to a dead man, I say—to one who can never hear. I write once more to a man who set other things above all that I could have done. Deeds, deeds, what you call your country—your own impulses—these were the things you placed above me. You placed above me this adventuring into the wilderness. Yes, I know what are the real impulses in your man's life. I know what you valued above me.

But you are dead! While you lived, I hope your conscience was clean. I hope that never once have you descended to any conduct not belonging to Meriwether Lewis of Virginia. I know that no matter what temptation was yours, you would remember that I was Mrs. Alston—and that you were Meriwether Lewis of Virginia.

Nay, I *cannot* stop! How can you mind my garrulous pen—my vain pen—my wicked, wicked pen—since you cannot see what it says?

Ah, I had so hoped once more to see you before it was too late! Should this not reach you, and should it reach others, why, let it go to all the world that Theodosia Burr that was, Mrs. Alston of Carolina that is, once ardently importuned a man to join her in certain plans for the betterment of his fortunes as well as her own; and that you did not care to share in those plans! So I failed. And further—let that also go out to the world—I glory in the truth that I have failed!

Yes, that at last is the truth at the bottom of my heart! I have searched it to the bottom, and I have found the truth. I glory in the truth that you have *not* come back to me. There—have I not said all that a woman could say to any man, living or dead?

Just as strongly as I have urged you to return, just as strongly I have hoped that you would not return! In my soul I wanted to see you go on in your own fashion, following your own dreams and caring not for mine. That was the Meriwether Lewis I had pictured to myself. I shall glory in my own undoing, if it has meant your success.

Holding to your own ambition, keeping your own loyalty, holding your own counsel and your own speech to the end—pushing on through everything to what you have set out to do—that is the man I could have loved! Deeds, deeds, high accomplishments—these in truth are the things which are to prevail. The selfish love of success as success—the love of ease, of money, of power—these are the things women covet from a man—yes, but they are not the things a woman *loves* in a man. No; it is the stiff-necked man, bound in his own ambition, whom women love, even as they swear they do not.

Therefore, do not come back to me, Meriwether Lewis! Do not come—forget all that I have said to you before—do not return until you have done your work! Do not come back to me until you can come content. Do not come to me with your splendid will broken. Let it triumph even over the will of a Burr, not used to yielding, not easily giving up anything desired.

This is almost the last letter I shall ever write to any man in all my life. I wonder who will read it—you, or all the world, perhaps! I wish it might rest with you at the last. Oh, let this thought lie with you as you sleep—you did not come back to me, and I rejoiced that you did not!

Tell me, why is it that I think of you lying where the wind is sweet in the trees? Why is it that I think of myself, too, lying at last, with all my doubts composed, all my restless ambitions ended, all my foolish dreams answered—in some place where the sound of the unceasing waters shall wash out from the memory of the world all my secrets and all my sins? Always I hear myself crying:

"I hope I shall not be unhappy, for I do not feel that I have been bad."

Adieu, Meriwether Lewis, adieu! I am glad you can never read this. I am glad that you have not come back. I am glad that I have failed!

CHAPTER XI

THE BEE

"CAPTAIN, dear," said honest Patrick Gass, putting an arm under his wounded commander's shoulders as he eased his position in the boat, "ye are not the man ye was when ye hit me that punch back yonder on the Ohio, three years ago. Since ye're so weak now, I have a good mind to return it to ye, with me compliments. 'Tis safer now!"

Gass chuckled at his own jest as his leader looked up at him.

The boiling current of the great Missouri, bend after bend, vista after vista, had carried them down until at length they had reached the mouth of the Yellowstone, and had seen on ahead the curl of blue smoke on the beach—the encampment of their companions, who were waiting for them here.

William Clark, walking up and down along the bank, looking ever up-stream for some sign of his friend, hurried down to meet the boats, and gazed anxiously at the figure lifted in the arms of the men.

"What's wrong, Merne?" he exclaimed. "Tell me!"

Lewis waved a hand at him in reassurance, and smiled as his friend bent above him.

"Nothing at all, Will," said he. "Nothing at all—I was playing elk, and Cruzatte thought it very lifelike! It is just a bullet through the thigh; the bone is safe, and the wound will soon heal. It is lucky that we are not on horseback now."

By marvel, by miracle, the two friends were reunited once more; and surely around the camp-fires there were stories for all to tell.

Sacajawea, the Indian girl, sat listening but briefly to all these tales of adventure—tales not new to one of her birth and education. Silently and without question, she took the place of nurse to the wounded commander. She had herbs of her own choosing, simple remedies which her people had found good for the treatment of wounds. As if the captain were her child—rather than the forsaken infant who lustily bemoaned his mother's absence from his tripod in the lodge—she took charge of the injured man, until at length he made protest that he was as well as ever, and that they must go on.

Again the paddles plied, again the bows of the canoes turned down-stream. It seemed but a short distance thence to the Mandan villages, and once among the Mandans they felt almost as if they were at home.

The Mandans received them as beings back from the grave. The drums sounded, the feast-fires were lighted, and for a time the natives and their guests joined in rejoicing. But still Lewis's restless soul was dissatisfied with delay. He would not wait.

"We must get on!" said he. "We cannot delay."

The boats must start down the last stretch of the great river. Would any of the tribesmen like to go to the far East, to see the Great Father? Big White, chief of the Mandans, said his savage prayers.

"I will go," said he. "I will go and tell him of my people. We are poor and weak. I will ask him to take pity on us and protect us against the Sioux."

So it was arranged that Big White and his women, with Jussaume, his wife, and one or two others, should accompany the brigade down the river. Loud lamentations became mingled with the preparations for the departure.

Sacajawea, what of her? Her husband lived among the Mandans. This was the end of the trail for her, and not the rudest man but was sad at the thought of going on without her. They knew well enough that in all likelihood, but for her, their expedition could never have attained success. Beyond that, each man of them held memory of some personal kindness received at her hands. She had been the life and

comfort of the party, as well as its guide and inspiration.

"Sacajawea," said Meriwether Lewis, when the hour for departure came, "I am now going to finish my trail. Do you want to go part way with us? I can take you to the village where we started up this river—St. Louis. You can stay there for one snow, until Big White comes back from seeing the Great Father. We can take the baby, too, if you like."

Her face lighted up with a strange wistfulness.

"Yes, captain," said she, "I go with Big White—and you."

He smiled as he shook his head.

"We go farther than that, many sleeps farther."

"Who shall make the fire? Who shall mend your moccasins? See, there is no other woman in your party. Who shall make tea? Who shall spread down the robes? Me—Mrs. Charbonneau!"

She drew herself up proudly with this title; but still Meriwether Lewis looked at her sadly, as he stood, lean, gaunt, full-bearded, clad in his leather costume of the plains, supporting himself on his crutch.

"Sacajawea," said he, "I cannot take your husband with me. All my goods are gone—I cannot pay him; and now we do not need him to teach us the language of other peoples. From here we can go alone."

"Aw right!" said Sacajawea, in paleface idiom. "Him stay—me go!"

Meriwether Lewis pondered for a time on what fashion of speech he must employ to make her understand.

"Bird Woman," said he at length, "you are a good girl. It would pain my heart to see you unhappy. But if you came with me to my villages, women would say, 'Who is that woman there? She has no lodge; she does not belong to any man.' They must not say that of Sacajawea—she is a good woman. Those are not the things your ears should hear. Now I shall tell the Great Father that but for Sacajawea we should all have been lost; that we should never have come back again. His heart will be open to those words. He will send gifts to you. Some time, I believe, the Great Father's sons will build a picture of you in iron, out yonder at the parting of the rivers. It will show you pointing on ahead to show the way to the white men. Sacajawea must never die—she has done too much to be forgotten. Some day the chil-

dren of the Great Father will take your baby, if you wish, and bring him up in the way of the white men. What we can do for you we will do. Are my words good in your ears?"

"Your words are good," said Sacajawea. "But I go, too! No want to stay here now. No can stay!"

"But here is your village, Sacajawea—this is your home, where you must live. You will be happier here. See now, when I sleep safe at night, I shall say, 'It was Sacajawea showed me the way. We did not go astray—we went straight.' We will not forget who led us."

"But," she still expostulated, looking up at him, "how can you cook? How can you make the lodge? One woman—she must help all time."

A spasm of pain passed across Lewis's face.

"Sacajawea," said he, "I told you that I had made medicine—that I had promised my dream never to have a lodge of my own. Always I shall live upon the trail—no lodge-fire in any village shall be the place for me. And I told you I had made a vow to my dream that no woman should light the lodge-fire for me. You are a princess—the daughter of a chief, the sister of a chief, a great person; you know about a warrior's medicine. Surely, then, you know that no one is allowed to ask about the vows of a chief!"

"By and by," he added gently, "a great many white men will come here, Sacajawea. They will find you here. They will bring you gifts. You will live here long, and your baby will grow to be a man, and his children will live here long. But now I must go to my people."

The unwonted tears of an Indian woman were in the eyes which looked up at him.

"Ah!" said she, in reproach. "I went with you. I cooked in the lodges. I showed the way. I was as one of your people. Now I say I go to your people, and you say no. You need me once—you no need me now! You say to me, your people are not my people—you not need Sacajawea any more!"

The Indian has no word for good-by. The faithful—nay, loving—girl simply turned away and passed from him; nor did he ever see her more.

Alone, apart from her people, she seated herself on the brink of the bluff, below which lay the boats, ready to depart. She

drew her blanket over her head. When at length the voyage had begun, she did not look out once to watch them pass. They saw her motionless figure high on the bank above them. The Bird Woman was mourning.

The little Indian dog, Meriwether Lewis's constant companion, now, like Sacajawea, mercifully banished, sat at her side, as motionless as she. Both of them, mute and resigned, accepted their fate.

But as for those others, those hardy men, now homeward bound, they were rejoicing. Speed was the cry of all the lusty paddlers, who, hour after hour, kept the boats hurrying down, aided by the current and sometimes pushed forward by favorable winds. They were upon the last stretch of their wonderful journey. Speed, early and late, was all they asked. They were going home—back over the trail they had blazed for their fellows!

"*Capitaine, capitaine*, look what I'll found!"

They were halting at noonday, far down the Missouri, for the boiling of the kettles. Lewis lay on his robes, still too lame to walk, watching his men as they scattered here and there after their fashion. It was Cruzatte who approached him, looking at something which the voyageur held in his hand.

"What is it, Cruzatte?" smiled Lewis.

He was anxious always to be as kindly as possible to this unlucky follower, whose terrible mistake had well-nigh resulted in the death of the leader.

"Ouch, by gar! She'll bite me with his tail. She's hot!"

Cruzatte held out in his fingers a small but fateful object. It was a bee, an ordinary honey-bee. East of the Mississippi, in Illinois, Kentucky, the Virginias, it would have meant nothing. Here on the great plains it meant much.

Meriwether Lewis held the tiny creature in the palm of his hand.

"Why did you kill it, Cruzatte?" he asked. "It was on its errand."

He turned to his friend who sat near, at the other side.

"Will," he said, "our expedition has succeeded. Here is the proof of it. The bee is following our path. They are coming!"

Clark nodded. Woodsmen as they both were, they knew well enough the Indian tradition that the bee is the harbinger of the coming of the white man. When he

comes, the plow soon follows, and weeds grow where lately have been the flowers of the forest or the prairie.

They sat for a time looking at the little insect, which bore so fateful a message into the West. Reverently Lewis placed it in his collector's case—the first bee of the plains.

"They are coming!" said he again to his friend.

CHAPTER XII

WHAT VOICE HAD CALLED?

THEY lay in camp far down the river whose flood had borne them on so rapidly. They had passed through the last of the dangerous country of the Sioux, defying the wild bands whose gantlet they had to run, but which they had run in safety. Ahead was only what might be called a pleasure journey, to the end of the river trail.

The men were happy as they lay about their fires, which glowed dully in the dusk. Each was telling what he presently was going to do, when he got his pay at old St. Louis, not far below.

William Clark, weary with the day's labor, had excused himself and gone to his blankets. Lewis, the responsible head of the expedition, alone, aloof, silent, sat moodily looking into his fire, the victim of one of his recurring moods of melancholy.

He stirred at length and raised himself restlessly. It was not unusual for him to be sleepless, and always, while awake, he had with him the problems of his many duties; but at this hour something unwontedly disturbing had come to Meriwether Lewis.

He turned once more and bent down, as if figuring out some puzzle of a baffling trail. Picking up a bit of stick, he traced here and there, in the ashes at his feet, points and lines, as if it were some problem in geometry. Uneasy, strange of look, now and again he muttered to himself.

"Hoh!" he exclaimed at length, almost like an Indian, as if in some definite conclusion.

He had run his trail to the end, had finished the problem in the ashes.

"Hoh!" his voice again rumbled in his chest.

And now he threw his tracing-stick away. He sat, his head on one side, as if looking at some distant star. It seemed that he heard a voice calling to him in the night,

so faintly that he could not be sure. His face, thin, gaunt, looked set and hard in the light of his little fire. Something stern, something wistful, too, showed in his eyes, frowning under the deep brows. Was Meriwether Lewis indeed gone mad? Had the hardships of the wilderness at last taken their toll of him—as had sometimes happened to other men?

He rose, limping a little, for he still was weak and stiff from his wound, though disdaining staff or crotched bough to lean upon. He looked about him cautiously.

The camp was slumbering. Here and there, stirred by the passing breeze, the embers of a little fire glowed like an eye in the dark. The men slept, some under their rude shelters, others in the open under the stars, each rolled in his robe, his rifle under the flap to keep it from the dew.

Meriwether Lewis knew the place of every man in the encampment. Ordway, Pryor, Gass—each of the three sergeants slept by his own mess-fire, his squad around him. McNeal, Bratton, Shields, Cruzatte, Reuben Fields, Goodrich, Whitehouse, Coalter, Shannon—the captain knew where each lay, rolled up like a mummy. He had marked each when he threw down his bed-roll that night; for Meriwether Lewis was a leader of men, and no detail escaped him.

He passed now, stealthy as an Indian, along the rows of sleeping forms. His moccasined foot made no sound. Save for his uniform coat, he was clad as a savage himself; and his alert eye, his noiseless foot, might have marked him one. He sought some one of these—and he knew where lay the man he wished to find.

He stood beside him silently at last, looking down at the sleeping figure. The man lay a little apart from the others, for he was to stand second watch that night, and the second guard usually slept where he would not disturb the others when awakened for his turn of duty.

This man—he was long and straight in his blankets, and filled them well—suddenly awoke, and lay staring up. He had not been called, no hand had touched him, it was not yet time for guard relief; but he had felt a presence, even as he slept.

He stared up at a tall and motionless figure looking down. With a swift movement he reached for his rifle; but the next instant, even as he lay, his hand went to his forehead in salute. He was looking up into the face of his commander!

"Shannon!" He heard a hoarse voice command him. "Get up!"

George Shannon, the youngest of the party, sprang out of his bed half clad.

"Captain!" He saluted again. "What is it, sir?" he half whispered, as if in apprehension.

"Put on your jacket, Shannon. Come with me!"

Shannon obeyed hurriedly. Half stripped, he stood a fine figure of young manhood himself, lithe, supple, yet developed into rugged strength by his years of labor on the trail.

"What is it, captain?" he inquired once more.

They were apart from the others now, in the shadows beyond Lewis's fire. Shannon had caught sight of his leader's countenance, noting the wildness of its look, its drawn and haggard lines.

His commander's hand thrust in his face a clutch of papers, folded—letters, they seemed to be. Shannon could see the trembling of the hand that held them.

"You know what I want, Shannon! I want the rest of these—I want the last one of them! Give it to me now!"

The youth felt on his shoulder the grip of a hand hard as steel. He did not make any answer, but stood dumb, wondering what might be the next act of this man, who seemed half a madman.

"Five of them!" he heard the same hoarse voice go on. "There must be another—there must be one more, at least. You have done this—you brought these letters. Give me the last one of them! Why don't you answer?" With sudden and violent strength Lewis shook the boy as a dog might a rat. "Answer me!"

"Captain, I cannot!" broke out Shannon.

"What? Then there is another?"

"I'll not answer! I'll stand my trial before court martial, if you please."

Again the heavy hand on his shoulder.

"There will be no trial!" he heard the hoarse voice of his commander saying. "I cannot sleep. I must have the last one. There is another!"

Shannon laid a hand on the iron wrist.

"How do you know?" he faltered. "Why do you think—"

"Am I not your leader? Is it not my business to know? I am a woodsman. You thought you had covered your trail, but it was plain. I know you are the messenger who has been bringing these letters to me

from her. I need not name her, and you shall not! For what reason you did this—by what plan—I do not know, but I know you did it. You were absent each time that I found one of these letters. That was too cunning to be cunning! You are young, Shannon, you have something to learn. You sing songs—love-songs—you write letters—love-letters, perhaps! You are Irish—you have sentiment. There is romance about you—you are the man she would choose to do what you have done. Being a woman, she knew, she chose well; but it is my business to read all these signs. Give me that letter! I am your officer."

"Captain, I will not!"

"I tell you I cannot sleep! Give it to me, boy, or, by Heaven, you yourself shall sleep the long sleep here and now! What? You still refuse?"

"Yes, I'll not be driven to it. You say I'm Irish. I am—I'll not give up a woman's secret—it's a question of honor, captain. There is a woman concerned, as you know." "Yes!"

"And I promised her, too. I swear I never planned any wrong to either of you. I would die at your order now, as you know; but you have no right to order this, and I'll not answer!"

The hand closed at his throat. The boy could not speak, but still Meriwether Lewis growled on at him.

"Shannon! Speak! Why have you kept secrets from your commanding officer? You have begun to tell me—tell me all!"

The boy's hands clutched at his leader's wrists. At length Lewis loosed him.

"Captain," began the victim, "what do you mean? What can I do?"

"I will tell you what I mean, Shannon. I promised to care for you and bring you back safe to your parents. You'll never see your parents again, save on one condition. I trusted you, thought you had special loyalty for me. Was I wrong?"

"On my honor, captain," the boy broke out, "I'd have died for you any time, and I'd do it now! I've worked my very best. You're my officer, my chief!"

With one movement, Meriwether Lewis flung off the uniform coat that he wore. They stood now, man to man, stripped, and neither gave back from the other.

"Shannon," said Lewis, "I'm not your officer now. I'm going to choke the truth out of you. Will you fight me, or are you afraid?"

The last cruelty was too much. The boy began to gulp.

"I'm not afraid to fight, sir. I'd fight any man, but you—no, I'll not do it! Even stripped, you're my commander still."

"Is that the reason?"

"Not all of it. You're weak, captain, your wound has you in a fever. 'Twould not be fair—I could do as I liked with you now. I'll not fight you. I couldn't!"

"What? You will not obey me as your officer, and will not fight me as a man? Do you want to be whipped? Do you want to be shot? Do you want to be drummed out of camp to-morrow morning? By Heaven, Private Shannon, one of these choices will be yours!"

But something of the icy silence of the youth who heard these terrible words gave pause even to the madman that was Meriwether Lewis now. He halted, his hooked hands extended for the spring upon his opponent.

"What is it, boy?" he whispered at last.

"What have I done? What did I say?"

Shannon was sobbing now.

"Captain," he said, and thrust a hand into the bosom of his tunic—"captain, for Heaven's sake, don't do that! Don't apologize to me. I understand. Leave me alone. Here's the letter. There were six—this is the last."

Lewis's strained muscles relaxed, his blazing eyes softened.

"Shannon!" he whispered once more. "What have I done?"

He took the letter in his hand, but did not look at it, although his fingers could feel the seal unbroken.

"Why do you give it to me now, boy?" he asked at length. "What changed you?"

"Because it's orders, sir. She ordered me—that is, she asked me—to give you these letters at times when you seemed to need them most—when you were sick or in trouble, when anything had gone wrong. We couldn't figure so far on ahead when I ought to give you each one. I had to do my best. I didn't know at first, but now I see that you're sick. You're not yourself—you're in trouble. She told me not to let you know who carried them," he added rather inconsequently. "She said that that might end it all. She thought that you might come back."

"Come back—when?"

"She didn't know—we couldn't any of us tell—it was all a guess. All this about

the letters was left to me, to do my best. I couldn't ask you, captain, or any one. I don't know what was in the letters, sir, and I don't ask you, for that's not my business; but I promised her."

"What did she promise you?"

"Nothing. She didn't promise me pay, because she knew I wouldn't have done it for pay. She only looked at me, and she seemed sad, I don't know why. I couldn't help but promise her. I gave her my word of honor, because she said her letters might be of use to you, but that no one else must know that she had written them."

"When was all this?"

"At St. Louis, just before we started. I reckon she picked me out because she thought I was especially close to you. You know I have been so."

"Yes, I know, Shannon."

"I thought I was doing something for you. You see, she told me that her name must not be mentioned, that no one must know about this, because it would hurt a woman's reputation. She thought the men might talk, and that would be bad for you. I could not refuse her. Do you blame me now?"

"No, Shannon. No! In all this there is but one to blame, and that is your officer, myself!"

"I did not think there was any harm in my getting the letters to you, captain. I knew that lady was your friend. I know who she is. She was more beautiful than any woman in St. Louis when we were there—more a lady, somehow. Of course, I'm not an officer or a gentleman—I'm only a boy from the backwoods, and only a private soldier. I couldn't break my promise to her, and I couldn't very well obey your orders unless I did. If I've broken any of the regulations you can punish me. You see, I held back this letter—I gave it to you now because I had the feeling that I ought to—that she would want me to. It is the fever, sir!"

"Aye, the fever!"

Silence fell as they stood there in the night. The boy went on, half tremblingly:

"Please, please, Captain Lewis, don't call me a coward! I don't believe I am. I was trying to do something for you—for both of you. It was always on my mind about these letters. I did my best and now—"

And now it was the eye of Meriwether Lewis that suddenly was wet; it was his voice that trembled.

"Boy," said he, "I am your officer. Your officer asks your pardon. I have tried myself. I was guilty. Will you forget this?"

"Not a word to a soul in the world, captain!" broke out Shannon. "About a woman, you see, we do not talk."

"No, Mr. Shannon, about a woman we gentlemen do not talk. But now tell me, boy, what can I do for you—what can I ever do for you?"

"Nothing in the world, captain—but just one thing."

"What is it?"

"Please, sir, tell me that you don't think me a coward!"

"A coward? No, Shannon, you are the bravest fellow I ever met!"

The hand on the boy's shoulder was kindly now. The right hand of Captain Meriwether Lewis sought that of Private George Shannon. The madness of the trail, of the wilderness—the madness of absence and of remorse—had swept by, so that Lewis once more was officer, gentleman, just and generous man.

Shannon stooped and picked up the coat that his captain had cast from him. He held it up, and aided his commander again to don it. Then, saluting, he marched off to his bivouac bed.

From that day to the end of his life, no one ever heard George Shannon mention a word of this episode. Beyond the two leaders of the party, none of the expedition ever knew who had played the part of the mysterious messenger. Nor did any one know, later, whence came the funds which eventually carried George Shannon through his schooling in the East, through his studies for the bar, and into the successful practise which he later built up in Kentucky's largest city.

Meriwether Lewis, limp and lax now, shivering in the chill under the reaction from his excitement, turned away, stepped back to his own lodge, and contrived a little light, after the frontier fashion—a rag wick in a shallow vessel of grease. With this uncertain aid he bent down closer to read the finely written lines, which ran:

MY FRIEND:

This is my last letter to you. This is the one I have marked Number Six—the last one—for my messenger.

Yes, since you have not returned, now I know you never can. Rest well, then, sir, and let me be strong to bear the news when at length it

comes, if it ever shall come. Let the winds and the waters sound your requiem in that wilderness which you loved more than me—which you loved more than fame or fortune, honor or glory for yourself. The wilderness! It holds you. And for me—when at last I come to lay me down, I hope, too, some wilderness of wood or waters will be around me with its vast silences.

After all, what is life? Such a brief thing! Little in it but duty done well and faithfully. I know you did yours while you lived. I have tried to do mine. It has been hard for me to see what was duty. If I knew as absolute truth that conviction now in my heart—that you never can come back—how then could I go on?

Meriwether—Merne—Merne—I have been calling to you. Have you not heard me? Can you not hear me now, calling to you across all the distances to come back to me? I cannot give you up to the world, because I have loved you so much for myself. It was a cruel fate that parted us—more and more I know that, even as more and more I resolve to do what is my duty. But, oh, I miss you! Come back to me—to one who never was, and never can be, but is—

Yours,

THEODOSIA.

It took him long to read this letter. At last his trembling hand dropped the creased and broken sheets. The guttering light went out. The men were silent, sleeping near their fires. The peace of the great plains lay all about.

She had said it—had said that last fated word. Now indeed he knew what voice had called to him across the deeps!

He reflected now that all these messages had been written to him before he left her; and that when he saw her last she was standing, tears in her eyes, outraged by the act of the man whom she had trusted—nay, whom she had loved!

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEWS

A HORSEMAN rode furiously over the new road from Fort Bellefontaine to St. Louis village. He carried news. The expedition of Lewis and Clark had returned!

Yes, these men so long thought lost, dead, were coming even now with their own story, with their proofs. The boats had passed Charette, had passed Bellefontaine, and presently would be pulling up the river to the water-front of St. Louis itself.

"Run, boys!" cried Pierre Chouteau to his servants. "Call out the people! Tell them to ring the bells—tell them to fire the

guns at the fort yonder. Captains Lewis and Clark have come back again—those who were dead!"

The little settlement was afire upon the instant. Laughing, talking, ejaculating, weeping in their joy, the people of St. Louis hurried out to meet the men whose voyage meant so much.

At last they saw them coming, the paddles flashing in unison in the horny hands which tirelessly drove the boats down the river. They could see them—men with long beards, clad in leggings of elk hide, moccasins of buffalo and deer; their head-dresses those of the Indians, their long hair braided. And see, in the prow of the foremost craft sat two men, side by side—Lewis and Clark, the two friends who had arisen as if from the grave!

"Present arms!" rang out a sharp command, as the boats lined up along the wharf.

The brown and scarred rifles came to place.

"Aim! Fire!"

The volley of salutation blazed out even with the chorus of the voyageurs' cheers. And cheers repeated and unceasing greeted them as they stepped from their boats to the wharf. In an instant they were half overpowered.

"Come with me!"

"No, with me!"

"With me!"

A score of eager voices of the first men of St. Louis claimed the privilege of hospitality for them. It was almost by force that Pierre Chouteau bore them away to his castle on the hill. And always questions, questions, came upon them—ejaculations, exclamations.

"*Ma foi!*" exclaimed more than one pretty French maiden. "Such men—such splendid men—savages, yet white!"

They had gone away as youths, these two captains; they had come back men. Four thousand miles out and back they had gone, over a country unmapped, unknown; and they brought back news—news of great, new lands. Was it any wonder that they stood now, grave and dignified, feeling almost for the first time the weight of what they had done?

They passed over the boat-landing and across the wharf, approaching the foot of the rocky bluff above which lay the long street of St. Louis. Silent, as was his wont, Meriwether Lewis had replied to most of

the greetings only with the smile which so lighted up his face. But now, suddenly, he ceased even to smile. His eye rested not upon the faces of those acclaiming friends, but upon something else beyond them.

Yes, there it was—the old fur-shed, the storage-house of the traders here on the wharf, just as he had left it two years before! The door was closed. What lay beyond it?

Lewis shuddered, as if caught with chill, as he looked at yonder door. Just there she had stood, more than two years ago, when he started out on this long journey. There he had kissed that face which he had left in tears—he saw it now! All the glory of his safe return, all the wonderful results which it must mean, he would have given now, could he have back that picture for a different making.

"My matches—my thermometers—my instruments—how did they perform?"

The speaker was Dr. Saugrain, eager to meet again his friends.

"Perfect, doctor, perfect! We have some of the matches yet. As to the thermometers, we broke the last one before we reached the sea."

"You found the sea? *Mon dieu!*"

"We found the Pacific. We found the Columbia, the Yellowstone—many new rivers. We have found a new continent—made a new geography. We passed the head of the Missouri. We found three great mountain ranges."

"The beaver—did you find the beaver yonder?" demanded the voice of a swarthy man who had attended them.

It was Manuel Liza, fur-trader, his eyes glowing in his interest in that reply.

"Beaver?" William Clark waved a hand. "How many I could not tell you! Thousands and millions—more beaver than ever were known in the world before. Millions of buffalo—elk in droves—bears such as you never saw—antelope, great, horned sheep, otters, muskrat, mink—the greatest fur country in all the world. We could not tell you half!"

"Your men, will they be free to make return up the river with trading parties?"

William Clark smiled at the keenness of the old French trader.

"You could not possibly have better men," said he.

The men themselves shook their heads in despair. Yes, they said, they had found a thousand miles of country ready to be

plowed. They had found any quantity of hardwood forests and pine-groves. They had seen rivers packed with fish until they were half solid—more fish than ever were in all the world before. They had found great rivers which led far back to the heart of the continent. They had seen trees larger than any man ever had seen—so large that they hardly could be felled by an ax.

They had found a country where in the winter men perished, and another where the winters were not cold, and where the bushes grew high as trees. They had found all manner of new animals never known before—in short, a new world. How could they tell of it?

"Captain," inquired Chouteau at length, "your luggage, your boxes—where are they?"

Meriwether Lewis pointed to a skin parfleche and a knotted bandanna handkerchief which George Shannon carried for him.

"That is all I have left," said he. "But the mail for the East—the mail, M. Chouteau—we must get word to the President!"

"The President has long ago been advised of your death," said Chouteau, laughing. "All the world has said good-by to you. No doubt you can read your own obituaries."

"We bring them better news than that. What news for us?" asked the two captains of their host.

"News!" The voluble Frenchman threw up his hands. "Nothing but news! The entire world is changed since you left. I could not tell you in a month. The Burr duel—"

"Yes, we did not know of it for two years," said William Clark. "We have just heard about it."

"The killing of Mr. Hamilton ended the career of Colonel Burr," said Chouteau. "But for that we might have different times here in Mississippi. He had many friends. But you have heard the last news regarding him?"

It was the dark eye of Meriwether Lewis which now compelled his attention.

"No? Well, he came out here through this country once more. He was arrested last summer, on the Natchez Trace, and carried off to Washington. The charge is treason against his government. The country is full of it—his trial is to be at Richmond. Even now it may be going on."

He did not notice the sudden change in Meriwether Lewis's face.

"And all the world is swimming in blood across the sea," went on their garrulous informant. "Napoleon and Great Britain are at war again. Were it not so, one or the other of them would be at the gates of New Orleans, that is sure. This country is still discontented. There was much in the plan of Colonel Burr to separate this valley into a country of its own, independent—to force a secession from the republic, even though by war on the flag. Indeed, he was prepared for that; but now his conspiracy is done. Perhaps, however, you do not hold with the theory of Colonel Burr?"

"Hold with the theory of Colonel Burr, sir?" exclaimed the deep voice of Meriwether Lewis. "Hold with it? This is the first time I have known what it was. It was treason! If he had any join him, that was in treason! He sought to disrupt this country? Agree with him? What is this you tell me? I had never dreamed such a thing as possible of him!"

"He had many friends," went on Chouteau; "very many friends. They are scattered even now all up and down this country—men who will not give up their cause. All those men needed was a leader."

"But, M. Chouteau," rejoined Lewis, "I do not understand—I cannot! What Colonel Burr attempted seems actual treason to this republic. I find it difficult to believe that!"

Chouteau shrugged his shoulders.

"There may be two names for it," he said.

"And every one asked to join the cause was asked to join in treason to his country. Is it not so?" Lewis went on.

"There may be two names for it," smiled the other, still shrugging.

"He was my friend," said Meriwether Lewis. "I trusted him!"

"Always, I repeat, there are two names for treason. But what puzzles me is this," Chouteau continued. "What halted the cause of Colonel Burr here in the West? He seemed to be upon the point of success. His organization was complete—his men were in New Orleans—he had great lands purchased as a rendezvous below. He had understandings with foreign powers, that is sure. Well, then, here is Colonel Burr at St. Louis, all his plans arranged. He is ready to march, to commence his campaign, to form this valley into a great kingdom, with Mexico as part of it. He was a man able to make plans, believe me. But of all this there

comes—nothing! Why? At the last point something failed—no one knew what. He waited for something—no one knew what. Something lacked—no one can tell what. And all the time—this is most curious to me—I learned it through others—Colonel Burr was eager to hear something of the expedition of Lewis and Clark into the West. Why? No one knows! Does no one know?"

The captain did not speak, and Chouteau presently went on.

"Why did Colonel Burr hesitate, why did he give up his plans here—why, indeed, did he fail? You ask me why these things were? I say, it was because of you—*messieurs*, you two young men, with your Lewis and Clark Expedition! It was you who broke the Burr Conspiracy—for so they call it in these days. *Messieurs*, that is your news!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE GUESTS OF A NATION

"ATTENTION, men!"

The company of Volunteers for the Discovery of the West fell into line in front of the stone fortress of old St. Louis. A motley crew they looked in their half-savage garb. They were veterans, fit for any difficult undertaking in the wilderness. Shoulder to shoulder they had labored in the great enterprise. Now they were to disband.

Their leaders had laid aside the costume of the frontier and assumed the uniforms of officers in the army of the United States. Fresh from his barber and his tailor, Captain Lewis stood, tall, clean-limbed, immaculate, facing his men. His beard was gone, his face showed paler where it had been reaped. His hair, grown quite long, and done now in formal cue, hung low upon his shoulders. In every line a gentleman, an officer, and a thoroughbred. He no longer bore any trace of the wilderness. Love, confidence, admiration—these things showed in the faces of his men as their eyes turned to him.

"Men," said he, "you are to be mustered out to-day. There will be given to each of you a certificate of service in this expedition. It will entitle you to three hundred and twenty acres of land, to be selected where you like west of the Mississippi River. You will have double pay in gold as well; but it is not only thus that we seek to show appreciation of your services.

"We have concluded a journey of considerable length and importance. Between you and your officers there have been such relations as only could have made successful a service so extraordinary as ours has been. In our reports to our own superior officers we shall have no words save those of praise for any of you. Our expedition has succeeded. To that success you have all contributed. Your officers thank you.

"Captain Clark will give you your last command, men. As I say farewell to you, I trust I may not be taken to mean that I separate myself from you in my thoughts or memories. If I can ever be of service to any of you, you will call upon me freely."

He turned and stepped aside. His place was taken by his associate, William Clark, likewise a soldier, an officer, properly attired, and all the figure of a proper man. Clark's voice rang sharp and clear.

"Attention! Aim—fire! Break ranks—march!"

The last volley of the gallant little company was fired. The last order had been given and received. With a sweep of his drawn sword, Captain Clark dismissed them. The expedition was done.

So now they went their way, most of them into oblivion, great though their services had been. For their officers much more remained to do.

The progress to Washington was a triumph. Everywhere their admiring countrymen were excited over their marvelous journey. They were fêted and honored at every turn. The country was ringing with their praises from the Mississippi to the Atlantic as the news spread eastward just ahead of them.

When at last they finished their adieux to the kindly folk of St. Louis, who scarce would let them go, they took boat across the river to the old Kaskaskia trail, and crossed the Illinois country by horse to the Falls of the Ohio, where the family of William Clark awaited him. Here was much holiday, be sure; but not even here did they pause long, for they must be on their way to meet their chief at Washington.

Their little cavalcade, growing larger now, passed on across Kentucky, over the gap in the Cumberlands, down into the country of the Virginia gentry. Here again they were fêted and dined and winned so long as they would tarry. It was specially difficult for them to leave Colonel Hancock, at Fincastle. Here they must pause and

tell how they had named certain rivers in the West—the one for Maria Woods; another for Judith Hancock—the Maria's and Judith Rivers of our maps to-day.

Here William Clark delayed yet a time. He found in the charms of the fair Judith herself somewhat to give him pause. Soon he was to take her as his bride down the Ohio to yonder town of St. Louis, for whose fame he had done so much, and was to do so much more.

Toward none of the fair maids who now flocked about them could Meriwether Lewis be more than smiling gallant, though rumors ran that either he or William Clark might well-nigh take his pick. He was alike to all of them.

One thought of eager and unalloyed joy rested with him. He was soon to see his mother. In time he rode down from the hilltops of old Albemarle to the point beyond the Ivy Depot where rose the gentle eminence of Locust Hill, the plantation of the Lewis family.

Always in the afternoon, in all weathers, his mother sat looking down the long lane to the gate, as if she expected that one day a certain figure would appear. Sometimes, old as she was, she dozed and dreamed—just now she had done so. She awoke, and saw standing before her, as if pictured in her dream, the form of her son, in bodily presence, although at first she did not accept him as such.

"My son!" said she at length, half as much in terror as in joy. "Merne!"

He stooped down and took her grayed head in his hands as she looked up at him. She recalled other times when he had come from the forest, from the wilderness, bearing trophies in his hands. He bore now trophies greater, perhaps, than any man of his age ever had brought home with him.

"My son!" was all she could say. "They told me that you never would come back, that you were dead. I thought the wilderness had claimed you at last, Merne!"

"I told you I should come back to you safe, mother. There was no danger at any time. From St. Louis I have come as fast as any messenger could have come. Next I must go to see Mr. Jefferson at Washington—then, back home again to talk with you, for long, long hours."

"And what have you found?"

"More than I can tell you in a year! We found the mysterious river, the Columbia—found where it runs into the ocean, where

it starts in the mountains. We found the head of the Missouri—the Ohio is but a creek beside it. We crossed plains and mountains more wonderful than any we have ever dreamed of. We saw the most wonderful land in all the world, mother—and we made it ours!”

“And you did that? Merne, was *that* why the wilderness called to you? My boy has done all that? Your country will reward you. I should not complain of all these years of absence. You are happy now, are you not?”

“I should be the happiest of men. I can take to Mr. Jefferson, our best friend, the proof that he was right in his plans. His great dream has come true, and I in some part helped to make it true. Should I not now be happy?”

“You should be, Merne, but are you?”

“I am well, and I find you still well and strong. My friend, Will Clark, has come back with me hearty as a boy. Everything has been fortunate with us. Look at me,” he demanded, turning and stretching out his mighty arms. “I am strong. My men all came through without loss or injury—the splendid fellows! It is wonderful that in risks such as ours we met with no ill fortune.”

“Yes, but are you happy? Turn your face to me.”

But he did not turn his face.

“I told my friend, William Clark,” he said lightly, as he rose, “to join me here after an hour or so. I think I see his party coming now. York rides ahead, do you see? He is a free negro now—he will have stories enough to set all our blacks idle for a month. I must go down to meet Will and our other guests.”

William Clark, bubbling over with his own joy of life, set all the household in a whirl. There was nothing but cooking, festivity, dancing, hilarity, so long as he remained at Locust Hill.

But the mother of Meriwether Lewis looked with jealous eye on William Clark. Success, glory, honor, fame, reward—these now belonged to Meriwether Lewis, to them both, his mother knew. But why did not his laugh sound high like that of his friend? Her eyes followed her son daily, hourly, until at last she surrendered him to his duty when he declared he could no longer delay his journey to Washington.

Spick and span, cap-a-pie, pictures of splendid young manhood, the two captains

rode one afternoon up to the great gate before the mansion-house of the nation. Lewis looked about him at scenes once familiar; but in the three years and a half since he had seen it last the raw town had changed rapidly.

Workmen had done somewhat upon the Capitol building yonder, certain improvements had been made about the Executive Mansion itself; but the old negro men at the gate and at the door of the house were just as he had left them. And when, running on ahead of his companion, he knocked at Mr. Jefferson's office door—flinging it open, as he did so, with the freedom of his old habit—he looked in upon a familiar sight.

Thomas Jefferson was sitting bent over his desk, as usual littered with a thousand papers. The long frame of his multigraph copying-machine was at one side. Folded documents lay before him, unfinished briefs upon the other side; a rack of goose-quills and an open ink-pot stood beyond. And on the top of the desk, spread out long and over all, lay a great map, whose identity these two young men easily could tell—the Lewis and Clark map sent back from the Mandan country! Thomas Jefferson had kept it at his desk every day since it had come to him, more than two years before.

He turned now toward the door, casually, for he was used to the interruptions of his servants. What he saw brought him to his feet. He spread out his arms impulsively—he shook the hand of each in turn, drew them to him before he motioned them to seats. Never had Meriwether Lewis seen such emotion displayed by his chief.

“I could hardly wait for you!” said Mr. Jefferson. He began to pace up and down. “I knew it, I knew it!” he exclaimed. “Now they will call us constitutional, perhaps, since we have added a new world to our country! My son, that was our vision. You have proved it. You have been both dreamer and doer!”

He came up and placed a half-playful hand on Meriwether Lewis's shoulder.

“Did I know men, then?” he demanded.

“And did I, Mr. Jefferson? Captain Clark—”

“You do not say the title correctly! It is not Captain Clark, it is not Captain Lewis, that stand before me now. You are to have sixteen hundred acres of land, each of you. You, my son, will be Governor Lewis of the new Territory of Louisiana;

and your friend is not Captain Clark, but General Clark, agent of all the Indian tribes of the West!"

In silence the hand of each of the young men went out to the President. Then their own eyes met, and their hands. They were not to be separated after all—they were to work together yonder in St. Louis!

"Governor—general—I welcome you back! You will come back to your old rooms here in my family, Merne, and we will find a place for your friend. What we have here is at the service of both of you. You are the guests of the nation!"

CHAPTER XV

MR. JEFFERSON'S ADVICE

"MERNE, my boy," said Thomas Jefferson, when at length they two were alone once more in the little office, "I cannot say what your return means to me. You come as one from the grave—you resurrect another from the grave."

"Meaning, Mr. Jefferson?"

"You surely have heard that my administration is in sad disrepute? There is no man in the country hated so bitterly as myself. We are struggling on the verge of war."

"I heard some talk in the West, Mr. Jefferson," hesitated Meriwether Lewis.

"Yes, they called this Louisiana Purchase, on which I had set my heart, nothing but extravagance. The machinations of Colonel Burr have added nothing to its reputation. General Jackson is with Burr, and many other strong friends. And meantime you know where Burr himself is—in the Richmond jail. I understand that his friend, Mr. Merry, has gone yonder to visit him. Our country is degenerated to be no more than a scheming-ground, a plotting-place, for other powers. You come back just in the nick of time. You have saved this administration! You bring back success with you. If the issue of your expedition were anything else, I scarce know what would be my own case here. For myself, that would have mattered little; but as to this country for which I have planned so much, your failure would have cost us all the Mississippi Valley, besides all the valley of the Missouri and the Columbia. Yes, had you not succeeded, Aaron Burr would have succeeded! Instead of a great republic reaching from ocean to ocean, we should

have had a scattered coterie of States of no endurance, no continuity, no power. Thank God for the presence of one great, splendid thing gloriously done! You cannot, do not, begin to measure its importance."

"We are glad that you have been pleased, Mr. Jefferson," said Lewis simply.

"Pleased! Pleased! Say rather that I am saved! Say rather that this country is saved! Had you proved disloyal to me—had you for any cause turned back," he went on, "think what had been the result! What a load, although you knew it not, was placed on your shoulders! Suppose that you had turned back on the trail last year, or the summer before—suppose you had not gotten beyond the Mandans—can you measure the difference for this republic? Can you begin to see what responsibility rested on you? Had you failed, you would have dragged the flag of your country in the dust. Had you come back any time before you did, then you might have called yourself the man who ruined his President, his friend, his country!"

"And I nearly did, Mr. Jefferson!" broke out Meriwether Lewis. "Do not praise me too much. I was tempted—"

The old man turned toward him, his face grave.

"You are honest! I value that above all in you—you are punctilious to have no praise not honestly won. Listen, now!" He leaned toward the young man, who sat beside him. "I know—I knew all along—how you were tempted. She came here—Theodosia—the very day you left!"

Lewis nodded, mute.

"In some way, I knew, the conspirators fought against your success and mine. I knew what agencies they intended to use against you—it was this woman! Had you failed, I should have known why. I know many things, whether or not you do. I know the character of Aaron Burr well enough. He has been crazed, carried away by his own ambitions—God alone knows where he would have stopped. He has been a man not surpassed in duplicity. He would stop at nothing. Moreover, he could make black look white. He did so for his daughter. She believed in him absolutely. And knowing somewhat of his plans, I imagined that he would use the attraction of that young lady for you—the power which, all things considered, she might be supposed to possess with you. I knew the depth of

your regard for her, the deeper for its hopelessness. And more than all, I knew the intentness and resolution of your character. It was one motive against the other! Which was the stronger? You were a young man—the hot blood of youth was yours, and I know its power. Had the woman not been married, I should have lost! You would have sold a crown for her. It was honor saved you—your personal honor—that was what brought us success. No country is bigger than the personal honor of its gentlemen."

The bowed head of Meriwether Lewis was his only answer. The keen-faced old man went on:

"I knew that before you had left the mouth of the Ohio River he would do his best to stop you—I knew it before you had left Harper's Ferry; but I placed the issue in the lap of the gods. I applied to you all the tests—the severest tests—that one man can to another. I let you alone! For a year, two years, three years, I did not know. But now I do know; and the answer is yonder flag which you have carried from one ocean to the other. The answer is in this map, all these hides scrawled in coal—all those new thousands of miles of land—*our* land. God keep it safe for us always! And may the people one day know who really secured it for them! It was not so much Thomas Jefferson as it was Meriwether Lewis.

"Each time I dreamed that my subtle enemies were tempting you, I prayed in my own soul that you would be strong; that you would go on; that you would be loyal to your duty, no matter what the cost. God answered those prayers, my boy! Whatever was your need, whatever price you paid, you did what I prayed you would do. When the months passed and you did not come back, I knew that not even the woman you loved could have called you back. I knew that you had learned the priceless lesson of renunciation, of sacrifice, through which alone the great deeds of the world always have been done."

Meriwether Lewis stood before his chief, cold and pale, unable to complete much speech. Thomas Jefferson looked at him for a moment before he went on.

"My boy, you are so simple that you will not understand. You do not understand how well I understand you! These things are not done without cost. If there was punishment for you, you took that punish-

ment—or you will! You kept your oath as an officer and your unwritten oath as a gentleman. It is a great thing for a man to have his honor altogether unsullied."

"Mr. Jefferson!" The young man before him lifted a hand. His face was ghastly pale. "Do not," said he. "Do not, I beg of you!"

"What is it, Merne?" exclaimed the old man. "What have I done?"

"You speak of my honor. Do not! Indeed, you touch me deep."

Thomas Jefferson, wise old man, raised a hand.

"I shall never listen, my son!" said he.

"I will accord to you the right of hot blood to run hot—you would not be a man worth knowing were it not so. All I know or will know is that whatever the price, you have paid it—or will pay it! But tell me, Merne, can you not tear her from your soul? It will ruin you, this hopeless attachment which you cherish. Is it always to remain with you? I bid you find some other woman. The best in the land are waiting for you."

"Mr. Jefferson, I shall never marry."

The two sat looking into each other's eyes for just a moment. Said Thomas Jefferson at length, slowly:

"So! You have come back with all happiness, all success, for me and for others—but not for yourself! Such proving as you have had has fallen to the lot of but few men. I know now how great has been the cost—I see it in your face. The fifteen millions I paid for yonder lands was nothing. We have bought them with the happiness of a human soul! The transient gratitude of this republic—the honor of that little paper—bah, they are nothing! But perhaps it may be something for you to know that at least one friend understands."

Lewis did not speak.

"What is lost is lost," the President began again after a time. "What is broken is broken. But see how clearly I look into your soul. You are not thinking now of what you can do for yourself. You are not thinking of your new rank, your honors. You are asking now, at this moment, what you can do for *her*! Is it not so?"

The smile that came upon the young man's face was a beautiful, a wonderful thing to see. It made the wise old man sad to see it—but thoughtful, too.

"She is at Richmond, Merne?" said Mr. Jefferson a moment later.

The young man nodded.

"And the greatest boon she could ask would be her father's freedom—the freedom of the man who sought to ruin this country—the man whom I scarcely dare release."

The thin lips compressed for a moment. It was not in implacable, vengeful zeal—it was but in thought.

"Now, then," said Thomas Jefferson sharply, "there comes a veil, a curtain, between you and me and all the world. No record must show that either of us raised a hand against the full action of the law, or planned that Colonel Burr should not suffer the full penalty of the code. Yes, that is true—but *not his daughter!*"

"Mr. Jefferson!" The face of Meriwether Lewis was strangely moved. "I see the actual greatness of your soul; but I ask nothing."

"Why, in my heart I feel like flinging open every prison door in the world. If you have gained an empire for your country, and paid for it as you have, could not a great and rich country afford to pay to the extent of a woman's happiness? When a king is crowned, he sets free the criminals. And this day I feel as proud and happy as if I were a king—and king of the greatest empire of all the world! I know well who assured that kingdom. Let me be, then"—he raised his long hand—"say nothing, do nothing. And let this end all talk between us of these matters. I know you can keep your own counsel."

Lewis bowed silently.

"Go to Richmond, Merne. You will find there a broken conspirator and his unhappy daughter. Both are ostracized. None is so poor as to do either of them reverence. She has no door opened to her now, though but lately she was daughter of the Vice-President, the rich Mrs. Alston, wife of the Governor of her State. Go to them now. Tell Colonel Burr that the President will not ask mercy for him. John Marshall is on the bench there; but before him is a jury—John Randolph is foreman of that jury. It is there that case will be tried—in the jury-room; and *politics will try it!* Go to Theodosia, Merne, in her desperate need."

"But what can I do, Mr. Jefferson?" broke out his listener.

"Do precisely what I tell you. Go to that social outcast. Take her on your arm before all the world—and *before that jury!* Sit there, before all Richmond—and that jury! An hour or so will do. Do that, and then, as I did when I trusted you, ask no ques-

tions, but leave it on the knees of the gods. If you can call me chief in other matters," the President concluded, "and can call me chief in that fashion of thought which men call religion as well, let me give you unction and absolution, my son. It is all that I have to give to one whom I have always loved as if he were my own son. This is all I can do for you. It may fail; but I would rather trust that jury to be right than trust myself to-day; because, I repeat, I feel like flinging open every prison door in all the world, and telling every erring, stumbling man to try once more to do what his soul tells him he ought to do!"

CHAPTER XVI

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

IN Richmond jail lay Aaron Burr, the great conspirator, the ruins of his ambition fallen about him. He had found a prison instead of a palace. He was eager no longer to gain a scepter, but only to escape a noose.

The great conspiracy was at an end. The only question was of the punishment the accused should have—for in the general belief he was certain of conviction. That he never was convicted has always been one of the most mysterious facts of a mysterious chapter in our national development.

So crowded were the hostleries of Richmond that a stranger would have had difficulty in finding lodging there during the six months of the Burr trial. Not so with Meriwether Lewis, now one of the country's famous men. A score of homes opened their doors to him. The town buzzed over his appearance. He had once been the friend of Burr, always the friend of Jefferson. To which side now would he lean?

Luther Martin, chief of Burr's counsel, was eager above all to have a word with Meriwether Lewis, so close to affairs in Washington, possibly so useful to himself. Washington Irving, too, assistant to Martin in the great trial, would gladly have had talk with him. All asked what his errand might be. What was the leaning of the Governor of the new Territory, a man closer to the administration at Washington than any other?

Meriwether Lewis kept his own counsel. He arranged first to see Burr himself. The meagerly furnished anteroom of the Federal prison in Richmond was the discredited adventurer's reception-hall in those days.

Burr advanced to meet his visitor with something of his own old haughtiness of mien, a little of the former brilliance of his eye.

"Governor, I am delighted to see you, back safe and sound from your journey. My congratulations, sir!"

Meriwether Lewis made no reply, but gazed at him steadily, well aware of the stinging sarcasm of his words.

"I have few friends now," said Aaron Burr. "You have many. You are on the flood-tide—it ebbs for me. When one loses, what mercy is shown to him? That scoundrel Merry—he promised everything and gave nothing! Yrujo—he is worse yet in his treachery. Even the French minister, Turreau—who surely might listen to the wishes of the great French population of the Mississippi Valley—pays no attention to their petitions whatever, and none to mine. These were my former friends! I promised them a country."

"You promised them a country, Colonel Burr—from what?"

"From that great ownerless land yonder, the West. But they waited and waited, until your success was sure. Why, that scoundrel Merry is here this very day—the effrontery of him! He wants nothing more to do with me. No, he is here to undertake to recoup himself in his own losses by reason of moneys he advanced to me some time ago. He is importuning my son-in-law, Mr. Alston, to pay him back those funds—which once he was so ready to furnish to us. But Mr. Alston is ruined—I am ruined—we are all ruined. No, they waited too long!"

"They waited until it was too late, yes," Lewis returned. "That country is American now, not British or Spanish or French. Our men are passing across the river in thousands. They will never loose their hold on the West. It was treason to the future that you planned—but it was hopeless from the first!"

"It would seem, sir," said Aaron Burr, a cynical smile twisting his thin lip, "that I may not count upon your friendship!"

"That is a hard speech, Colonel Burr. I was your friend."

"More than your chief ever was! I fancy Mr. Jefferson would like to see me pilloried, drawn and quartered, after the old way."

"You are unjust to him. You struck at the greatest ambition of his life—struck at

his heart and the heart of his country—when you undertook to separate the West from this republic."

"I am a plain man, and a busy man," said Aaron Burr coldly. "I must employ my time now to the betterment of my situation. I have failed, and you have won. But let me throw the cloak aside, since I know you can be of no service to me. I care not what punishment you may have—what suffering—because I recognize in you the one great cause of my failure. It was *you*, sir, with your cursed expedition, that defeated Aaron Burr!"

He turned, proud and defiant even in his failure, and when Meriwether Lewis looked up he was gone.

Even as Burr passed, Meriwether Lewis heard a light step in the long corridor. Under guard of the turnkey, some one stood at the door. It was the figure of a woman—a figure which caused him to halt, caused his heart to leap!

She came toward him now, all in mourning black—hat, gown, and gloves. Her face was pale, her eyes deep, her mouth drooping. Theodosia Alston was always thus on her daily visit to her father's cell.

Herself the picture of failure and despair, she was used to avoiding the eyes of all; but she saw Meriwether Lewis standing before her, strong, tall, splendid in his manhood and vigor, in the full tide of his success. She was almost in touch of his hand when she raised her eyes to his.

These two had met at last, after what far wanderings apart! They had met as if each came from the Valley of the Shadows. Out of the vastness of the unknown, over all those long and devious trails, into what now seemed to him a world still more vast, more fraught with desperate peril, he had come back to her. And she—what had been her perils? What were her thoughts?

As his eye fell upon her, even as his keen ear had known her coming, the hand of Meriwether Lewis half unconsciously went to his breast. He felt under it the packet of faded letters which he had so long kept with him—which in some way he felt to be his talisman.

Yes, it was for this that he had had them! His love and hers—this had been his shield through all. What he saw in her grave face, her mournful eyes uplifted to his own—this was the solution of the riddle of his life, the reason for his moods of melancholy, the answer to a thousand unspoken prayers,

He felt his heart thrill strong and full, felt his blood spring in strong current through his veins, until they strained, until he felt his nerves tingle as he stood, silent, endeavoring to still the tumult within him, now that he knew the great and satisfying truth of truths.

To her he was—what? A tall and handsome gentleman, immaculately clad, Governor of the newest of our Territories—the largest and richest realm ever laid under the rule of any viceroy. A bystander might have pondered on such things, but Meriwether Lewis had no thought of them, nor had the woman who looked up at him. No, to her eyes there stood only the man who made her blood leap, her soul cry out:

"Yea! Yea! Now I know!"

To her also, from the divine compassion, was given answer for her questionings. She knew that life for her, even though it ended now, had been no blind puzzle, after all, but was a glorious and perfect thing. She had called to him across the deep, and he had heard and come! From the grave he had arisen and come again to her!

Even here under the shadow of the gallows—even if, as both knew in their supreme renunciation, they must part and never meet again—for them both there could be peaceful calm, with all life's questions answered, beautifully and surely answered, never again to rise for conquering.

"Sir—Captain—that is to say, Governor Lewis," she corrected herself, "I was not expecting you."

Her tone seemed icy, though her soul was in her eyes. She was all upon the defense, as Lewis instantly understood. He took her hand in both of his own, and looked into her face.

She gazed up at him, and swiftly, mercifully, the tears came. Gently, as if she had been a child, he dried them for her—as once when a boy, he had promised to do. They were alone now. The cold silence of the prison was about them; but their own long silence seemed a golden, glowing thing. Thus only—in their silence—could they speak. They did not know that they stood hand in hand.

"My husband is not here," said she at length, gently disengaging her hand from his. "No one knows me now, every one avoids me. You must not be seen with me—a pariah, an outcast! I am my father's only friend. Already they condemn him; yet he is as innocent as any man ever was."

"I shall say no word to change that belief," said Meriwether Lewis. "But your husband is not here? It is he whom I must see at once."

"Why must you see him?"

"You must know! It is my duty to go to him and to tell him that I am the man who—who made you weep. He must have his satisfaction. Nothing that he can do will punish me as my own conscience has already punished me. It is no use—I shall not ask you to forgive me—I will not be so cheap."

"But—suppose he does not know?"

He could only stand silent, regarding her fixedly.

"He must never know!" she went on. "It is no time for quixotism to make yet another suffer. We two must be strong enough to carry our own secret. It is better and kinder that it should be between two than among three. I thought you dead. Let the past remain past—let it bury its own dead!"

"It is our time of reckoning," said he, at length. "Guilty as I have been, sinning as I have sinned—tell me, was I alone in the wrong? Listen. Those who joined your father's cause were asked to join in treason to their country. What he purposed was treason. Tell me, did you know this when you came to me?"

He saw the quick pain upon her face, the flush that rose to her pale cheek. She drew herself up proudly.

"I shall not answer that!" said she.

"No!" he exclaimed, swiftly contrite. "Nor shall I ask it. Forgive me! You never knew—you were innocent. You do right not to answer such a question."

"I only wanted you to be happy—that was my one desire."

She looked aside, and a moment passed before she heard his deep voice reply.

"Happy! I am the most unhappy man in all the world. Happiness? No—rags, shreds, patches of happiness—that is all that is left of happiness for us, as men and women usually count it. But tell me, what would make you most happy now, of these things remaining? I have come back to pay my debts. Is there anything I can do? What would make you happiest?"

"My father's freedom!"

"I cannot promise that; but all that I can do I will."

"Were my father guilty, that would be the act of a noble mind. But how? You

are Mr. Jefferson's friend, not the friend of Aaron Burr. All the world knows that."

"Precisely. All the world knows that, or thinks it does. It thinks it knows that Mr. Jefferson is implacable. But suppose all the world were set to wondering? I am just wondering myself if it would be right to suborn a jurymen, like John Randolph of Roanoke!"*

"That is impossible. What do you mean?"

"I mean this. This afternoon you and I will go into the trial-room together. I have not yet attended a session of the court. To-day I will hand you to your seat in full sight of the jury-box."

"You—give your presence to one who is now a social pariah? The ladies of Richmond no longer speak to me. But to what purpose?"

"Perhaps to small purpose. I cannot tell. But let us suppose that I go with you, and that we sit there in sight of all. I am known to be the intimate friend of Mr. Jefferson. *Ergo*—"

"*Ergo*, Mr. Jefferson is not hostile to us! And you would do that—you would take that chance?"

"For you."

And he did—for her! That afternoon all the crowded court-room saw the beadle make way for two persons of importance. One was a tall, grave, distinguished-looking man, impassive, calm, a man whose face was known to all—the new Governor of Louisiana, viceroy of the country that Burr had lost. Upon his arm, pale, clad all in black, walked the daughter of the prisoner at the bar.

There, in full view of all the attendants, in full view of the jury—and of John Randolph of Roanoke, its foreman—sat the two persons who had had most to do with this scene of which they now made a part. There sat the man who had explored the

great West, and the woman who had done her best to prevent that exploration; Mr. Jefferson's friend, and the daughter of the great conspirator, Aaron Burr. *Ergo, ergo*, said many tongues swiftly—and leaned head to head to whisper it. Mind sometimes speaks to mind—even across the rail of a jury-box.

The issue of that great trial was not to come for weeks as yet; but when it came, and by whatever process, Aaron Burr was acquitted of the charges brought against him. The republic for whose downfall he had plotted set him free and bade him be gone.

But now, at the close of this day, the two central figures of the tragic drama found themselves together once more. They could be alone nowhere but in the prison room; and it was there that they parted.

Between them, as they stood now at last, about to part, there stretched an abysmal gulf which might never personally be passed by either.

She faced him at length, trembling, pleading, helpless.

"How mighty a thing is a man's sense of honor!" she said slowly. "You have done what I never would have asked you to do, and I am glad that you did. I once asked you to do what you would not do, and I am glad that you did not. How can I repay you for what you have done to-day? I cannot tell how, but I feel that you have turned the tide for us. Ah, if ever you felt that you owed me anything, it is paid—all your debt to me and mine. See, I no longer weep. You have dried my tears!"

"We cannot balance debits and credits," he replied. "There is no way in the world in which you and I can cry quits. Only one thing is sure—I must go!"

"I cannot say good-by!" said she. "Ah, do not ask me that! We are but beginning now."

*The import of the visit of Governor Lewis and Mrs. Alston to the court-room during the Burr trial is better conveyed if there be held in mind the personality of that eccentric and extraordinary man, so prominent in the history of America and the traditions of Virginia—John Randolph of Roanoke. Irascible, high-voiced, high-headed, truculent, insolent, vitriolic—yet gallant, courteous, kind, just, and fair; the enemy and the friend in turn of almost every public man of his day; truckling to none, defiant of all, sure to do what could not be predicted of any other man—it was always certain that John Randolph of Roanoke would do what he liked, and do what—for that present time—he fancied to be just.

Now the ardent adherent, again the bitter calumniator of Jefferson, it would be held probable that John Randolph of Roanoke would do what he fancied Thomas Jefferson had not asked him to do, or had asked him not to do. But the shrewd old man at Washington spoke advisedly when he said that John Randolph of Roanoke would try the Burr case in the jury-room, and himself preside as judge, counsel, and jury all in one!

He looked at her still, an unspeakable sadness in his gaze—at her hand, extended pleadingly toward him.

"Won't you take my hand, Merne?" said she. "Won't you?"

"I dare not," said he hoarsely. "No, I dare not!"

"Why? Do you wish to leave me still feeling that I am in your debt? You can afford so much now," she said brokenly, "for those who have not won!"

"Think you that I have won?" he broke out. "Theodosia—Theo—I shall call you by your old name just once—I do not take your hand—I dare not touch you—because I love you! I always shall. God help me, it is the truth!"

"Did you get my letters?" she said suddenly, and looked him fair in the face.

Meriwether Lewis stood searching her countenance with his own grave eyes.

"Letters?" said he at length. "What letters?"

Her eyes looked up at him luminously.

"You are glorious!" said she. "Yes, a woman's name would be safe with you. You are strong. How terrible a thing is a sense of honor! But you are glorious! Good-by!"

CHAPTER XVII

THE FRIENDS

ALLIED in fortunes as they had been in friendship, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark went on side by side in their new labors in the capital of that great land which they had won for the republic. Their offices in title were distinct, yet scarcely so in fact, for each helped the other, as they had always done.

To these two men the new Territory of Louisiana owed not only its discovery, but its early passing over to the day of law and order. No other men could have done what they did in that time of disorder and change, when, rolling to the West in countless waves, came the white men crossing the great river, striking out into the new lands, a headstrong, turbulent, and lawless population.

A thousand new and petty cares came to Governor Lewis. He passed from one duty to another, from one part of his vast province to another, traveling continually with the crude methods of transportation of that period, and busy night and day. Courts must be established. The compilation of the

archives must be cared for. Records must be instituted to clear up the swarm of conflicts over land-titles. Scores of new duties arose, and scores of new remedies needed to be devised.

The first figure of the growing capital of St. Louis, the new Governor was also the central figure of all social activities, the cynosure of all eyes. But the laughing belles of St. Louis at length sighed and gave him up—they loved him as Governor, since they might not as man. Wise, firm, deliberate, kind, sad—he was an old man now, though still young in years.

Scattered up and down the great valley, above and below St. Louis, and harboring in that town, were many of the late adherents of Burr's broken conspiracy. These liked not the oncoming of the American government, enforced by so rigid an executive as that which now held power. Threats came to the ears of Meriwether Lewis, who was hated by the Burr adherents as the cause of their discomfiture; but he, wholly devoid of the fear of any man, only laughed at them. Honest and blameless, it was difficult for any enemy to injure him, and no man cared to meet Meriwether Lewis in the open.

But at last one means of attack was found. Once more—the last time—the great heart of a noble man was pierced.

"Will," said he to his friend, as they met at William Clark's home, according to their frequent custom, "I am in trouble."

"Fancied trouble, Merne," said Clark. "You're always finding it!"

"Would I might call it fancied! But this is something in the way of facts, and very stubborn facts. See here"—he held out certain papers in his hand—"by this morning's mail I get back these bills protested—protested by the government at Washington! And they are bills that I have drawn to pay the expenses of administering my office here."

"Tut, tut!" said William Clark gravely. "Come, let us see."

"Look here, and here! Will, you know that I am a man of no great fortune. You also know that I have made certain enemies in this country. But now I am not supported by my own government. I am ruined—I am a broken man! Did you think that this country could do that for either of us?"

"But, Merne, you, the soul of honor—"

"Some enemy has done this! What influences have been set to work, I cannot say; but here are the bills, and there are others

out in other hands—also protested, I have no doubt. I am publicly discredited, disgraced. I know not what has been said of me at Washington.”

“That is the trouble,” said William Clark slowly. “Washington is so far. But now, you must not let this trouble you. ’Tis only some six-dollar-a-week clerk in Washington that has done it. You must not consider it to be the deliberate act of any responsible head of the government. You take things too hard, Merne. I will not have you brooding over this—it will never do. You have the megrims often enough, as it is. Come here and kiss the baby! He is named for you, Meriwether Lewis—and he has two teeth. Sit down and behave yourself. Judy will be here in a minute. You are among your friends. Do not grieve. ’Twill all come well!”

This was in the year 1809. Mr. Jefferson’s embargo on foreign trade had paralyzed all Western commerce. Our ships lay idle; our crops rotted; there was no market. The name of Jefferson was now in general execration. In March, when his second term as President expired, he had retired to private life at Monticello. He had written his last message to Congress that very spring, in which he said of the people of his country:

I trust that in their steady character, unshaken by difficulties, in their love of liberty, obedience to law, and support of the public authorities, I see a sure guarantee of the permanence of our republic; and retiring from the charge of their affairs, I carry with me the consolation of a firm persuasion that Heaven has in store for our beloved country long ages to come of prosperity and happiness.

Whatever the veering self-interest of others led them to think or do regarding the memory of that great man, Meriwether Lewis trusted Thomas Jefferson absolutely, and relied wholly on his friendship and his counsel. Now, in the hour of trouble, he resolved to journey to Monticello to ask the advice of his old chief, as he had always done.

In this he was well supported by his friend Dr. Saugrain.

“You are ill, Governor—you have the fever of these lands,” urged that worthy. “By all means leave this country and go back to the East. Go by way of New Orleans and the sea. The voyage will do you much good.”

“Peria,” said Meriwether Lewis to his French servant and attendant, “make ready my papers for my journey. Have a small case, such as can be carried on horseback. I must take with me all my journals, my maps, and certain of the records of my office here. Get my old spy-glass; I may need it, and I always fancy to have it with me when I travel, as was my custom in the West. Secure for our costs in travel some gold—three or four hundred dollars, I imagine. I will take some in my belt, and give the rest to you for the saddle-trunk.”

“Your excellency plans to go by land, then, and not by sea?”

“I do not know. I must save all the time possible. And Peria—”

“Yes, excellency.”

“Have my pistols well cared for, and your own as well. See that my small powder-canister, with bullets, is with them in the holsters. The trails are none too safe. Be careful whom you advise of our plans. My business is of private nature, and I do not wish to be disturbed. And here, take my watch,” he concluded. “It was given to me by a friend—a good friend, Mr. Wirt, and I prize it very much—so much that I fear to have it on my person. Care for it in the saddle-trunk.”

“Yes, excellency.”

“Do not call me ‘excellency’—I detest the title! I am Governor Lewis, and may so be distinguished. Go now, and do as I have told you. We shall need about ten men to man the barge. Arrange it. Have our goods ready for an early start to-morrow morning.”

All that night, sleepless, fevered, almost distracted, Meriwether Lewis sat at his desk, writing, or endeavoring to write, with what matters upon his soul we may not ask. But the long night wore away at last, and morning came, a morning of the early fall, beautiful as it may be only in that latitude. Without having closed his eyes in sleep, the Governor made ready for his journey to the East.

Whether or not Peria was faithful to all his instructions one cannot say, but certain all St. Louis knew of the intended departure of the Governor. They loved him, these folk, trusted him, would miss him now, and they gathered almost *en masse* to bid him speed upon his journey.

“These papers for Mr. Jefferson, Governor—certain land-titles, of which we spoke to him last year. Do you not re-

member?" Thus Pierre Chouteau, always busy with affairs.

"These samples of cloth and of satin, Governor," said a dark-eyed French girl, smiling up at him. "Would you match them for me in the East? I am to be married in the spring!"

"The price of furs—learn of that, Governor, if you can, while on your journey. The embargo has ruined the trade in all this inland country!" It was Manuel Liza, swarthy, taciturn, who thus voiced a general feeling.

"Books, more books, my son!" implored Dr. Saugrain. "We are growing here—I must keep up with the surgery of the day; I must know the new discoveries in medicine. Bring me books. And take this little case of medicines. You are ill, my son—the fever has you!"

"My people—they mourn for me as dead," said Big White, the Mandan, who had never returned to his people up the Missouri River since the repulse of his convoy by the Sioux. "Tell the Great Father that he must send me soldiers to take me back home to my people. My heart is poor!"

"Governor, see if you can get me an artificial limb of some sort while you are in the East."

It was young George Shannon who said this, leaning on his crutch. Shannon had not long ago returned from another trip up the river, where in an encounter with the Sioux he had received a wound which cost him a leg and almost cost him his life—though later, as has already been said, he was to become a noted figure at the bar of the State of Kentucky.

"Yes! Yes, and yes!" Their leader, punctilious as he was kind, agreed to all these commissions—prizing them, indeed, as proof of the confidence of his people.

He was ready to depart, but stood still, looking about for the tall figure which presently he saw advancing through the throng—a tall man with wide mouth and sunny hair, with blue eye and stalwart frame—William Clark—the friend whom he loved so much, and whom he was now to see for the last time in his life.

General Clark carried upon his arm the baby which had been named after the Governor of the new Territory. Lewis took him from his father's arms and pressed the child's cool face to his own, suddenly trembling a little about his own lips as he felt

the tender flesh of the infant. No child of his own might he ever hold thus! He gave him back with a last look into the face of his friend.

"Good-by, Will!" said he.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WILDERNESS

THE Governor's barge swept down the rolling flood of the Mississippi, impelled by the blades of ten sturdy oarsmen. Little by little the blue smoke of St. Louis town faded beyond the level of the forest. The stone tower of the old Spanish stockade, where floated the American flag, disappeared at length from view.

Meriwether Lewis sat staring back, but seeming not to note what passed. He did not even notice a long bateau which left the wharf just before his own and preceded him down the river, now loafing along aimlessly, sometimes ahead, sometimes behind that of the Governor and his party. In time he turned to his lap-desk and began his endless task of writing, examining, revising. Now and again he muttered to himself. The fever was indeed in his blood!

They proceeded thus, after the usual fashion of boat travel in those days, down the great river, until they had passed the mouth of the Ohio and reached what was known as the Chickasaw Bluffs, below the confluence of the two streams. Here was a little post of the army, arranged for the commander, Major Neely, Indian agent at that point.

As was the custom, all barges tied up here; and the Governor's craft moored at the foot of the bluff. Its chief passenger was so weak that he hardly could walk up the steep steps cut in the muddy front of the bank.

"Governor Lewis!" exclaimed Major Neely, as he met him. "You are ill! You are in an ague!"

"Perhaps, perhaps. Give me rest here for a day or two, if you please. Then I fancy I shall be strong enough to travel East. See if you can get horses for myself and my party—I am resolved not to go by sea. I have not time."

The Governor of Louisiana, haggard, flushed with fever, staggered as he followed his friend into the apartment assigned to him in one of the cabins of the little post. He wore his usual traveling-garb; but now,

for some strange reason he seemed to lack his usual immaculate neatness. Instead of the formal dress of his office, he wore an old, stained, faded uniform coat, its pocket bulging with papers. This he kept at the head of his bed when at length he flung himself down, almost in the delirium of fever.

He lay here for two days, restless, sleepless. But at length, having in the mean time scarcely tasted food, he rose and declared that he must go on.

"Major," said he, "I can ride now. Have you horses for the journey?"

"Are you sure, Governor, that your strength is sufficient?" Neely hesitated as he looked at the wasted form before him, at the hollow eye, the fevered face.

"It is not a question of my personal convenience, major," said Meriwether Lewis. "Time presses for me. I must go on!"

"At least you shall not go alone," said Major Neely. "You should have some escort. Doubtless you have important papers?"

Meriwether Lewis nodded.

"My servant has arranged everything, I fancy. Can you get an extra man or two? The Natchez Trace is none too safe."

That military road, as they both knew, was indeed no more than a horse-path cut through the trackless forest which lay across the States of Mississippi, Tennessee and Kentucky. Its reputation was not good. Many a trader passing north from New Orleans with coin, many a settler passing west with packhorses and household effects, had disappeared on this wilderness road, and left no sign. It was customary for parties of any consequence to ride in companies of some force.

It was a considerable cavalcade, therefore, which presently set forth from Chickasaw Bluffs on the long ride eastward to cross the Alleghanies, which meant some days or weeks spent in the saddle. Apprehension sat upon all, even as they started out. Their eyes rested upon the wasted form of their leader, the delirium of whose fever seemed still to hold him. He muttered to himself as he rode, resented the near approach of any traveling companion, demanded to be alone. They looked at him in silence.

"He talks to himself all the time," said one of the party—a new man, hired by Neely at the army post. He rode with Peria now; and none but Peria knew that

he had come from the long barge which had clung to the Governor's craft all the way down the river—and which, unknown to Lewis himself, had tied up and waited at Chickasaw Bluffs. He was a stranger to Neely and to all the others, but seemed ready enough to take pay for service along the Trace, declaring that he himself was intending to go that way. He was a man well dressed, apparently of education and of some means. He rode armed.

"What is wrong with the Governor, think you?" inquired this man once more of Peria, Lewis's servant.

"It is his way," shrugged Peria. "We leave him alone. His hand is heavy when he is angry."

"He rides always with his rifle across his saddle?"

"Always, on the trail."

"Loaded, I presume—and his pistols?"

"You may well suppose that," said Peria.

"Oh, well," said the new member of the party, " 'tis just as well to be safe. I lifted his saddle-bags and the desk, or trunk, whatever you call it, that is on the pack-horse yonder. Heavy, eh?"

"Naturally," grinned Peria.

They looked at one another. And thereafter the two, as was well noted, conversed often and more intimately together as the journey progressed.

"Now it's an odd thing about his coat," volunteered the stranger later in that same day. "He always keeps it on—that ragged old uniform. Was it a uniform, do you believe? Can't the Governor of the new Territory wear a coat that shows its quality? This one's a dozen years old, you might say."

"He always wear it on the trail," said Peria. "At home he watches it as if it held some treasure."

"Treasure?" the shifty eyes of the new man flashed in sudden interest. "What treasure? Papers, perhaps—bills—documents—money? His pocket bulges at the side. Something there—yes, eh?"

"Hush!" said Peria. "You do not know that man, the Governor. He has the eye of a hawk, the ear of a fox—you can keep nothing from him. He fears nothing in the world, and in his moods—you'd best leave him alone. Don't let him suspect, or—" And Peria shook his head.

The cavalcade was well out into the wilderness east of the Mississippi on that afternoon of October 8, in the year 1809. Stop-

ping at the wayside taverns which now and then were found, they had progressed perhaps a hundred miles to the eastward. The day was drawing toward its close when Peria rode up and announced that one or two of the horses had strayed from the trail.

"I have told you to be more careful, Peria," expostulated Governor Lewis. "There are articles on the packhorse which I need at night. Who is this new man that is so careless? Why do you not keep the horses up? Go, then, and get them. Major Neely, would you be so kind as to join the men and assure them of bringing on the horses?"

"And what of you, Governor?"

"I shall go on ahead, if you please. Is there no house near-by? You know the trail. Perhaps we can get lodgings not far on."

"The first white man's house beyond here," answered Neely, "belongs to an old man named Grinder. 'Tis no more than a few miles ahead. Suppose we join you there?"

"Agreed," said Lewis, and setting spurs to his horse, he left them.

It was late in the evening when at length Meriwether Lewis reined up in front of the somewhat unattractive Grinder homestead cabin, squatted down alongside the Natchez Trace; a place where sometimes hospitality of a sort was dispensed. It was an ordinary double cabin that he saw, two cob-house apartments with a covered space between, such as might have been found anywhere for hundreds of miles on either side of the Alleghanies at that time. At his call there appeared a woman—Mrs. Grinder, she announced herself.

"Madam," he inquired, "could you entertain me and my party for the night? I am alone at present, but my servants will soon be up. They are on the trail in search of some horses which have strayed."

"My husband is not here," said the woman. "We are not well fixed, but I reckon if we can stand it all the time, you can for a night. How many air there in your party?"

"A half-dozen, with an extra horse or two."

"I reckon we can fix ye up. Light down and come in."

She was noting well her guest, and her shrewd eyes determined him to be no common man. He had the bearing of a gentleman, the carriage of a man used to command. Certain of his garments seemed to

show wealth, although she noted, when he stripped off his traveling-smock, that he wore not a new coat, but an old one—very old, she would have said, soiled, stained, faded. It looked as if it had once been part of a uniform.

Her guest, whoever he was—and she neither knew nor asked, for the wilderness tavern held no register, and few questions were asked or answered—paid small attention to the woman. He carried his saddlebags into the room pointed out to him, flung them down, and began to pace up and down, sometimes talking to himself. The woman eyed him from time to time as she went about her duties.

"Set up and eat," she said at last. "I reckon your men are not coming."

"I thank you, madam," said the stranger, with gentle courtesy. "Do not let me trouble you too much. I have been ill of late, and do not as yet experience much hunger."

Indeed, he scarcely tasted the food. He sat, as she noted, a long time, gazing fixedly out of the door, over the forest, toward the West.

"Is it not a beautiful world, madam?" said he, after a time, in a voice of great gentleness and charm. "I have seen the forest often thus in the West in the evening, when the day was done. It is wonderful!"

"Yes. Some of my folks is thinking of going out further into the West."

He turned to her abstractedly, yet endeavoring to be courteous.

"A wonderful country, madam!" said he; and so he fell again into his moody staring out beyond the door.

After a time the hostess of the backwoods cabin sought to make up a bed for him, but he motioned to her to desist.

"It is not necessary," said he. "I have slept so much in the open that 'tis rarely I use a bed at all. I see now that my servant has come up, and is in the yard yonder. Tell him to bring my robes and blankets and spread them on the floor, as I always have them. That will quite answer, thank you."

Peria, it seemed, had by this time found his way to the cabin along the trail. He was alone.

"Come, man!" said Lewis. "Make down my bed for me—I am ill. And tell me, where is my powder? Where are the bullets for my pistols? I find them empty. Haven't I told you to be more careful about these things? And where is my rifle-

powder? The canister is here, but 'tis empty. Come, come, I must have better service than this!"

But even as he chided the remissness of his servant, he seemed to forget the matter in his mind. Presently he was again pacing apart, stopping now and then to stare out over the forest.

"I must have a place to write," said he at length. "I shall be awake for a time to-night, occupied with business matters of importance. Where is Major Neely? Where are the other men? Why have they not come up?"

Peria could not or did not answer these questions, but sullenly went about the business of making his master as comfortable as he might, and then departed to his own quarters, down the hill, in another building. The old backwoods woman herself withdrew to the other apartment, beyond the open space of the double cabin.

The soft, velvet darkness of night in the forest now came on apace—a night of silence. There was not even the call of a tree-toad. The voice of the whippoorwill was stilled at that season of the year. If there were human beings awake, alert, at that time, they made no sound. Meriwether Lewis was alone—alone in the wilderness again. Its silences, its mysteries, drew about him.

But now he stood, not enjoying in his usual fashion the familiar feeling of the night in the forest, the calm, the repose it customarily brought to him. He stood looking intently, as if he expected some one—nay, indeed, as if he saw some one—as if he saw a face! What face was it?

At last he made his way across the room to the heavy saddle-case which had been placed there. He flung the lid open, and felt among the contents. It seemed to him there was not so much within the case as there should have been. He missed certain papers, and resolved to ask Peria about them. He could not find the little bags of coin which he expected; but he found the watch, lying covered in a corner of the case. He drew it out and, stepping toward the flickering candle, opened it, gazing fixedly at the little silhouette cut round to fit in the back of the case.

It was a face that he had seen before—a hundred times he had gazed thus at it on the far Western trails.

He brought the little portrait close up to his eyes—but not close to his lips. No, he

did not kiss the face of the woman who once had written to him:

You must not kiss my picture, because I am in your power.

Meriwether Lewis had won his long fight! He had mastered the human emotions of his soul at last. The battle had been such that he sat here now, weak and spent. He sat looking at the face which had meant so much to him all these years.

There came into his mind some recollection of words that she had written to him once—something about the sound of water. He lifted his head and listened. Yes, there was a sound coming faintly through the night—the trickle of a little brook in the ravine below the window.

Always, he recalled, she had spoken of the sound of water, saying that that music would blot out memory—saying that water would wash out secrets, would wash out sins. What was it she had said? What was it she had written to him long ago?

The sound of the little brook came to his ears again in some shift of the wind. He rose and stumbled toward the window, carrying the candle in his hand. His haggard face was lighted by its flare as he stood there, leaning out, listening.

It was then that his doom came to him.

There came the sound of a shot, a second, and yet another.

The woman in the cabin near by heard them clearly enough. She rose and listened. There was no sound from the other cabins. The servants paid no attention to the shots, if they had heard them—and why should they not have heard them? No one called out, no one came running.

Frightened, the woman rose, and after a time stepped timidly across the covered space between the two rooms, toward the light which she saw shining faintly through the cracks of the door. She heard groans within.

A tall and ghastly figure met her as she approached the door. She saw his face, white and haggard and stained. From a wound in the forehead a broad band of something dark fell across his cheek. From his throat something dark was welling. He clutched a hand on his breast—and his fingers were dark.

He was bleeding from three wounds; but still he stood and spoke to her.

"In God's name, madam," said he, "bring me water! I am killed!"

She ran away, she knew not where, calling to the others to come; but they did not come. She was alone. Once more, forgetful of her errand, incapable of rendering aid, she went back to the door.

She heard no sound. She flung open the door and peered into the room. The candle was standing, broken and guttering, on the floor. She could see the scattered belongings of the traveling-cases, empty now. The occupant of the room was gone! In terror she fled once more, back to her own room, and cowered in her bed.

Staggering, groping, his hands strained to him to hold in the life that was passing, Meriwether Lewis had left the room where he had received his wounds, and had stepped out into the air, into the night. All the resolution of his soul was bent upon one purpose. He staggered, but still stumbled onward.

It seemed to him that he heard the sound of water, and blindly, unconsciously, he headed that way. He entered the shadow of the woods and passed down the little slope of the hill. He fell, rather than seated himself, at the side of the brook whose voice he had heard in the night. He was alone. The wilderness was all about him—the wilderness which had always called to him, and which now was to claim him.

He sat, gasping, almost blind, feeling at his pockets. At least he found it—one of the sulfur matches made for him by good old Dr. Saugrain. Tremblingly he essayed to light it, and at last he saw the flare.

With skill of custom, though now almost unconsciously, his fingers felt for dry bits of bark and leaves, little twigs. Yes, the match served its purpose. A tiny flame flickered between his feet as he sat.

Did any eye see Meriwether Lewis as he sat there in the dark at his last camp-fire? Did any guilty eye look on him making his last fight?

He sat alone by the little fire. His hand, dropping sometimes, responsive only to the supreme effort of his will, fumbled in the bosom of his old coat. There were some papers there—some things which no other eyes than his must ever see! Here was a secret—it must always be a secret—her secret and his! He would hide forever from the world what had been theirs in common.

The tiny flame rose up more strongly, twice, thrice, five times—six times in all! One by one he had placed them on the flames—these letters that he had carried

on his heart for years—the six letters that she had written him when he was far away in the unknown. He held the last one long, trying to see the words. He groaned. He was almost blind.

Now they were gone! No one could ever see them. No one could know how he had treasured them all these years. She was safe!

Before his soul, in the time of his great accounting, there rose the passing picture of the years. Free from suffering now, absolved, resigned, he was a boy once more, and all the world was young. He saw again the slopes of old Albemarle, beautiful in the green and gold of an early autumn day in old Virginia. He heard again his mother's voice. What was it that she said? He bent his head as if to listen.

"Your wish—your great desire—your hope—your dream—all these shall be yours at last, even though the trail be long, even though the burden be too heavy to carry farther."

So then she had known—she had spoken the truth in her soothsaying that day so long ago! Now his fading eye looked about him, and he nodded his head weakly, as if to assent to something he had heard.

He had so earnestly longed—he had so greatly desired—to be an honorable man! He had so longed and desired to do something for others than himself! And here was peace, here indeed was conquest. His great desire was won!

His lax hands dropped between his knees as he sat. A little gust of wind sweeping down the gully caught up some of the white ashes—stained as they were with blood that dropped from his veins as he bent above them—carried them down upon the tiny thread of the little brook. It carried them away toward the sea—his blood, the ashes, the secret which they hid.

At length he rose once more, his splendid will still forcing his broken body to do its bidding. Half crawling up the bank, once more he stood erect and staggered back across the yard, into the room. The woman heard him there again. Pity arose in her breast; once more she mastered her terror and approached the door.

"In God's name, madam," said he, "bring me water—wine! I am so strong, I am hard to die! Bind up my wounds—I have work to do! Heal me these wounds!"

But not her power nor any power could

heal such wounds as his. Once more she called out for aid, and none came.

The night wore away. The dying man lay on his bearskin pallet on the floor, motionless now and silent, but still breathing, and calm at last. It was dawn when the recreant servant found him there.

"Peria," said Meriwether Lewis, turning his fading eye on the man, "do not fear me. I will not hurt you. But my watch—I cannot find it—it seems gone. I am hard to die, it seems. But the little watch—it had—a—picture—ah!"

CHAPTER XIX

DOWN TO THE SEA

MANY days later the French servant, Peria, rode up to the gate, to the door, of Locust Hall, the Lewis homestead in old Virginia. The news he bore had preceded him. He met a stern-faced, dark-browed woman, who regarded him coldly when he announced his name, and regarded him in silence. The servant found himself able to make but small speech.

"Your son was a brave man—he lived long," said Peria, haltingly, at the close of his story.

"Yes," said the mother of Meriwether Lewis. "He was a brave man. He was strong!"

"He was unhappy; but why he should have killed himself—"

"Stop!" The dark eyes blazed upon him. "What are you saying? My son kill himself? It is an outrage to his memory to suggest it. He was the victim of some enemy. As for you, begone!"

So Peria passed from sight and view, and almost from memory, not accused, not acquitted. Long afterward a brother of Meriwether Lewis met him, and found that he was carrying the old rifle and the little watch which every member of the family knew so well. These things had been missing from the effects of Meriwether Lewis in the inventory—indeed, little remained in the traveling-cases save a few scattered papers and the old spy-glass. There was no gold. There were no letters of any kind.

Soon there came down from Monticello to Locust Hall the coach of Thomas Jefferson.

"Madam," said he, when finally he stood at the side of the mistress of Locust Hall, "it is heavy news I thought to bring—I see

that you have heard it. What shall I say—what can we say to each other? I mourn him as if he were my own son."

"It has come at last," said the mother of Meriwether Lewis. "The wilderness has him, as I knew it would! I told him here at this place, when he was a boy, that at last the load would weigh him down."

"The rumor is that he died by his own hand. I find it difficult to believe. It is far more likely that some enemy or robber was guilty of the deed."

"Whom had he ever harmed?" she demanded of Jefferson.

"None in the world, with intent; but he had enemies. Whether by his own hand or that of another, he died a gallant gentleman. He would not think of himself alone. But listen—bear with me if I tell you that could your son send out the news himself, perhaps he might say 'twas by his own hand he perished, and not by that of another!"

"Never, Mr. Jefferson, never will I believe that! It was not in his nature!"

"I agree with you. But when we take the last wishes of the dead, we take what is the law for us. And the law of your son was the law of honor. Suppose, my dear madam, there were a woman concerned in this matter?"

"He never wronged a woman in his life—"

"Precisely, nor in his death would he wrong one! Do you begin to see?"

"Did he ever speak to you of her?"

"It was impossible that he should; but I knew them both. I knew their secret. Were it in his power to do so, I am sure that he carried his secret with him, so that it might never be shared by any."

"But shall I let that stain rest on his name?" The dark eye of the old woman gleamed upon her son's friend.

"Do not I love him also? I am speaking now only of his own wish—not ours. I know that he would shield her at any cost—nay, I know he did shield her at any cost. May not we shield him—and her—no matter what the cost to us? If he laid that wish on us, ought we not to respect it? Madam, I shall frame a letter which will serve to appease the criticism of the public in regard to your son. If it be not the exact truth—and who shall tell the exact truth?—it will at least be accepted as truth, and it will forever silence any talk. What should the public know of a life such as his? There are some lives which are tragi-

cally large, and such was his. He lived with honor, and he could not die without it. What was in his heart we shall not ask to know. If ever he sinned, he is purged of any sin."

Jefferson was silent for a moment, holding the bereaved mother's hand in his own.

"He shall have a monument, madam," he went on. "It shall mark his grave in yonder wilderness. They shall name a county for him, and hold it his sacred grave-place—there in Tennessee, by the old Indian road. Let him lie there under the trees—that is as he would wish. He shall have some monument—yes, but how futile is all that! His greatest monument will be in the vast new country which he has brought to us. He was a man of natural greatness, not surpassed by any of his time."

What of Theodosia Alston, loyal and lofty soul, blameless wife, devoted and pathetic adherent to the fallen fortunes of her ill-starred father?

Three years after Meriwether Lewis laid him down to sleep in the forest, a ship put out from Charleston wharf. It was bound for the city of New York, where at that time there was living a broken, homeless, forsaken man named Aaron Burr—a man execrated at home, discredited abroad, but who now, after years of exile, had crept home to the country which had cast him out.

A passenger on that ship was Theodosia Alston, the daughter of Aaron Burr. That much is known. The ship sailed. It never came to port.

To this day none knows what was the fate of Aaron Burr's daughter, one of the most appealing figures of her day, a woman

made for happiness, but continually in close touch with tragedy. Wherever her body may lie, she has her wish. The sound of the eternal waters is the continuous requiem in her ears. Her secret, if she had one, is washed away long ere this, and is one with the eternal secrets of the sea. As to her sin, she had none. Above her memory, since she has no grave, there might best be inscribed the words she wrote at a time of her own despair:

"I hope to be happy in the next world, for I have not been bad in this."

Did the little brook in Tennessee ever find its way down to the sea? Did it carry a scattered drop of a man's life-blood, little by little thinning, thinning on its long journey? Did ever a wandering flake of ashes, melting, rest on its bosom for so great a journey as that toward the sea?

Did the sound of a voice in the wilderness, passing across the unknown leagues, ever reach an ear that heard? Who can tell? Perhaps in the great ten thousand years such things may be—perhaps deep calls to deep, and there are no longer sins nor tears.

A million hearth-fires mark the camp-fire trail of Meriwether Lewis. We own the country which he found, and for which he paid. He sleeps. Above him stands the monument which his chief assigned to him—his country. It rises now in glory and splendor, the perfected vision which he saw.

That is the happy ending of his story—his country! It is ours. As its title came to us in honor, it is for us to love it honorably, to use it honorably, and to defend it honorably. None may withstand us while we hold to his ambitions—while our sons measure to the stature of such a man.

THE END

PERPLEXITY

SOME day we'll understand the things
That now perplex;
Some day we'll cast the shackles off
That chafe and vex.
We'll know why deeds of kindness
No chaplets find;
Why selfish greed and enmity
Our efforts bind.
So helplessly the night we pass,
And grope our way
Until a light divinely shows
The truth—some day!

Harry Bryen Owsley

